WERNER'S
READINGS AND RECITATIONS
No. 48 - Musical Effects

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Werner's Readings and Recitations

No. 48

Musical Effects

By STANLEY SCHELL

MUSIC WRITTEN OR ARRANGED BY

E. J. BIEDERMANN, MUS. D.

ARTHUR GUTMAN, MUS. D.

EDGAR S. WERNER & COMPANY
NEW YORK.

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Reciters should bear in mind that the music in these recitations is not a musical accompaniment in the usual sense, except where singing is definitely indicated. The pianist or other instrumentalist should follow the words exactly as they are printed, and should keep his playing subordinate to the part of the reciter. The reciter, however, will find times when he is to wait for and follow the music. Rehearsals will help reciter and musician to work harmoniously and artistically.

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Werner's Readings and Recitations

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MILLY AMOS'S HYMN.

["WELCOME, SWEET DAY OF REST."]

STORY BY ELIZA CALVERT HALL.
Arranged as monologue by Stanley Schell.

CHARACTERS: AUNT JANE, speaker, present; young lady visitor, supposed to be present.

SCENE: Porch of house. AUNT JANE, seated in old-fashioned rocker, wears old-fashioned black dress, small fancy shawl draped about shoulders and fastened at belt in front; white, snug-fitting cap on head and tied under chin. She sits looking off dreamily and suddenly begins to sing in high, sweet, quivering treble:

"Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes."

[Music on page 13.]

[*Rocks while singing. Suddenly stops rocking and listens to some one coming.*]

Come in, child, and set down—I was just settin' here restin', an' thinkin' about Milly. I reckon you heard me singin' fit to scare the crows as you come along. We used to call that tune "Milly Amos's hymn," an' I never can hear it without thinkin' o' Milly.

Why was it called Milly Amos's hymn? [*Laughs.*] La, child! don't you ever git tired o' my yarns? Here it is Sunday, an'

you tryin' to git me started talkin', an' when I git started you know there ain't any tellin' when I'll stop.

No more harm in talkin' about a thing on Sunday than there is in thinkin' about it? [*Laughs heartily.*] Well, I reckon yer right, child. [*Smoothes out lines on dress; smiles.*]

Well, I reckon you've heard me tell about our choir. You know John Petty was the bass, Sam Amos the tenor, my Jane the alto, and Milly, Sam's wife, sung the soprano. I reckon Milly might a' been called the leader of the choir; she was the sort o' woman that generally leads wherever she happens to be, an' she had the strongest, finest voice in the whole congregation. All the parts appeared to depend on her, an' it seemed like her voice jest carried the rest o' the voices along one big river that takes up all the little rivers an' carries 'em down to the ocean. It used to sound so pretty to hear 'em begin singin' when everything was still an' solemn, an' I can never forgit the hymns they sung then —Sam an' Milly an' John an' my Jane.

But there was one Sunday when Milly didn't sing. Her an' Sam come in late, an' I knew the minute I set eyes on Milly that somethin' was the matter, for she set herself down without even lookin' at anybody, to say nothin' o' smilin' or speakin'. Well, when half-past ten come, my Jane began to play "Welcome, Sweet Day o' Rest," an' all of 'em begun singin', except Milly. She set there with her mouth shet tight an' let the bass an' tenor an' alto have it all their own way. Everybody was laughin' or tryin' to keep from laughin'. Sam looked so mortified an' kept lookin' round at Milly as if pleadin' with her to sing, but she never opened her mouth.

When the next hymn was given out Milly rose an' sung her best; an' when the Doxology come round Milly was on hand again, an' everybody wondered why on earth Milly hadn't sung in the first hymn. When church was out, I heard Sam invitin' Brother Hendricks to go home an' take dinner with him. They all drove off together before I'd time to speak to Milly.

That week when the Mite Society met, Milly was there bright

an' early, an' when we'd got fairly started with our sewin' an' everybody was in good humor, Milly was asked why she didn't sing in the first hymn. Milly's face got as red as a beet, an' she burst out laughin' an' she declared she was ashamed to tell. She was finally induced to do so an' this is what she told us.

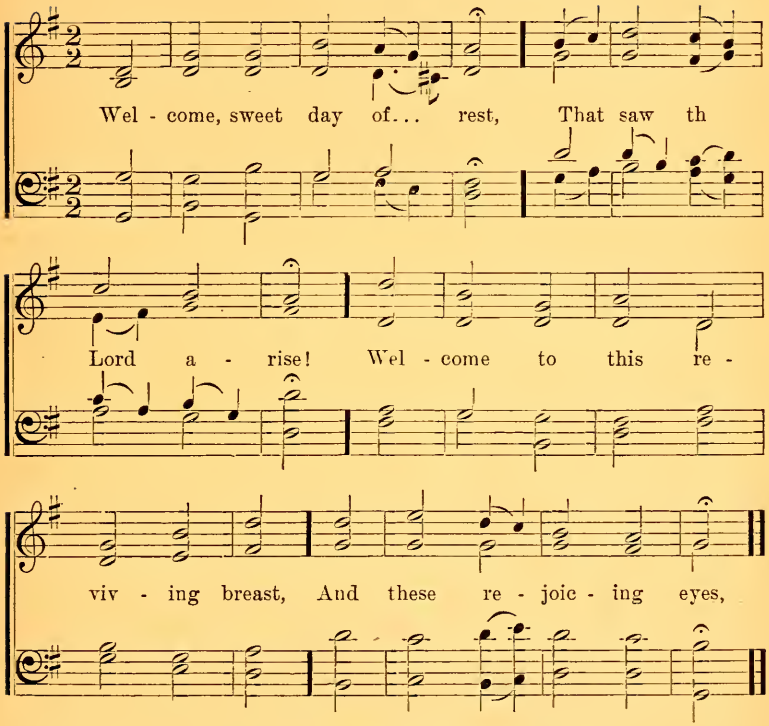
"I reckon Satan himself must a' been in me last Sunday. There's some days, you know, when everything goes wrong with a woman, an' last Sunday was one o' them days. I got up early, dressed the children, fed the chickens, strained the milk, washed up the milk things, got breakfast, washed the dishes, cleaned up the house, gathered the vegetables for dinner, washed the children's hands an' faces, put their Sunday clothes on 'em, an' jest as I was startin' to git myself ready for church, I happened to think that I hadn't skimmed the milk for next day's churnin'. So I went down to the spring-house an' did the skimmin', an' jest as I picked up the cream-jar to put it up on the shelf, my foot slipped an' down I come an' skinned my elbow on the rock step, an' broke the jar all to smash an' spilled the cream all over creation, an' there I was—four pounds o' butter an' a fifty-cent jar gone, an' my spring-house in such a mess that I ain't through cleanin' it yet, an' my right arm as stiff as a poker ever since.

"It was enough to make a saint mad an' I'm no saint. I picked up the pieces an' washed up the worst o' the cream, an' then I went to the house to git ready for church, an' before I could git there I heard Sam hollerin' for me to come an' sew a button on his shirt; an' when I got out my work-basket, the children had been playin' with it, an' there wasn't a needle in it, an' my thimble was gone, an' I had to hunt up the apron I was makin' for little Sam an' git a needle off that, an' I run the needle through my finger, not havin' any thimble, an' got a spot o' blood on the bosom o' Sam's shirt. Then, before I could git my dress over my head, there come in little Sam with his clothes all dirty where he had fell down in the mud, an' there I had him to dress again, an' that made me madder still; an' then, when I finally got out to the wagon, I rubbed my clean dress against the wheel, an' that

made me mad again; an' the nearer we got to church, the madder I was; an' do you reckon after all I'd been through that mornin' an' dinner ahead of me to git, an' the children to look after all the evenin', do you reckon that I felt like settin' up there an' singin' 'Welcome, Sweet Day o' Rest?' I ain't seen any day o' rest since I married Sam, an' I don't expect to see any till the day I die, an' if Parson Page wants any of that hymn sung, let him git up a choir o' old maids an' old bachelors, for they're the only people that ever see any rest Sundays or any other day.

"By the time church was over I'd kind o' cooled off, but when I heard Sam askin' Brother Hendricks to go home an' take dinner with him, that made me mad again, for I knew that meant a big dinner for me to cook, an' I made up my mind then an' there that I wouldn't cook a blessed thing, company or no company. Sam'd killed chickens the night before, an' they was all dressed an' ready, down in the spring-house; an' the vegetables was right there on the back porch, but I never touched 'em. I happened to have some cold ham an' cold mutton on hand—not much o' either one—an' I sliced 'em an' put the ham in one end o' the big meat-platter an' the mutton in the other, with a big bare space in between, so's everybody could see there wasn't enough o' either to go round, an' then I sliced up a loaf o' salt-risin' bread an' got out a bowl o' honey an' a dish o' damson preserves, an' then I went out on the porch an' told Sam that dinner was ready. Well, Sam jumps up an' says, 'Why, Milly, you are smart to-day. I don't believe there's another woman in the county that could git a Sunday dinner this quick;' an' then he grandly turned to Brother Hendricks an' says, 'Walk out, Brother Hendricks, walk right out.'

"When Sam saw the table, his face changed quicker than flash o' lightnin', an' then he dropped down into the chair an' forgot to ask Brother Hendricks to say grace. He looked at me sharply an' then said, 'Why, Milly, where's the dinner? Where's them chickens I killed last night, an' the potatoes an' corn an' butter-beans?' I looked Sam squarely in the face an' said, 'The chick-

WELCOME, SWEET DAY OF REST.

ens are in the spring-house an' the vegetables are on the back porch, an' do you suppose I'm going to cook a hot dinner for you all on this 'Sweet Day o' Rest?'

"Brother Hendricks made me feel plumb ashamed o' myself for actin' so mean. He jest reached over an' helped himself to everything he could reach, an' says he, 'This dinner suits me, an' is jest the kind I'm used to at home. I'd ruther eat a cold dinner any time than have a woman toilin' over a hot stove for me.' An' when he had said that, I up an' told him all about the events of the day an' he said, 'Well, Sister, if I had been through all you have this mornin' an' then had to git up an' give out such

a hymn as "Welcome, Sweet Day o' Rest," I believe I'd be mad enough to pitch the hymn-book an' the Bible at the deacons an' the elders.' He turned to Sam an' said, 'Did you ever think, Brother Amos, that there ain't a pleasure men enjoy that women don't have to suffer for it?'

"I was so pleased at what Brother Hendricks said that I got the best supper I could—fried chicken, waffles, hot soda-biscuits, coffee an' goodness knows what not, an' that supper tickled Sam most to death."

[AUNT JANE *sits silent a moment then resumes her story.*]

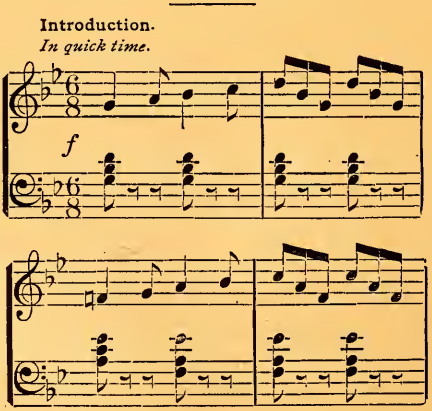
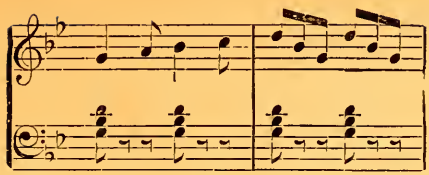
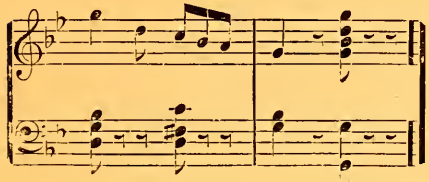
You could almost see Milly as I told the story? Gracious, child, that makes one feel creepy, for Milly has been dead many years.

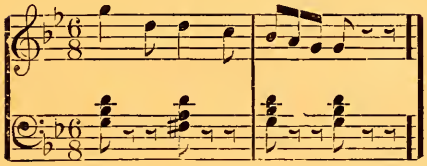
Milly was a slave to Sam as long as she lived. If women only had wisdom, they would sit down when Sunday comes an' let the men take a turn at gettin' things ready.

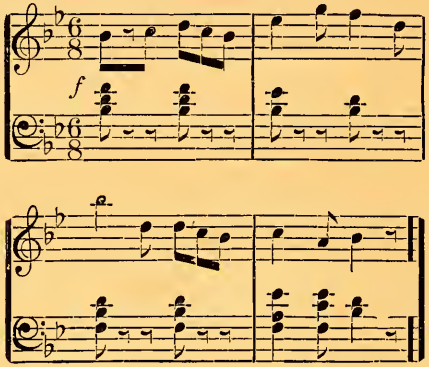
[*Rises and moves slowly off stage.*]

KATY'S LETTER.

COMEDY SENTIMENTAL IRISH-DIALECT MUSICAL MONOLOGUE FOR A WOMAN.

LADY DUFFERIN.

OCH! girls, dear, did ye iver hear?
I wrote me love a letter,
An', altho' he can not read,
Sure, I tho't 'twas all the better.
For why should he be puzzled
Wid hard spellin' in the matter,
Whin the *manc-ing* is so plain,
That I *loved him faithfully!*

Interlude. *Vivace.*

I wrote it an' I folded it,
An' put a seal upon it;
'Twas a seal a'most as big
As the top av me own new bonnet!
Fer I'd not be havin' the postmaster
Makin' remarks upon it!
(Sure I said *inside* the letter—
That I *loved him faithfully!*)

Me heart was full, but when I wrote,
I dared not put the half in;
The neighbors knew I loved him—
Sure they're mighty fond av chaffin'!
An' I darsn't write his name outside,
For fear they would be laughin'.
So I wrote—"From little Kate, to the one
That she loves faithfully."

Now, girls, would ye belave it?
That postman, so consated,
No answer will he bring me—
It's long that I have waited!
But maybe there's *no* letter,
For the raison I have stated—
That he can naither read nor write,
But he loves me faithfully!

(*Repeat 2d Interlude.*)

CHARLIE. Mary, suppose you sing something.

MARY. Oh, it's so late, Charlie, I'm afraid it'll wake every one.

CHARLIE [*with appearance of distress*]. That's too bad.

MARY [*tenderly*]. But why do you want me to sing, dear?

CHARLIE. Why, you see, a fellow I owe $5 to has been waiting outside for me, and I thought if you'd sing he'd go away.

AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

GEORGE HUNTINGTON.

[May be recited with "America," or "God Save the King" as musical background; or words may be sung. Music on page 18.]

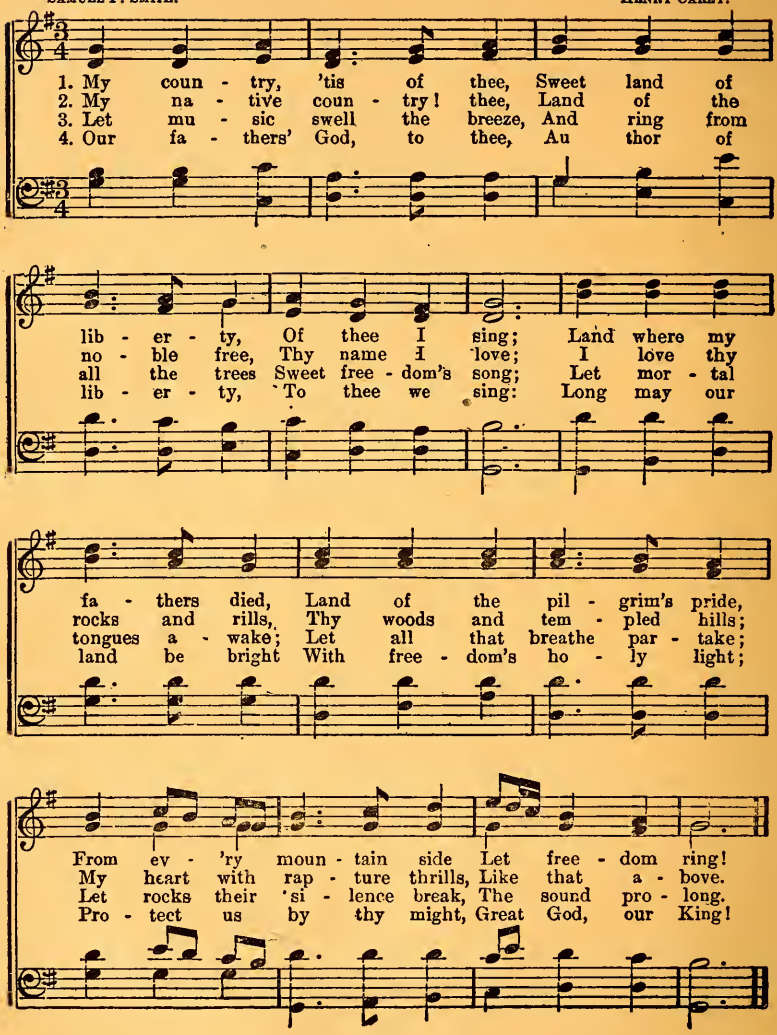
TWO empires by the sea,
Two nations great and free,
One anthem raise.
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith, we claim,
One God, whose glorious name
We love and praise.

What deeds our fathers wrought,
What battles we have fought,
Let fame record.
Now, vengeful passion, cease,
Come, victories of peace;
Nor hate nor pride's caprice
Unsheath the sword.

Though deep the sea and wide
'Twixt realm and realm, its tide
Binds strand to strand.
So be the gulf between
Gray coasts and islands green,
With bonds of peace serene
And friendship spanned.

Now, may the God above
Guard the dear lands we love,
Both East and West.
Let love more fervent glow,
As peaceful ages go,
And strength yet stronger grow,
Blessing and blest.

AMERICA.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of
2. My na - tive coun - try! thee, Land of the
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from
4. Our fa - thers' God, to thee, Au thor of
lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
all the trees Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal
lib - er - ty, To thee we sing: Long may our
fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride,
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills;
tongues a - wake; Let all that breathe par - take;
land be bright With free - dom's ho - ly light;
From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
Let rocks their 'si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

HOUSEHOLD THRUSH.

LILLIE E. BARR.

MANY a bird sings merrily
When the sun shines gay and bright;
When all the trees are green and gold
And the woods are full of light.
But a heigh ho! and a hey ho!
When the woods are dull and gray,
Of all the birds, I love the thrush,
For he sings on a cloudy day.

[Thrush music, page 54.]

ONLY A DAGUERREOTYPE.

LUCY CARROLL.

JUST as the last rays of the winter's sun were sinking in the west, the old stage-coach came rattling down the road and stopped before the big house.

A young man stepped out with a bound of joyous youth. Through the garden, up the steps and into the broad hall he ran. Once inside he took off his heavy coat and hung it on the rack. All this he did without saying a word. He walked into the parlor, where a warm fire blazed on the hearth. On entering the room he stopped, but finding no one within, he walked to the fire and spread his palms to the cheery blaze.

Looking around him, as if to be sure no one was there, he took from his pocket a daguerreotype. He fondled it a moment, then opened it to gaze upon the fair face of his promised love. It was hard to close that little leather-case and put it back in its resting-place next his heart,—but he did it only to take it out about a dozen times and kiss the face imprisoned by glass.

First one candle then another would sputter, then go out. Even the fire, which had held so many beautiful pictures for its human companion, turned gray as the dreamer sank into a deeper dreamland.

Everything was as still as death when the old clock on the stair chimed the midnight hour and the man before the cold gray ashes got up, smiled to himself, took his candle and ascended the stairs, humming softly to himself,

"Comin' thro' the Rye."

* * * * *

As the winter's sun was sinking into the west, an old man stepped from a carriage and walked slowly through the garden, up the steps and into the house, where all was bright and cheerful.

He took off his coat and walked to the room, where children's voices could be heard. He was greeted by many voices, but the one he most looked for came from a little old lady with gray curls. She rose from her chair and came, as she had done for many years, with open arms and upturned face.

The children had gone to bed and they were alone, seated before the fire, when the old man said:

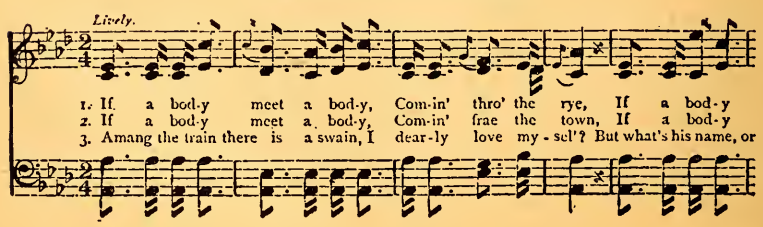
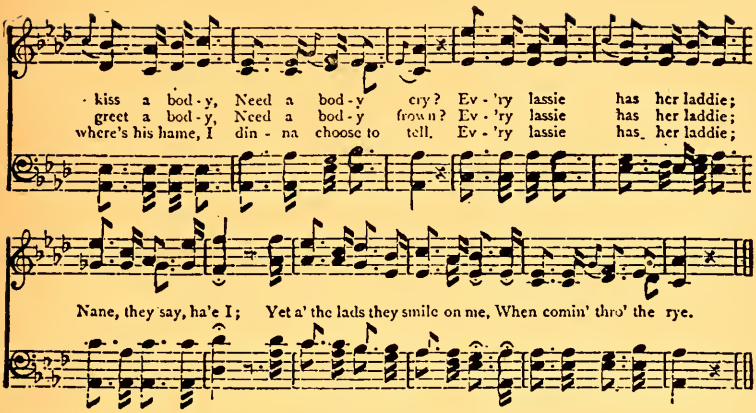
"Mary, forty years ago tonight I was sitting right here before this hearth looking at this." And he drew from his inside pocket a worn, faded little leather-case. On the inside was the image of the face beside him,—golden-haired then, but whitened now.

They sat for quite a while, hand in hand, with her head resting on his shoulder.

Suddenly the clock on the stair chimed the midnight hour and the fire was cold and gray.

Smiling to himself, he took her by the hand and taking their candle, led the way up stairs, softly humming together:

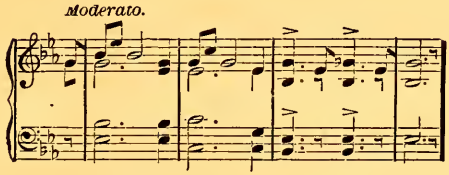
COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.


Lively.
1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod-y
2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y
3. Amang the train there is a swain, I dear-ly love my - sel'? But what's his name, or

· kiss a bod - y, Need a bod - y cry? Ev - 'ry lassie has her laddie;
greet a bod - y, Need a bod - y frown? Ev - 'ry lassie has her laddie;
where's his name, I din - na choose to tell. Ev - 'ry lassie has her laddie;
Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When comin' thro' the rye.

SANDS O' DEE.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

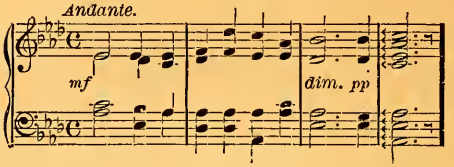
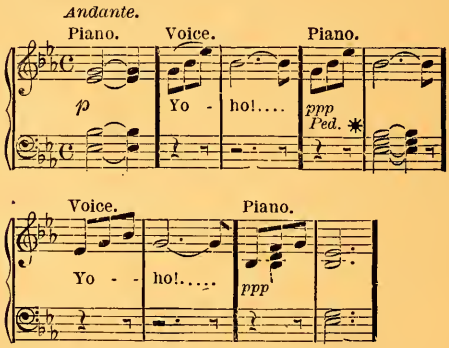
"O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee."
The western wind was wild and dark with foam,
And all alone went she.

Interlude.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
As far as eye could see,
The blinding mist came down and hid the land,
And never home came she.

[*Interlude as above.*]

Oh, is it weed, or fish, or maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?

Never was weed or fish that shone so fair,
Among the stakes o' Dee.

Interlude.

They brought her in across the cruel foam
To her grave beside the sea,
But still the boatman hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.

Sam, a good old colored preacher, said, in announcing the hymn, "Turn to page 76—page 76—and sing, wid de voice and de understan'en':

"'As I was goin' down our alley,
I met a cullard gal named Sally,—'

"No, brederen, I must have made a mistake; try hymn on page 67. I'll read de fust two lines of de hymn on page 67:

"'Shoo, fly, don't bodder me;
I b'long to Company-D.'

"Now, dat don't sound 'actly right. I nebbe heered such a hymn sung in dis church. I b'leeve de Baptizz cullard brudder, who's a locust preacher, and who met me dis evening in de dark, stole my Meffodist hymn-book, and put dis Baptizz hymn-book in de place of it."

BUNDLE OF LETTERS.

RETROSPECTIVE VERSE MONOLOGUE FOR A WOMAN.

ARRANGED BY BLANCHE BAIRD WINFIELD.

[This selection is effectively given as a study in concentration. Any dress may be worn. Reader should have bundle of old, torn letters, several old photographs, some locks of hair, few faded rosebuds and violets. She looks them over and comments on friends of her girlhood. While she unties bundle she sings, humming air during "Long, long ago." Music on page 24.]

A BUNDLE of letters, old and worn,
Yellow, defaced, and ah, me! some of them, torn.
I found them as I searched through a trunk to-day
Where years ago, I had laid them away;
And my heart is filled with both joy and pain
At sight of these well-known lines again.

[*Hum a few measures.*]

This is from one who loved me well,—
Ah, perhaps better than I could tell;
Fate proved unkind, hearts may be true
And love be blind, as known to some few.
And so we parted, and he has won
A bride who is not the first loved one.

[*Pick up a ballroom card, humming; then say:*]

Often we meet in places where mirth runs high,
And I pass him by, with a laughing eye,
For time, the healer, has made amends,
And he and I are the best of friends.

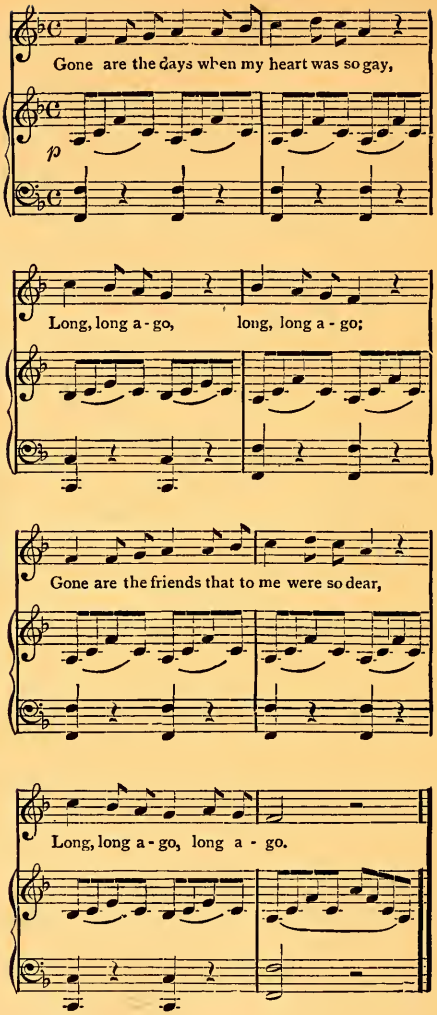
[*Hum a few bars.*]

Yet, friends, do you wonder that to-day
I hold these letters, old and gray,
And press them to my lips, while tears overflow,
And hallow that memory of long ago?

[*Sing:*]

"Gone are the days when my heart was so gay,
Long, long ago, long, long ago;
Gone are the friends that to me were so dear,

LONG, LONG AGO.


Gone are the days when my heart was so gay,
p
Long, long a - go, long, long a - go;
Gone are the friends that to me were so dear,
Long, long a - go, long a - go.

Long, long ago, long ago."

[*Pick up and read silently a card, while humming the last line.*]

And here's another, a wedding card!

Ah, life for her proved very hard.
A broken heart and a blighted life—
Ended now is the pain and strife.

[*Read aloud a funeral notice: "Ellen B. Henry, aged twenty-five."*]

And yet memory brings her back to-day,
In all her dainty, sweet array.
He was so proud and he looked so sincere,
Well, only God can make some things clear.

[*Hum the air, while looking into the envelopes. In one are flowers and some locks of hair, over which laugh, while exclaiming, every once in a while: "O me! How silly those things are. Indeed I was giddy."*]

And here's a lock of chestnut hair!
Ah, that was mine ere time and care
Stole out its color, and to-night,
It shadows my sad eyes still and white.

[*Look at old photograph.*]

From out of the past you come to me.
Shall it be the last? 'Twere better so,
For I alone, perhaps, would care,
For those dear days of long ago.

[*Hum, while reading some letters.*]

Many a dream has vanished away,
Many an ideal turned to clay,
Many a friendship proved untrue,
Constant and faithful, oh, how few.

[*Sing:*]

"Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago;
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
Long, long ago, long ago."

[*Look again at photograph.*]

Ah, if you were here, all my griefs were removed,
I would forget that you ever had roved.

And try to believe that you loved as I loved,
Long, long ago, long, long ago.
Do you remember the path where we met?
Ah, you said you ne'er could forget,
Then to all others, my smile you preferred,
Love when you spoke gave a charm to each word.
[*Sing:*]
"Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,
Long, long ago, long ago."
I shall and must tie up the bundle again,
With loving words and some throbs of pain,
And tenderly lay on my fire to-night,
And watch them like things fade from sight.
[*Hum air while binding letters together.*]

BLACK ANKLE BREAK-DOWN.

NEGRO CHARACTER STUDY.

HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS.

Arranged from "De Valley an' De Shadder," by permission of the author, by Kate Weaver Dallas. Music by Mrs. Minnie Schoeller.

[Reciter may recite, dance and sing, or others may do the dancing and singing. An effective rendering is: Reciter stands out of sight of audience, or at side of stage in view of audience. During recital curtain rises, disclosing scene reciter is describing, dancing, singing, etc., being done by others. If others beside reciter take part, stage-setting may be: Background showing log-hut, with smoke-stack, at foot of hill, up which winds path disappearing under large tree. Other huts at greater distance. In foreground, at side of stage, are shed, corn-crib, fodder-stack, fences, wagons, mule, cow, hen and chickens, negro children, girl with baby, colored women at work. Hut with porch right side of stage. Stage grows dark. Old man, seated on porch, looks at boy seated next, picks up banjo from table, and begins to play. Suddenly children run forward and dance, others clapping applause at end of dance. Woman bursts through crowd and speaks. Old man strikes up tune again for her dance and for others' dance. Another presentation is to have reciter first tell the entire story followed by tableaux as already described.]

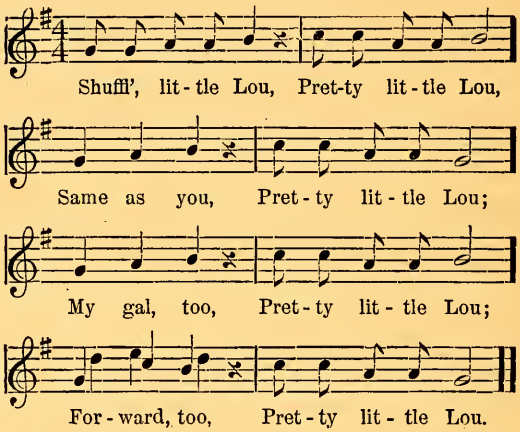
A LOG hut with a stack-chimney, at the foot of a long, low hill where the path that winds around it disappears under a great, spreading black-gum; another log hut with a stack-chimney by a belt of pine woods; and another of like build beyond where a group of water-oaks marks a bend in the swamp; and others still, right and left in the distance until the number runs

up into the dozens—this is Black Ankle. But not all of it. Yonder are a shed and a corn-crib, and a leaning stack of fodder, and a blue-stem collard patch, and snake-fences, and vehicles that have stood in the weather until sunstruck; a forlorn mule; a cow that all her life has evidently practiced the precept, "It is better to give than to receive;" a stray hen with her little family under a gorgeous sunflower—this is Black Ankle.

But, hold! There are little negroes in single garments that reach to their knees only, and the ten-year-old girl bearing in her arms the infant. There are the clothes fluttering on the knotted lines propped up by forked saplings. There are black women, with tucked up dresses, scrubbing over the wash-tub, and in the air the marvelously mellow plantation hymn, and on the ground the shadow of the circling hawk, and the grasshopper balancing himself in mid air, and the dipping mocking-bird on the haw-bush. Ah, now indeed is this Black Ankle.

The sun had gone down and the shadows were creeping out of the swamp veiling Black Ankle. All the poverty sign-boards were buried in the gloom, and where the cabins stood fiery eyes twinkled through the night. But under the great black-gum, where the spring gushed, a pine-knot fire blazed merrily, piling up the shadows and painting in waving light the cabin front. The little porch, over which ran the morning-glory and the cypress-vine, stood forth as though projected by the brush of a mighty artist. From every direction, by every path, there came dusky figures, the simple children of the soil, filling the air with songs and laughter, and passing into the light. In a chair on a table, his back against the black-gum, sat a little wrinkled fiddler with his battered instrument under his chin, the bow twisting and sawing. And by his side drumming on the strings with a straw, stood a boy, who, ever and anon, turned his head to laugh at some gay sally from the company gathered upon the smooth well-trodden ground. A favorite dancer exhibited his skill until breathless, and was turning away amid the plaudits of the crowd, when a young woman forced her way in crying:

"Git erway, niggers; lemme come!" The crowd shouted "Lou, Lou!" "Lou'll knock de shine off er'un!" "You got ter shuffl' now, Beeswing."

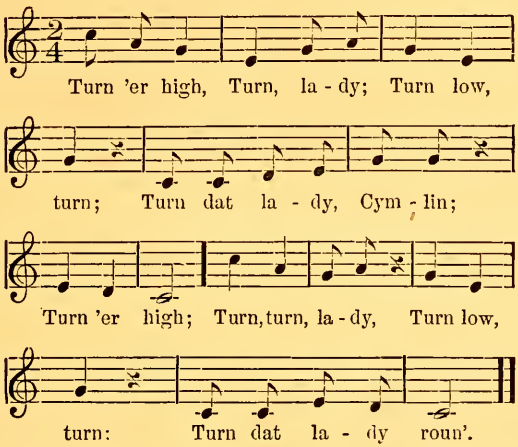
The teeth of the young man who beat with the straw shone whiter and broader as a short, active girl broke into the circle. Beeswing grinned. "Come back, nigger," she cried. The crowd laughed again, and as the girl's feet began to keep time with the music, a dozen hands patted upon as many thighs, and a voice, to which the chorus replied, added words to the strain of the fiddle, the dancer adapting her steps to the hints given:

Shuffl', lit-tle Lou, Pret-ty lit-tle Lou,
Same as you, Pret-ty lit-tle Lou;
My gal, too, Pret-ty lit-tle Lou;
For-ward, too, Pret-ty lit-tle Lou.

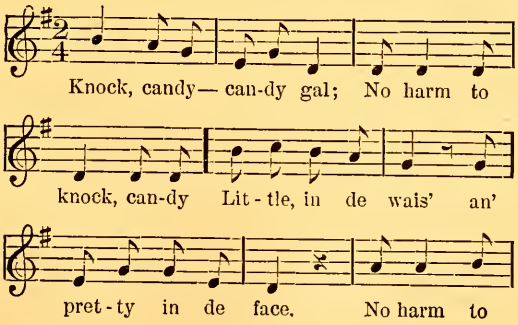
The dancer held her dress back and "walked around," turning her toes in, and the crowd laughed. But the song continued. [*Same music as above.*]

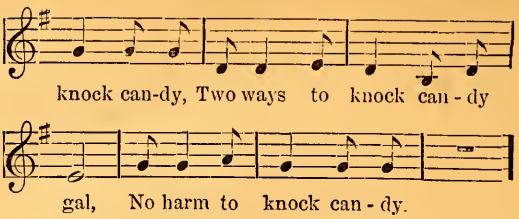
"Pretty littl' Lou;
Pretty littl' Lou;
Cross step, Lou;
Pretty littl' Lou;
Balance too;
Pretty littl' Lou."

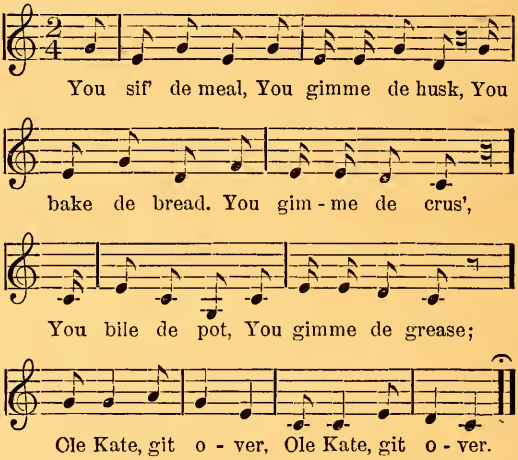
The girl walked around amidst a cloud of cotton, revealing her ankles, and the leader started the laugh by chiming in with her. [*Repeat song if wished, with new gestures.*]

Beeswing broke out of the circle, and the dance ended amid the shouts of the company.

The tune changed. Old Morris, the fiddler, began a quaint march, and two by two the dancers promenaded around, the clear voices of the women leading the song.

The men turned their partners with one hand held overhead, and "the lady" spun until her dress swelled out like a balloon. Then she bowed and the men patted quick time, all singing while their partners sprang to the center and danced.





Again came the quaint song, "Turn'er high, turn lady;" again the slow march, and again the whirl. This time the men sprang to the center, and old Morris, sweeping his head to his knee, struck up a break-down, to which the women sang:

You sif' de meal, You gimme de husk, You
bake de bread. You gim - me de crus',
You bile de pot, You gimme de grease;
Ole Kate, git o - ver, Ole Kate, git o - ver.

Several verses followed, first the women dancing, then the men, ever returning to the promenade. Dance followed dance, jig, shuffle, song, and refrain, and the hours glided by. A tiny silver crescent was the moon, but it had long since sunk behind the hill. Old Morris nodded, but his bow kept moving. "Wake up, old man," shouted a voice as the rout went round. "Hush yo' mouf, nigger," he answered back. "Dis fiddle knows me, an' hit'u'd keep er-singin' ef I uz to go plum ter sleep." And the livelier wave in "Sallie Gooden," which the interruption had stimulated, faded away into monotony again. So went the night.

SONG OF THE CAMP.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

[Speaker recites down to mention of song, then unseen chorus sings "Annie Laurie" until close of poem. Music on page 32.]

GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camp allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under,
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

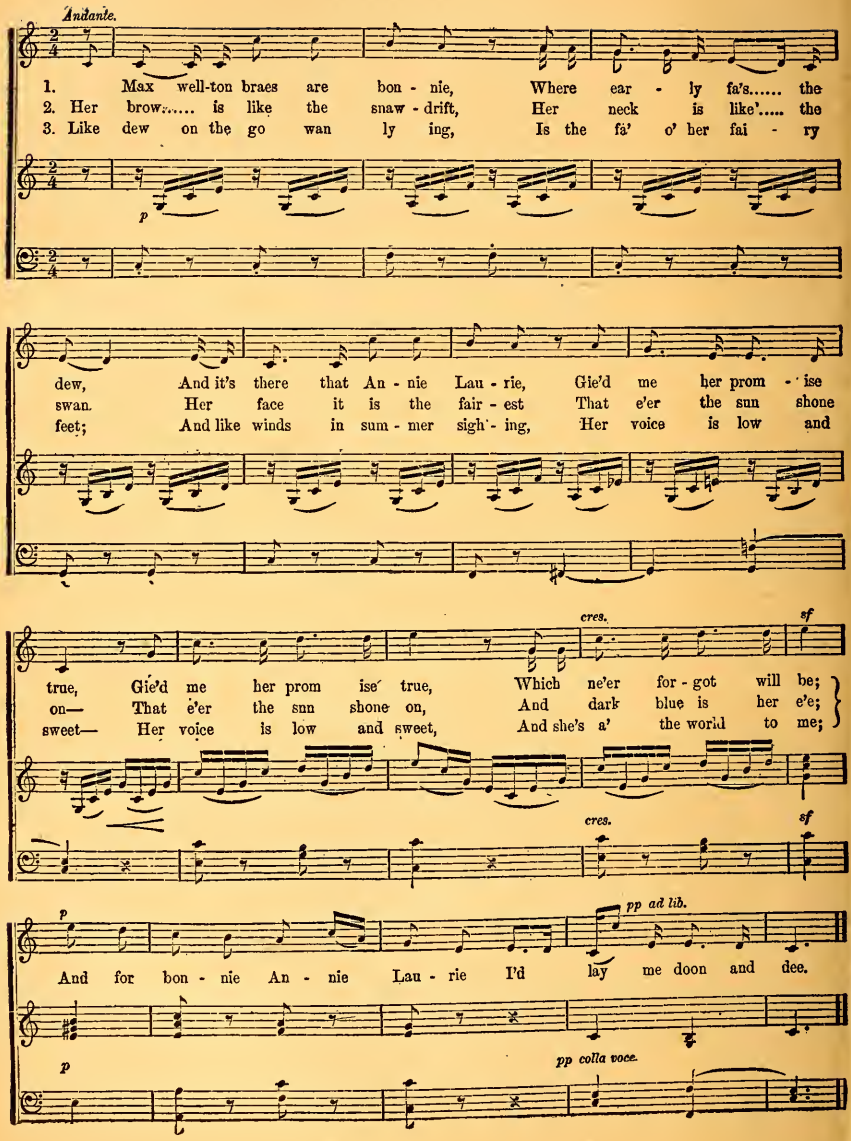
There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side
Below the smoking cannon—
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.

ANNIE LAURIE.


Andante.
1. Max well-ton braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's..... the
2. Her brow..... is like the snaw - drift, Her neck is like'..... the
3. Like dew on the go wan ly ing, Is the fa' o' her fai - ry
p
dew, And it's there that An - nie Lau - rie, Gie'd me her prom - ise
swan. Her face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone
feet; And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and
cres. sf
true, Gie'd me her prom ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be;
on— That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e;
sweet— Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me;
cres. sf
p
pp ad lib.
And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me doon and dee.
p
pp colla voce.

Dear girl! her name he dared not speak;
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The sunset's bloody embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim,
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

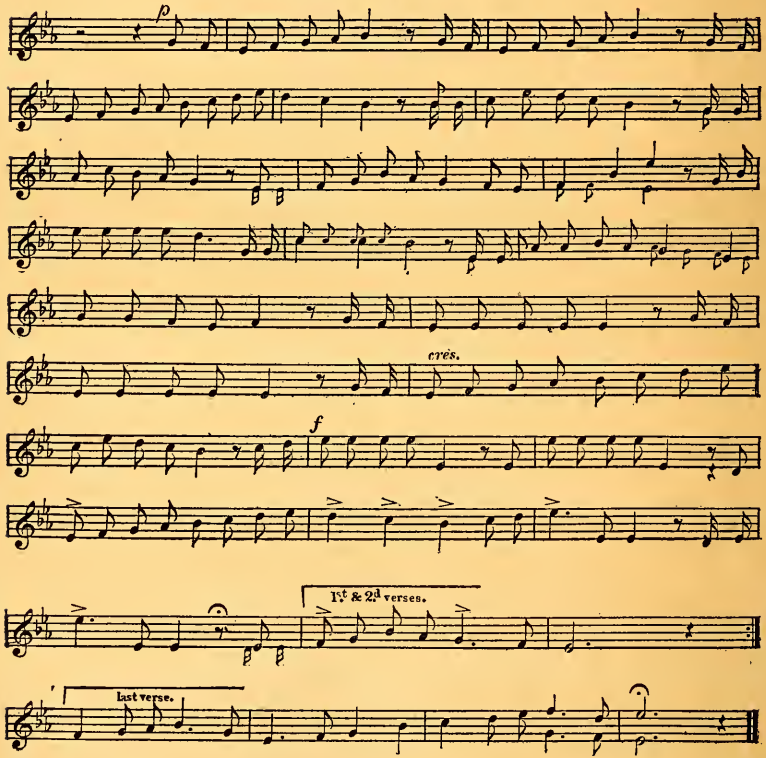
SUMMER SHOWER.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY THEODORE MARZIALS.

[Recited to musical background. Music on page 34.]

OH! 'tis nothing but a shower, but a quarter of an hour,
Don't you think you'd better shelter by the chestnut-tree,
For the wind is blowing sweet, and you've daisies for your feet,
And should you care to dance I can pipe," said he.
She was going to the town in a fresh print gown,
And a dainty color flies the daintier it be,

And the piper's eyes are blue, and he looks her thro' and thro',
And the parson's piping bull-finch can not pipe as sweet and true;
And there's not a bird in June knows such a merry tune,
As "Merry, merry, merry in the North Countree,
With a hey, my lad, and a play, my lad,
And merrily I'll dance to thee!"

SUMMER SHOWER.

Now that little summer shower must have ceas'd for quite an hour,
As I've heard a shower can do in the North Countree.

And she'd got a pretty shoe, she liked to shew it too,
But she could not dance forever, tho' light was she,
So she sat down to rest, and the rose from her breast
She gave it him so prettily, and oh! so fair was she,
That the piper blush'd and sigh'd, and he stutter'd when he tried
To say something about roses, and I don't know what beside,
For she toss'd her dainty head, and started up and said,
"Merry, merry, merry in the North Countree,
But it's nay, my lad, and it's play, my lad,
And merrily I'll dance to thee!"

Now that little summer shower must have ceas'd for quite an hour,
As I've heard a shower can do in the North Countree,
But if you're in the shade, with a very pretty maid,
It can not matter much what the weather may be;
And he must have said his say, for in his her fingers lay,
As he took a thread of meadow grass and measured for the ring.
And she look'd him thro' and thro', while he vow'd he'd lov'd her true
Since the day he shar'd her book at church and heard her sweetly sing.

And not any one that June, sang such a merry tune,
As, "Merry, merry, merry in the North Countree,
With away, my lad, and a stay, my lad,
And merrily I'll dance to thee!"

FATHER. Do you think my daughter will ever be able to sing?

VOCAL TEACHER. Nevare, Monsieur.

FATHER. Then what's the use of giving her any more singing-lessons?

VOCAL TEACHER. A great deal of use, Monsieur. I give her lessons two, three month more, and bye and bye I teach her that she cannot sing. That is a vare good musical education for the young lady.

FATHER. You are right! If she can't sing, and you can convince her she can't, the lessons won't be thrown away.

HE WAS HER ONLY SON.

IRENE PETTIT M'KEEHAN.

[Singing is done by invisible chorus or single voice.]

SUGGESTIONS FOR TABLEAUX DURING RECITAL.

Tableau I.—Stage-setting: Railway-station with one car in background. Soldiers, in single file, enter car, last soldier has curly hair, and is kissed by mother who seems not to hear men shouting, band playing. Curly-haired soldier enters car, sits at window, smiles at and bids mother good-bye. Bell rings, soldiers cheer; hats and flags are waved from car-windows. Band, which had stopped playing when cheering began, now strikes up "Star-Spangled Banner." Soldiers and people on stage all sing.

Tableau II.—Stage-setting: Night camp-scene; stars, dark clouds in distance; occasional lightning and thunder. Body of water in front background; in front of trees, stage L., army-tent with flaps opened, disclosing curly-haired soldier, wrapped in blanket, tossing restlessly and gazing out at sky. Other tents around with closed flaps. Suddenly, banjo music is heard and voice singing "Home, Sweet Home." Tent-flaps are suddenly thrown open and soldiers stand reverently and silently before tents. Curly-haired soldier covers face with hand and sobs out loud.

Tableau III.—Stage-setting: Hospital-scene; white cots; doctor bending over and feeling pulse of curly-haired soldier; doctor shakes head despairingly, turns and speaks to chaplain; doctor leaves; chaplain kneels, lays hand on soldier's head, brushes back curls; boy opens eyes, faintly smiles; boy asks chaplain to sing "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Other invalid soldiers lift heads, look at chaplain; nurses pause in their work. Soldier closes eyes at end of song, whispering faintly, "Good-night, Mother, kiss me." He is kissed. Bird sings in distance. Silence ensues. Chaplain rises, crosses soldier's hands on chest, draws sheet over soldier's face.

Tableau IV.—Stage-setting: Church-interior. Coffin wrapped with Stars and Stripes. Many people. Choir sings "Lead, Kindly Light." Minister appears to be speaking. Mother, with sorrowful face, bends over casket, kisses soldier's forehead, turns away heart-broken. Reciter says "He was her only son."

HE was her only son.

She kissed him good-by and smiled bravely through her tears as he followed the long file of soldiers into the car. The station was crowded with people, but she saw none of them; the men shouted, the band played, but she did not hear. She saw only the eager face of the boy at the car window; heard only his bright "Good-by, mother!" The bell rang; there was a great cheer and the train moved slowly off, gray hats and waving flags at every window. The band had stopped playing, but now, as if

inspired, they began again—the grandest song in all the world. With one voice the throngs in the station, the soldiers on the cars, caught it up, and above the rattle of the trucks, the clang of the bell and the puffs of the engine, rose the clear, sweet strains:

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

[Music on page 43.]

Mother and son sang with the rest. In the voice of one there was a sob, but the other's rang out strong and triumphant, with a thrill of pride and patriotism.

* * * * *

He was her only son.

He lay in the doorway of his tent, trying to sleep. It was night, and as he looked up into the tropic sky, blazing with stars, he saw the brilliant constellation of the southern cross shining down upon him. Far away to the southward there was a bank of great black clouds, from which came now and then a flash of lightning and the long answering roll of thunder. Between lay the ocean, with its restless waves, here black as night, there silver-tipped as if the stars had fallen into the sea. Behind the white city of tents rose the dark, shadowy forest, through whose branches the rising night wind crept, moaning as if in sorrow. Save for this and the distant thunder and the beat, beat, beat of the water on the sand, all was still. The boy lay there in the night awake and alone. He was tired and heavy hearted; he thought of his mother far off in the northland, and yearned, like a thirsty man in the desert, only for the touch of her hand. All at once he heard the tinkle of a banjo and the sound of a man's voice singing in the distance:

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

[Music on page 40.]

As he sang, man after man awoke, and came out to the door of his tent to hear. No one spoke; they listened reverently, as if to an angel singing. The boy covered his face with his hands, and great tears trickled out through his fingers and fell to the ground.

* * * * *

He was her only son.

The surgeon bent over the low pallet in the hospital tent and held the soldier's thin, hot wrist in his own practiced fingers. Then he shook his head slowly and turned away.

"It's no use, chaplain. Help him to die, if he needs it; for he's going fast."

The busy doctor passed on, and the kindly, gray-haired chaplain took his place. He knelt by the bed, and laid his cool hand gently on the flushed forehead, brushing back the matted curls. The blue eyes opened, and the lad looked up with a tired, grateful smile.

"Did you hear?"

"Yes."

"Is there anything I can do for you, my boy?"

"Sing to me, please, the song about the lilies."

And the chaplain sang. He was not a beautiful singer at the best, and now his voice was husky and broken, but the men raised their heads from their pallets to listen, the nurses paused in their work, and even the doctor, accustomed to such scenes, tiptoed softly from bed to bed:

> In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
> With a beauty in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
> As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free.
> While God is marching on.

[Music on page 41.]

When the song was ended the boy's eyes closed, and he whispered faintly, "Good-night now. Mother, kiss me good-night." He felt the touch of a kiss on his lips and smiled, for he was satisfied. Not a man stirred. A bird from the low bush outside flew far up into the sky, as if to carry the news to heaven of

the coming of a human soul, and the whirr of his wings was heard in the quiet room. The chaplain rose, folded the fever-wasted hands, and drew the sheet up over the white face, still and cold as sculptured marble.

* * * * *

He was her only son.

Lying in the flower-laden casket, in his bright new uniform, with one cheek pressed lovingly against the flag they had placed beneath him, and the smile still on his lips, he was so brave and beautiful, as she looked down upon him—it could not be that he was dead. Often she had watched him sleeping, and her mother heart had dreamed of his future. He should go forth into the world some day, she had thought, her knight, her hero—and all men would love and honor him for his noble deeds and loyal heart, yet they two would still be all in all to each other, as they had ever been, she and he. But now! What was this the choir was singing so softly? She paused in her mournful reverie and listened:

So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile!

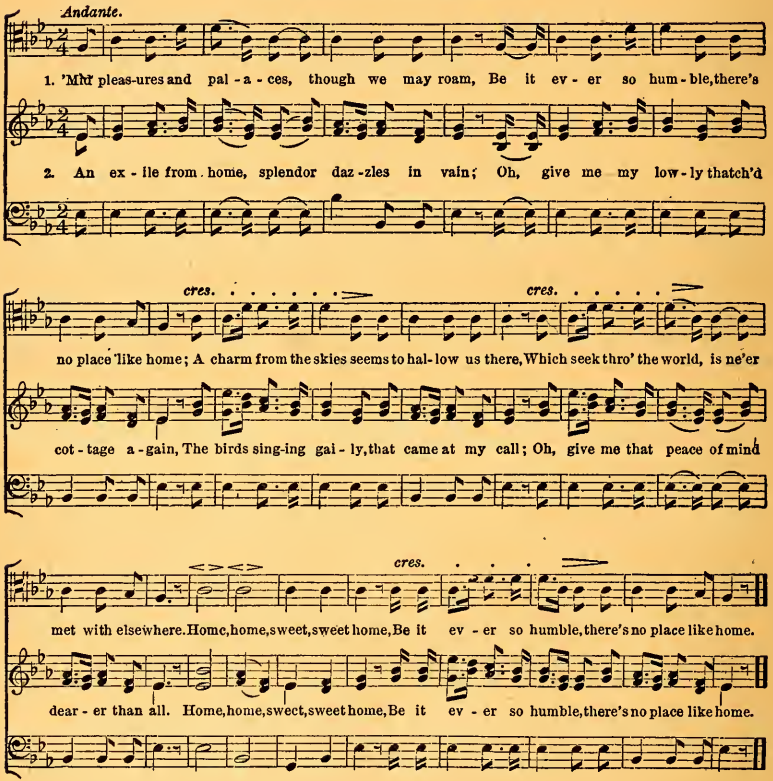
[Music on page 42.]

Orators and poets repeated the glories of the war, praised the patriotism and self-sacrifice of the men who had gone forth to fight the battles of their country. But there was one who "sat over against the treasury and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them: 'Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury: For all *they* did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had.'"

She bent low above the casket and looked for the last time at the quiet face. There was no bitterness, no rebellion in her heart,

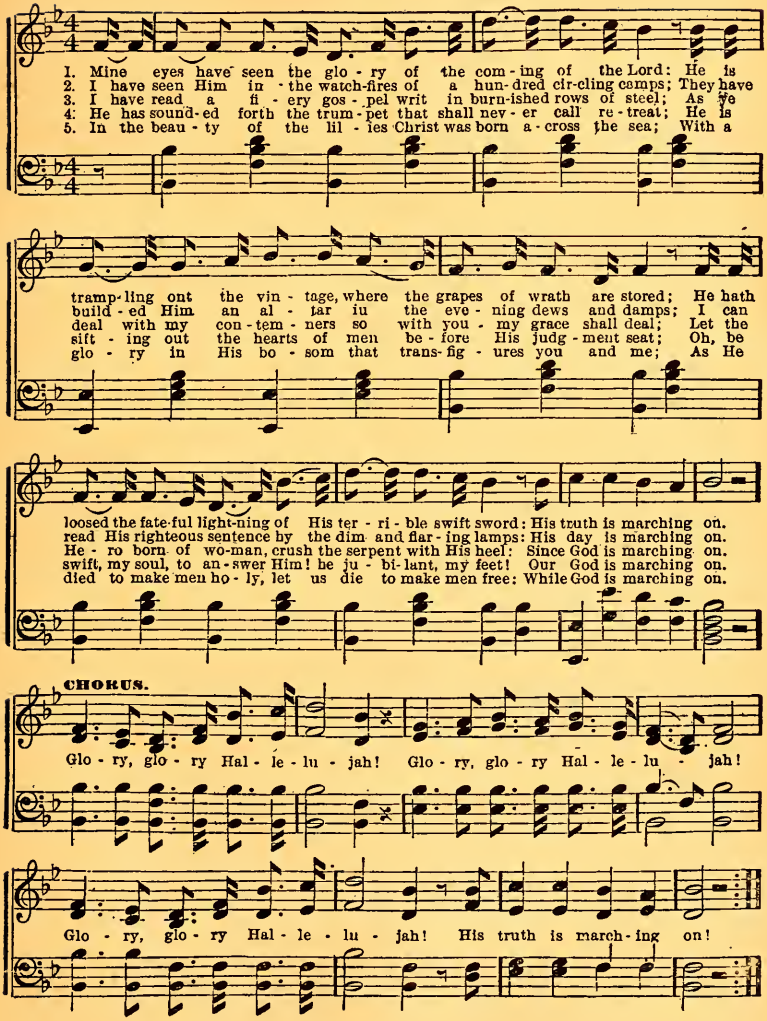
only a great sorrow that would not be comforted. She touched her lips to the cold, pale forehead, and a tear glistened for a moment in his dark hair. Then she turned away, and the world, on a sudden, seemed empty.

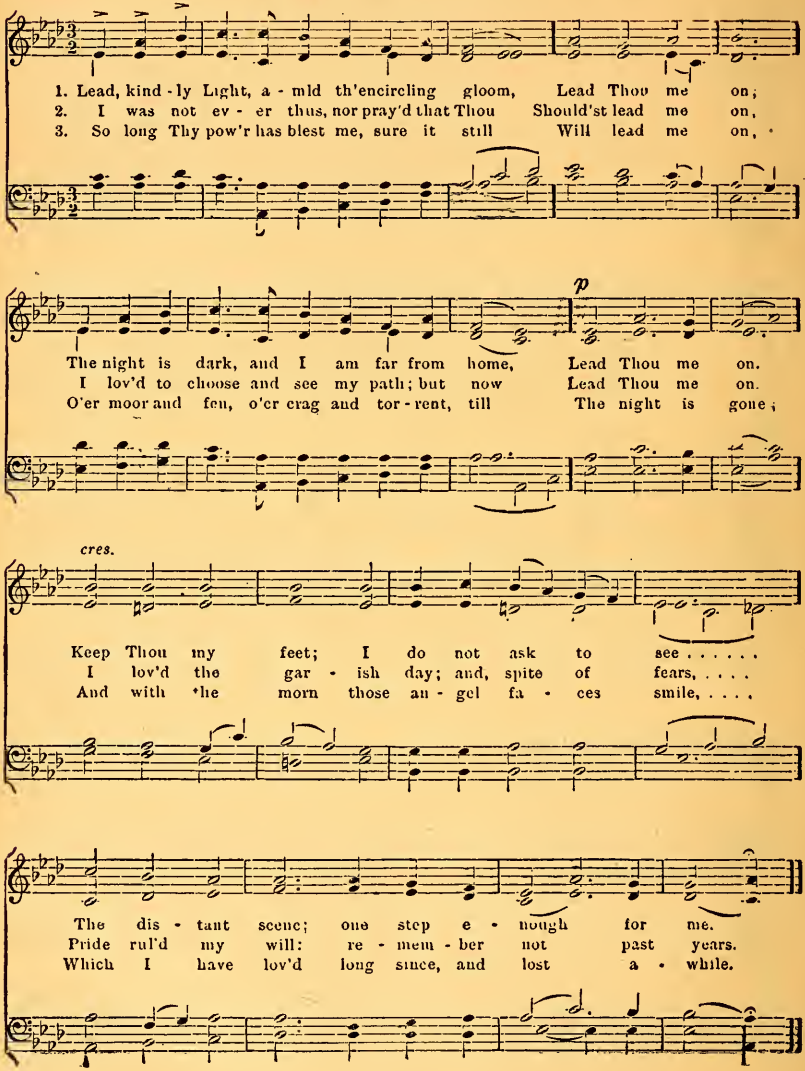
He was her only son.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Andante.
1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal-a-ces, though we may roam, Be it ev-er so hum-ble, there's
2. An ex-ile from home, splendor daz-zles in vain; Oh, give me my low-ly thatch'd
cres.
cres.
no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal-low us there, Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er
cot-tage a-gain, The birds sing-ing gai-ly, that came at my call; Oh, give me that peace of mind
cres.
met with elsewhere. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev-er so humble, there's no place like home.
dear-er than all. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev-er so humble, there's no place like home.

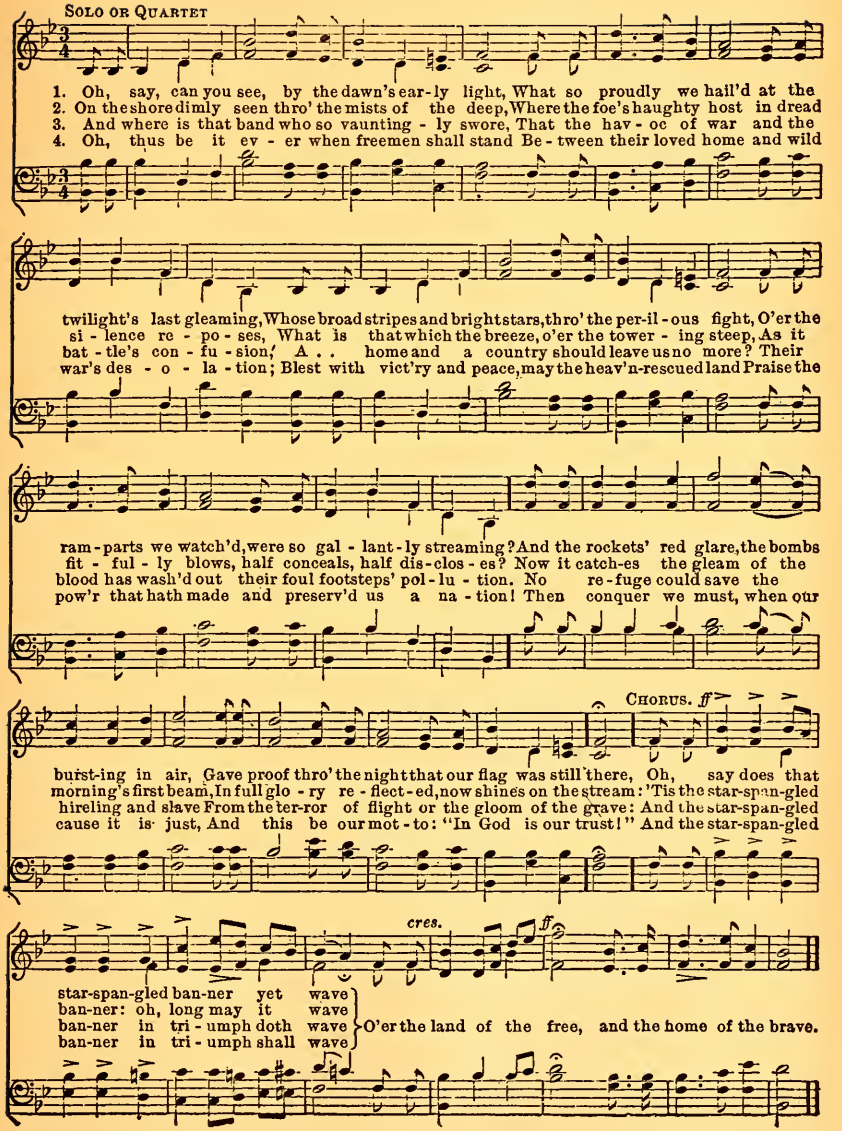
She. Have you ever heard that eight-year-old violinist who is creating such a sensation?

He. Oh, yes! I heard him in Berlin twelve years ago.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord: He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have
3. I have read a fi - ery gos - pel writ in burn-ished rows of steel; As ye
4. He has sound-ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea; With a
tramp-ling ont the vin - tage, where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
deal with my con - tem - ners so with you - my grace shall deal; Let the
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; Oh, be
glo - ry in His bo - som that trans-fig - ures you and me; As He
loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword: His truth is marching on.
read His righteous sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamps: His day is marching on.
He - ro born of wo-man, crush the serpent with His heel: Since God is marching on.
swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free: While God is marching on.
CHORUS.
Glo - ry, glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry, glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on!

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Should'st lead me on,
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on,
p
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on.
I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone;
cres.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . . . . .
I lov'd the gar - ish day; and, spite of fears, ...
And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile, ...
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride rul'd my will: re - mem - ber not past years.
Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.


SOLO OR QUARTET
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proudly we hail'd at the
2. On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band who so vaunting - ly swore, That the hav - oc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their loved home and wild
twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il - ous fight, O'er the
si - lence re - po - ses, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tower - ing steep, As it
bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A . . home and a country should leave us no more? Their
war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the
ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos - es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pol - lu - tion. No re - fuge could save the
pow'r that hath made and preserv'd us a na - tion! Then conquer we must, when our
CHORUS. ff
burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there, Oh, say does that
morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-span-gled
hireling and slave From the ter-ror of flight or the gloom of the grave: And the star-span-gled
cause it is just, And this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled
cres.
ff
star-span-gled ban-ner yet wave
ban-ner: oh, long may it wave
ban-ner in tri - umph doth wave
ban-ner in tri - umph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

NEW SONG OF "DIXIE."

MAUD LINDSAY.

[May be recited with "Dixie" as musical background; or words may be sung. Music on page 45.]

OH, from the hill and from the valley
Southern sons and daughters rally.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Dixie-land.
Come all a song of triumph singing,
Through the wide world send it ringing.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Dixie-land.

CHORUS.

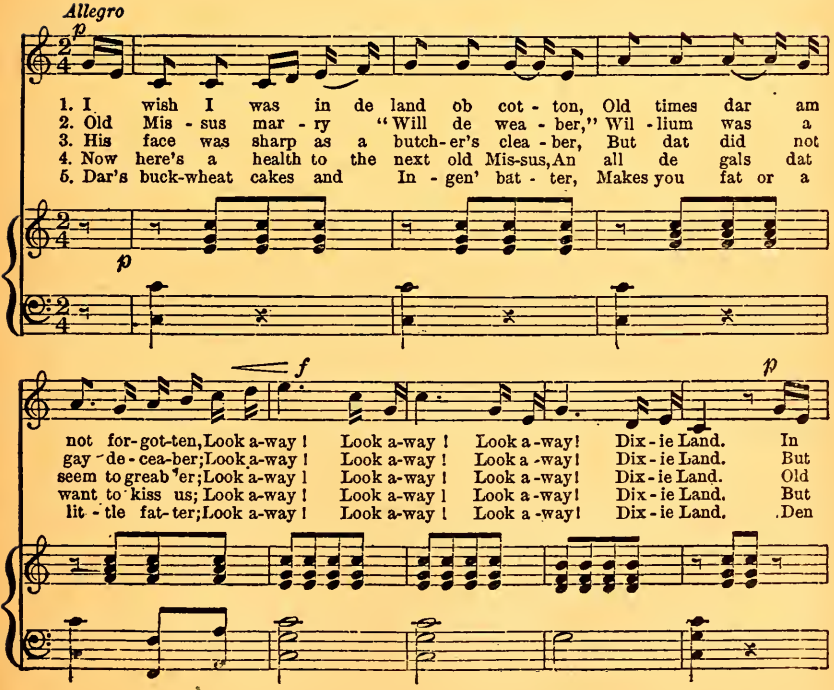
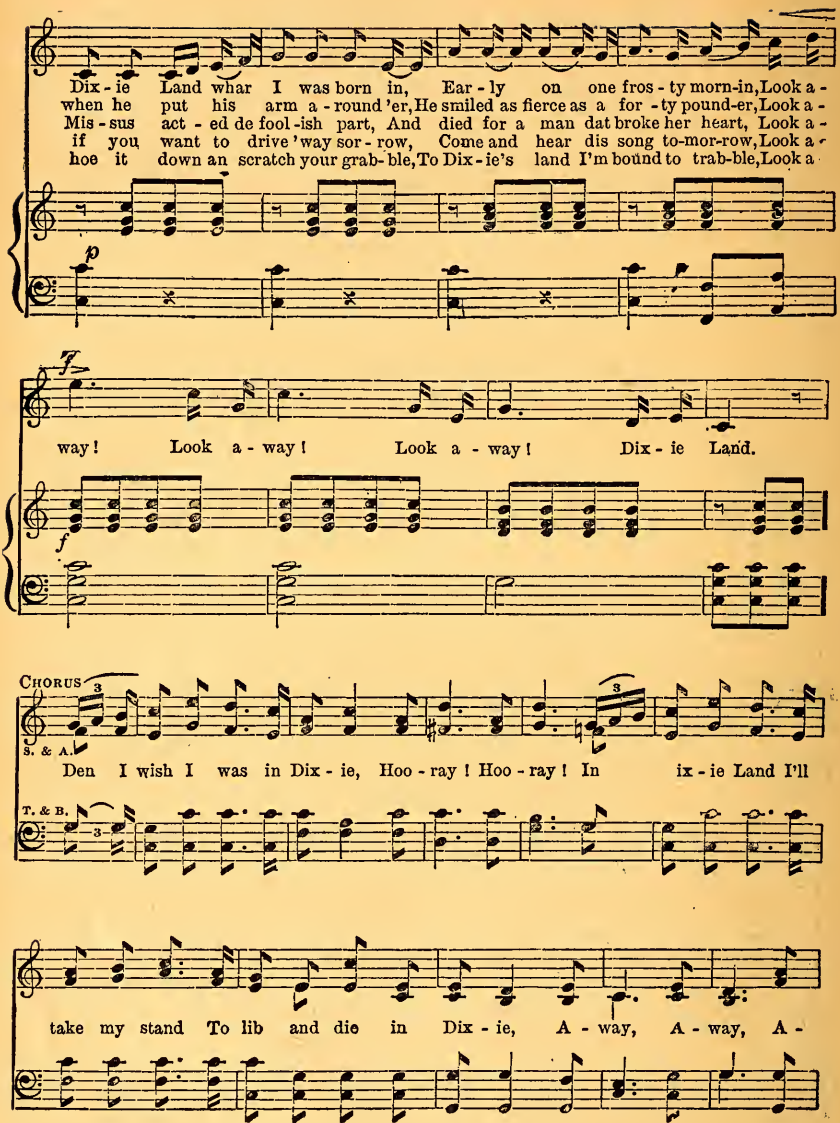
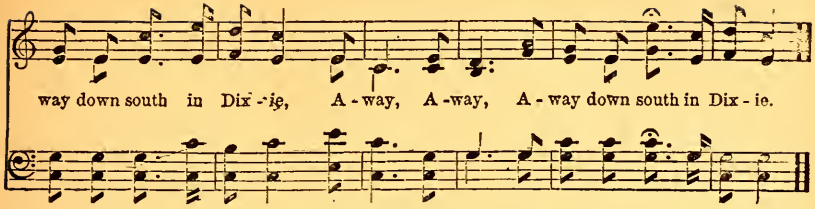
Exalt the name of Dixie!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
In Dixie-land we'll take our stand
To live and die for Dixie.
Three cheers, three cheers,
And one cheer more for Dixie;
Three cheers, three cheers,
And one cheer more for Dixie.

For Southern skies with stars are gleaming,
Southern fields with richness teeming.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Dixie-land.
Oh, Southern hearts are brave forever,
Southern love will fail you never.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Dixie-land.

Go read the past's heroic story,
Read the future's message "Glory."
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Dixie-land.
And, armed with truth and clothed with beauty,
Rise to meet the present's duty.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Dixie-land.

For peace has given what war denied you,
Friends of foes who once defied you.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Dixie-land.
Look! nature with rare charms has dressed you;
God with His own hand has blessed you.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Dixie-land.

Lo! now our land with love is lighted—
North, South, East and West united!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Dixie-land.
In God our trust, and our salvation,
Forward, march! a mighty nation.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Dixie-land.

DIXIE.

Allegro
p
1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am
2. Old Mis - sus mar - ry "Will de wea - ber," Wil - lium was a
3. His face was sharp as a butch-er's clea - ber, But dat did not
4. Now here's a health to the next old Mis-sus, An all de gals dat
5. Dar's buck-wheat cakes and In - gen' bat - ter, Makes you fat or a
p
f
p
not for-got-ten, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix - ie Land. In
gay - de - cea-ber; Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix - ie Land. But
seem to greab 'er; Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix - ie Land. Old
want to kiss us; Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix - ie Land. But
lit - tle fat-ter; Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix - ie Land. Den

Dix - ie Land whar I was born in, Ear - ly on one fros - ty morn-in, Look a -
when he put his arm a - round 'er, He smiled as fierce as a for - ty pound-er, Look a -
Mis - sus act - ed de fool - ish part, And died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a -
if you want to drive 'way sor - row, Come and hear dis song to-mor-row, Look a -
hoe it down an scratch your grab - ble, To Dix - ie's land I'm bound to trab-ble, Look a
p
way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
f
Chorus
S. & A.
Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In ix - ie Land I'll
T. & B.
take my stand To lib and die in Dix - ie, A - way, A - way, A -

DANCE AT UNCLE BOB'S.

ERNEST McGAFFEY.

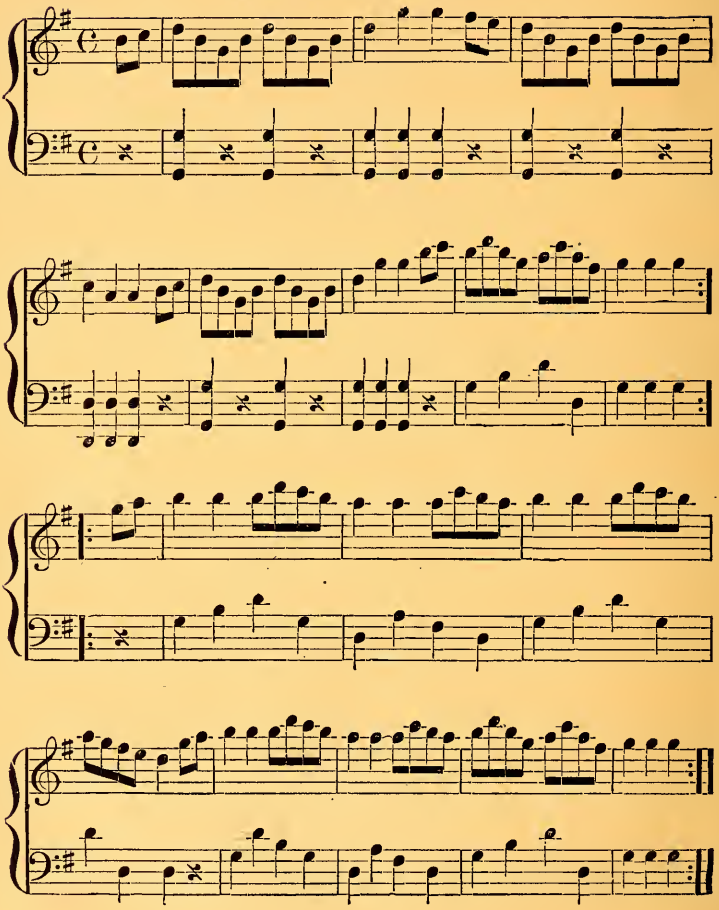
[Music is played as speaker enters and begins to speak. Music continues while speaker recites and dances. Music on page 48.]

THE clash of a lively reel,
The sway of a supple bow,
Shrill is the catgut's peal,
As over the boards they go,
Balancing on the heel,
And then with the heel and toe,
Dancing the steps they know,
As back and forth they wheel.

Jarring the half-shut door,
Forward they slide and back,
First and the second "four"
With never a chance to slack.
Rosin the bow some more,
As the dancers swerve and "tack,"
Dancing along a crack
There on the puncheon floor.

Hark to each vibrant string,
As the winged notes take flight,
"Buffalo girls," they sing,

"Are you coming out tonight?"
And the brass andirons ring
By hickory embers bright,
As quick to the left and right,
The boys their partners swing.

DANCE AT UNCLE BOB'S.

Sharp is the prompter's call,
  As they shuffle to and fro;
"Side four—there by the wall—
  Forward"—and off they go:
"Back,"—to the rear they fall,
  Now it is "do" "si" "do,"
  And then o'er the ebb and flow
Echoes "promenade all."

And the soul of the violin,
  Turned mad by the gleaming moon,
Leaps up from the rhythmic din,
  To dance with the dancing tune,
And in and out and in,
  Under rough oak rafters hewn,
  It threads with noiseless shoon,
Where the lads and lassies spin.

Now with the heel and toe,
  Then with the nimble heel;
Hisses the gliding bow,
  Shrill is the catgut's peal,
And over the planks they go,
  And round and around they wheel,
  Till the east grows gray as steel,
And the drowsy roosters crow.

BABY'S BEDTIME.

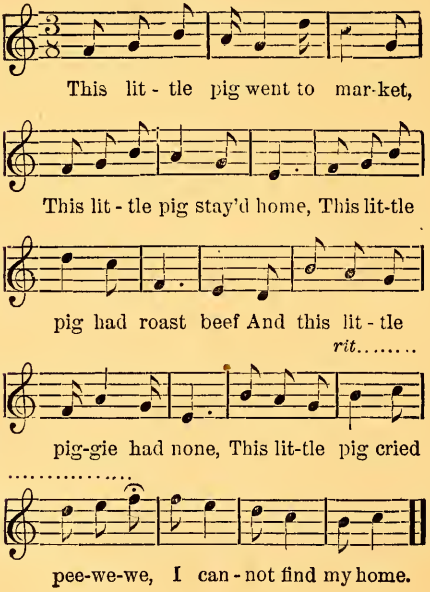
EBEN E. REXFORD.

THIS is baby's bedtime;
  Dimplechin climbs on my knee,
With "Mamma, I's dest as s'eepy
  An' tired as I tan be."

So I take up the little darling,
And undress the weary feet
That have been making since daylight
A music, busy and sweet.

"Tell me a pitty 'tory,"
She pleads in a sleepy way,
And I ask, as I cuddle and kiss her,
"What shall I tell you, pray?"
"Tell me"—and then she pauses
To rub each sleepy eye—
"How ze big pid goes to market,
An' ze 'ittle pids all c'y."

Then I tell, as I smooth the tangles
Ever at war with the comb,
How the big pig went to market.


This lit - tle pig went to mar-ket,
This lit - tle pig stay'd home, This lit-tle
pig had roast beef And this lit - tle
rit.....
pig-gie had none, This lit-tle pig cried
.....
pee-we-we, I can - not find my home.

And I count on the rosy fingers
Each little pig once more,
And she laughs at the "pitty 'tory,"
As if unheard before.

Then I fold her hands together
Upon her breast, and she,
In her lisping, sleepy fashion,
Repeats it after me.

"Zis 'ittle pid went to martet,
Zis 'ittle pid stayed home,
Zis 'ittle pid had roas' beef,
Zis 'ittle pid didn't det a sindle bit,
Zis 'ittle pid cyed *pee-wee-wee,*
I tan—" [*Sighs and yawns.*]
Before it is ended, the blossoms
Of her eyes in slumber close,
But the words that are left unuttered
He who loves the children knows.

MORNING IN BIRDLAND.

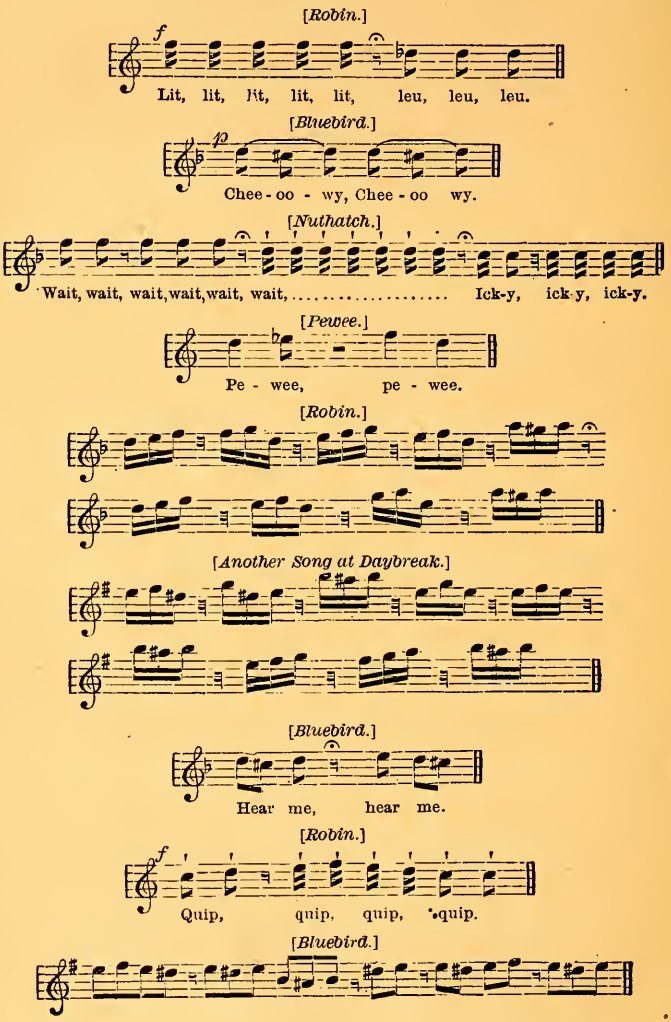
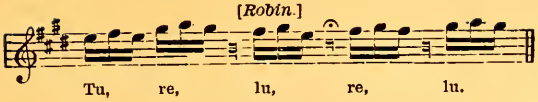
POEM BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

As arranged and read by Mary S. Thompson.

[Part of music written by Wilson Flagg. Part of music from "Wood Notes Wild," by Simeon Pease Cheney; used by permission of Messrs. Lee & Shepard.]

[The violin and the flute come nearest to the sounds produced by birds.]

AT one in the morning all's silent in Birdland,
All light wings are folded, and curtained all eyes,
At two in the morning some dreaming young thing
A snatch from its daytime roundelay tries;
At three in the morning Early-Bird chides his
Slow neighbors—and then falls asleep unaware!

At four in the morning all, merry and mad, pour
A medley of song on the quivering air.

[*Robin.*]

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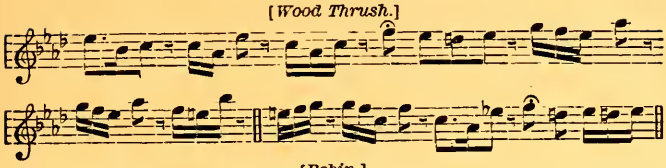
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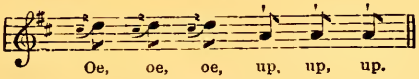
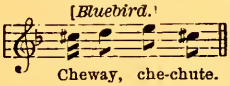
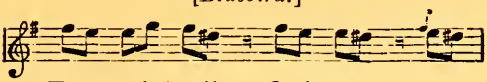
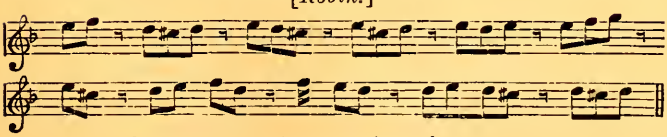

[*Bluebird.*]

Good morrow, O sweet Morning!
Kiss me with sun and wind,
And without word of warning
Drive winter from the mind.
Then let the heart be taken
With many a happy sigh—
To hear the songs awaken
From out the bluebird sky;

[*Bluebird.*]



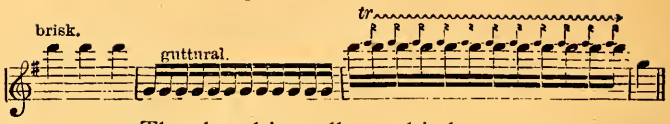
The robin's silver fluting
Upon the maple tops;

[*Robin.*]



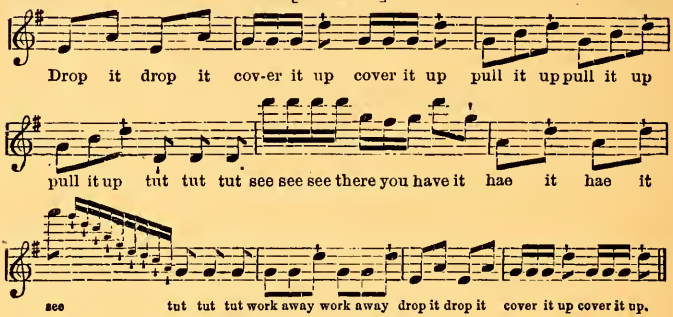
The sparrow's gay disputing
In every hedge and copse;

[*Song Sparrow.*]

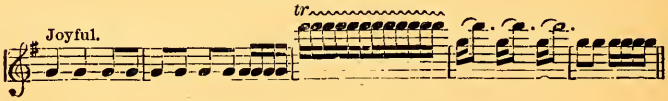


The thrush's mellow whistle
From woodlands cool and moist;

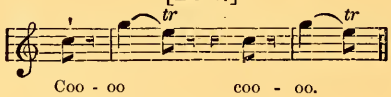
[*Thrush.*]


Drop it drop it cov-er it up cover it up pull it up pull it up
pull it up tut tut tut see see see there you have it hae it hae it
see tut tut tut work away work away drop it drop it cover it up cover it up.

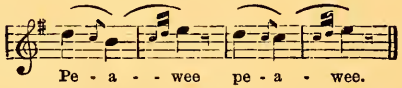
The finch upon the thistle,

[*Grass Finch.*]

The wood-dove echo-voiced;

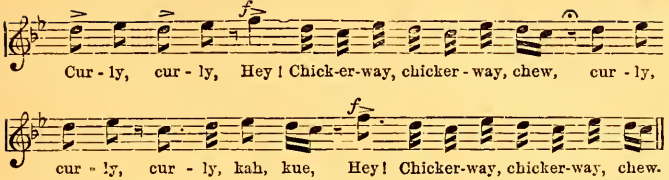
[*Dove.*]



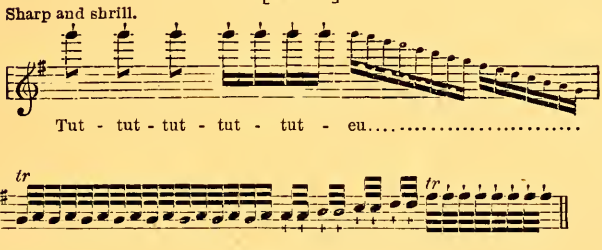
The pewee softly calling;

[*Pewee.*]

The warblers' hidden choir
Where apple flowers are falling
And darts the oriole's fire.

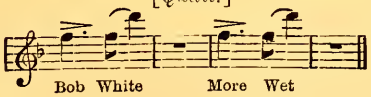
[*Oriole.*]



The swallow builds her dwelling
Of clay from sunny pools,
The doves their loves are telling—
The scolding wren o'er-rules.

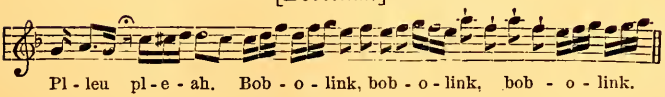
[*Wren.*]

Up starts the golden flicker
And hurls his notes about,
The bluejays tilt and bicker—
The cuckoo's a sly scout!
But hark! from last year's stubble,
How cheerily pipes the quail!

[*Quail.*]

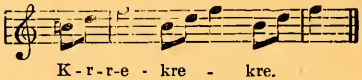


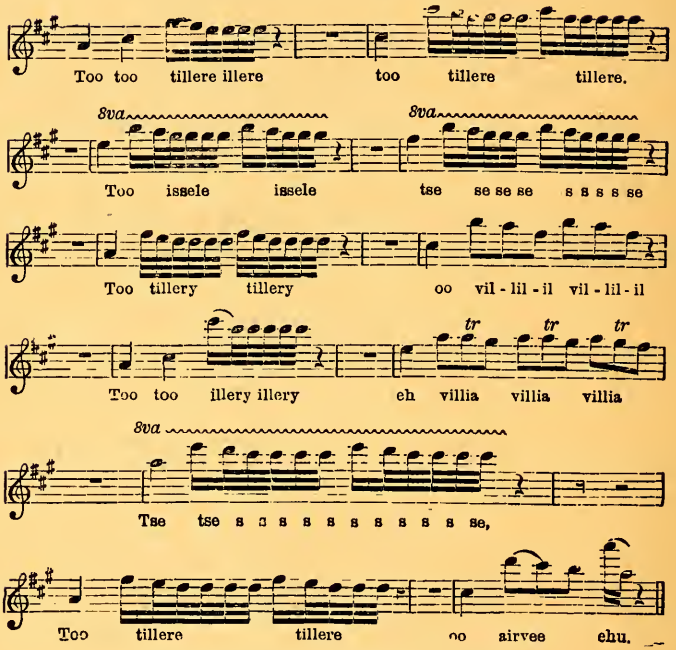
While bobolink notes up-bubble

[*Bobolink.*]



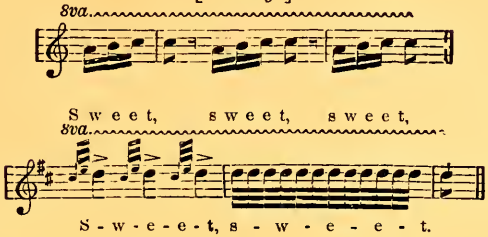
From every grassy swale.
The blackbird, free from trouble,
[*Blackbird.*]



Pours out a gossip tale,
And laughs the crow at pillage
In fields of planted corn—
All drunk with spring's distillage,
All mad with joy this morn!

Too too tillere illere too tillere tillere.
8va
8va
Too issele issele tse se se se s s s s se
Too tillery tillery oo vil - lil - il vil - lil - il
tr tr tr
Too too illery illery eh villia villia villia
8va
Tse tse s s s s s s s s s s se,
Too tillere tillere oo airvee ehu.

Good morrow, O sweet Pleasures!
Good cheer unto my songs,
That come in thronging measures
As spring birds come in throngs.

[I am so often asked for the notes of the canary that I subjoin the following songs from Gardiner's "Music of Nature:"]

[*Canary.*]

[In choosing the bird-songs for the medley at the close of the first stanza, I have repeated the robin because, as is well known, he is our principal singer in the morning chorus.]

NEARER——THERE.

POEM BY ANDREW H. SMITH.

Directions by Stanley Schell.

Selection may be given with invisible male chorus, or reader may sing softly before beginning recitation, also between first and second, and between second and third, stanzas of recitation. Chorus must take care to sing softly. Reader enters, and, standing with hands clasped in front and eyes uplifted, listens to chorus singing first stanza of hymn.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

[*Music gradually dies away at close of stanza, and reader, looking at audience, recites:*]

On the ridge so fierce was the battle
It seemed like a picture of hell,
Just behind us a farmhouse was standing,
Already shattered by shell.
They bore him in gently and laid him
On the hard and comfortless floor.

[*Reader stops as chorus suddenly begins to sing softly:*]

"Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,"

[*Reader quietly moves to couch at right front of stage and partly reclines, resting weight on one elbow. Chorus continues:*]

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

[*As singing dies away, reader speaks, using free arm for gestures:*]

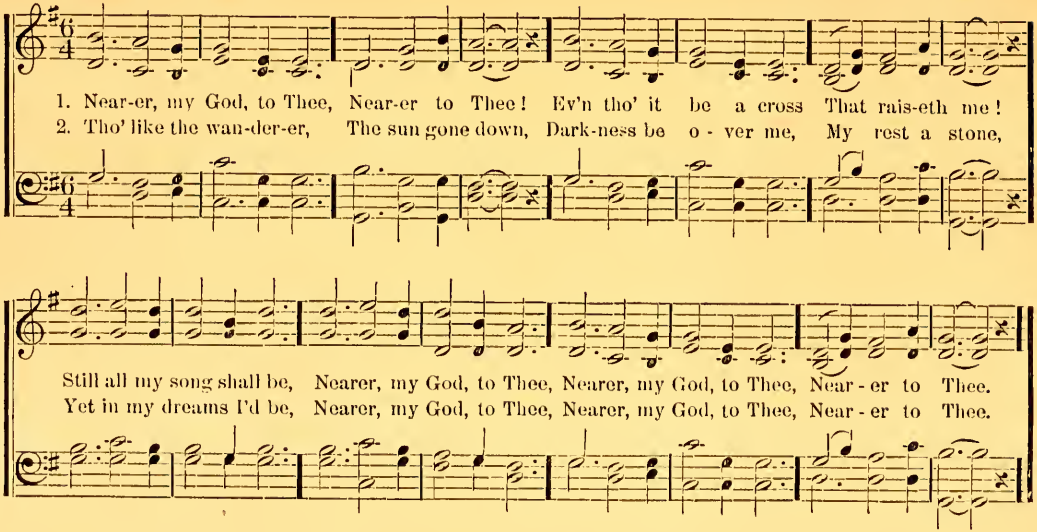
Sing "Nearer, my God," and leave me;
For me you can do nothing more.
Go back to the boys and help them
Hold the ridge with their uttermost might;
And tell them from me it is easy,
So easy to die for the right.

[*Reader sinks on couch as if very weak. Chorus sings softly:*]

"Or if on joyful wing;
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly."

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Words by S. F. ADAMS. Music by LOWELL MASON.


1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! Ev'n tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me!
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone,
Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

3.

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4.

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5.

Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

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[*Reader rises and joins in singing:*]

"Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

[*Reader, with uplifted, inspired expression, steps forward:*]

He joined with his comrades in raising
That wondrously beautiful hymn,
But quickly his pale cheek grew paler,
More lax grew each quivering limb;
His voice became weaker and weaker,
But his lips still whispered the prayer.
He was nearer each moment, nearer,
And, as we watched, he was *There.*

BETTY CAREWE'S DANCE.

BOOTH TARKINGTON.

[From "Two Vanrevels."]

[Betty Carewe, just home from a convent school, makes her social debut at a ball given by her father. The place is a Northwestern town. Time, about 1845.]

ALL night long the fiddles had been swinging away at their best; all night long the candles had shone in thin rows of bright orange through the slits of the window-blinds; but now, as the day broke over the maples, the shutters were flung open by laughing young men, and the drivers of the carriages, waiting in the dusty street, pressed up closer to the hedge, or came within and stretched themselves upon the lawn, to see the people waltzing in the daylight.

Over the unwearied plaint of French-horn, violin, and bassoon, rose a silvery confusion of voices and laughter and the sound of a hundred footfalls in unison, while from the open windows there issued a warm breath, heavily laden with the smell of scented

fans, of rich fabrics, of dying roses, to mingle with the spicy perfume of a wild crab-tree in fullest bloom, which stood near enough to peer into the ballroom.

"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to fade by to-morrow and fleet from my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away——"

So ran the violin in waltz time, so bassoon and horn to those dulcet measures; and then, with one accord, a hundred voices joined in the old, sweet melody:

"Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still."

And the jealous crab-tree found but one to overmatch itself in beauty; a lady who was the focus of the singing; for, by the time the shutters were flung open, there was not a young man in the room, lacked he never so greatly in music or in voice, who did not heartily desire to sing to Miss Betty Carewe, and who did not now (craning neck over partner's shoulder) seek to fix her with his glittering eye, while he sang "Oh, believe me" most directly and conspicuously at her. For that night was the beginning of Miss Betty's famous career as a belle. She was in white, touched with countless small lavender flowers; there were rows and rows of wonderful silk and lace flowers on her skirt, and her fan hung from a rope of great pearls.

There had been much discussion of her, though only one or two had caught glimpses of her, and when the evening came, two of the most enthusiastic dancers and love-makers of the town, the handsome Tappinghan Marsh and that doughty ex-dragoon and Indian fighter, stout old General Trumbler, were leaning effectively against the little railing about the musicians' platform when Mr. Carewe entered the room with his daughter on his arm. Never were lady-killers more instantaneously tamed and subjugated by the power of the feminine eye.

The same Tappingham was he, who, maddened by the General's triumphantly familiar way of toying with Miss Betty's fan between two dances, attempted to propose to her during the sunrise waltz. Having sung "Oh, believe me" in her ears as loudly as he could, he expressed the wish—quite as loudly—"That this waltz might last for always!"

That was the seventh time it had been said to Betty during the night, and only the cessation of the music aided her in stopping the declaration before it was altogether out. At that point, the General, mounting a chair with complete dignity, and lifting a glass of wine high in the air, proposed the health of his young hostess. He made a speech of some length. As the old gentlemen finished, before the toast was drunk, they took up the song again, and all joined in, lifting their glasses to the blushing and happy girl clinging to her father's arm:

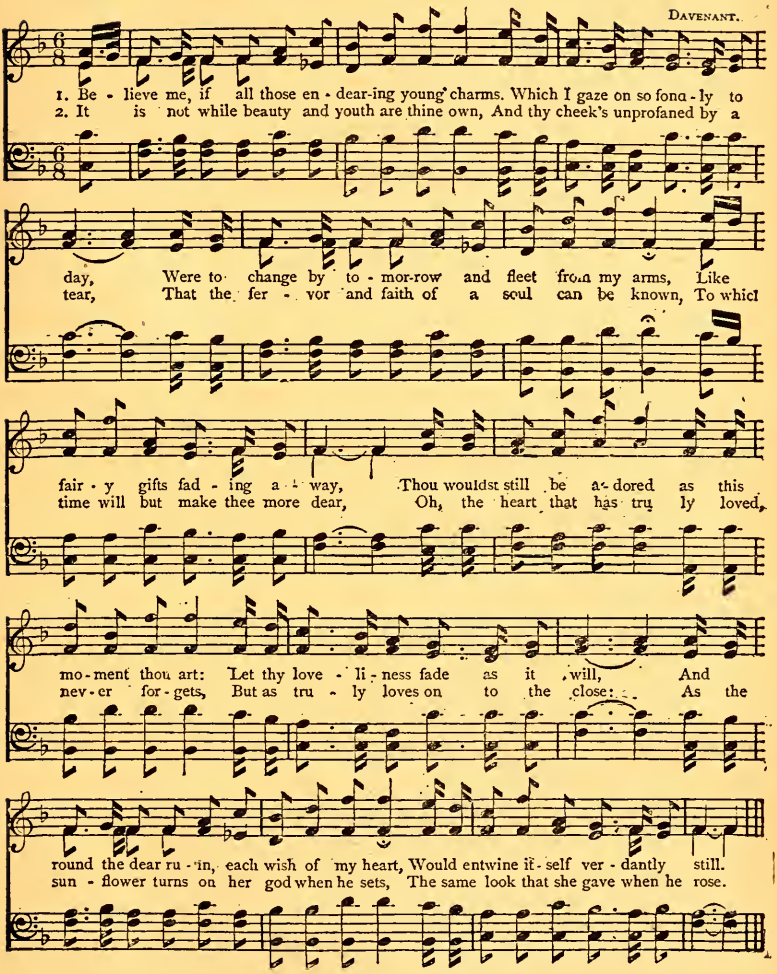
"Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart.
Would entwine itself verdantly still."

No one was afraid to "let out" his voice; their song went full and strong over the waking town, and when it was finished the ball was over too.

The veranda and the path to the gate became like tropic gardens. The sound of the voices and laughter drew away, slowly died out altogether; the silence of the street was strange and unfamiliar to Betty. She ran to the hedge and watched the musicians, who were the last to go. When they had disappeared, she faced the truth with a deep sigh; the long glorious night was finished indeed.

MRS. YOUNGBRIDE. Oh, Charlie, I saw the loveliest diamond necklace at Tiffany's to-day; a perfect beauty, and so cheap too; it can be bought for a song.

CHARLIE. I never sing.

THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

DAVENANT.
1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear-ing young charms. Which I gaze on so fond - ly to
2. It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheek's unprofaned by a
day, Were to change by to - mor-row and fleet from my arms, Like
tear, That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To whicl
fair - y gifts fad - ing a - way, Thou wouldst still be a - dored as this
time will but make thee more dear, Oh, the heart that has tru - ly loved,
mo - ment thou art: Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will, And
nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close: As the
round the dear ru - in, each wish of my heart, Would entwine it - self ver - dantly still.
sun - flower turns on her god when he sets, The same look that she gave when he rose.

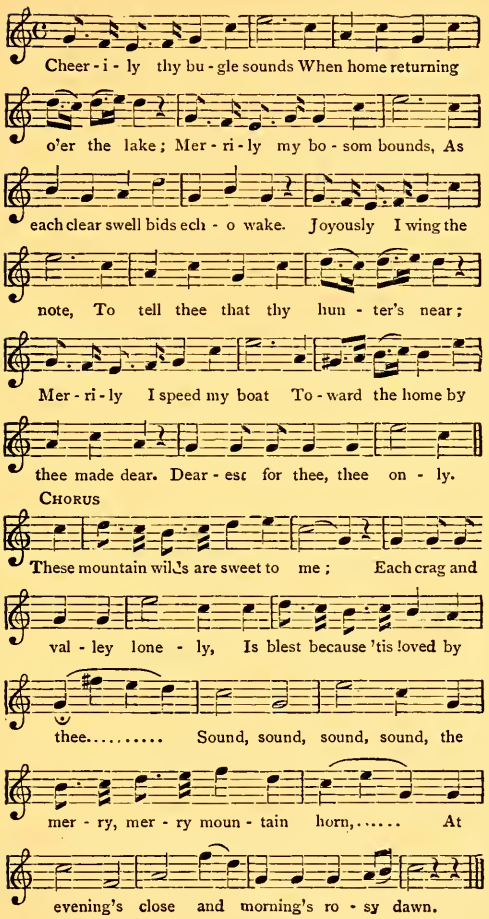
VISITOR. Does your daughter play the piano?
FATHER. No—she works it to death.

HIGHLAND LOVERS.

MUSICAL DIALOGUE FOR 1 MALE AND 1 FEMALE.

MARY L. GADDESS.

[Man's dress is full Highland costume, consisting of kilt, scarf, and hose of plaid, with black waist, black cap with plaid border and plume of eagle feathers. Girl wears white dress, with plaid ribbons across bosom, hair in long curls or plaits snooded with plaid ribbons. She comes forward as if listening, and sings. Music on page 65.]

CHEERILY thy bugle sounds
When home returning o'er the lake;
Merrily my bosom bounds
As each clear swell bids echo wake.
[*Her lover advances as she finishes, and sings:*]
Joyously I wing the note
To tell thee that thy hunter's near;
Merrily I speed the boat
Toward the home by thee made dear.
[*Both sing in chorus:*]
Dearest, for thee, thee only,
These mountain wilds are sweet to me;
Each crag and valley lonely
Is blest because 'tis loved by thee.
Sound, sound, sound, sound,
The merry, merry mountain horn
At evening's close and morning's rosy dawn.
[*Girl sings:*]
Fearlessly thy footsteps roam
Where snows hang o'er the dizzy steep,
Driving from his rocky home
The echo of the hollow deep.
[*Man sings:*]
Merrily the wild stag bounds,
Until he feels the hunter's spear;
Cheerily the glen resounds
With chorus and the hunter's cheer.
[*Both sing chorus, "Dearest, for thee," etc.*]

Cheer - i - ly thy bu - gle sounds When home returning
o'er the lake; Mer - ri - ly my bo - som bounds, As
each clear swell bids ech - o wake. Joyously I wing the
note, To tell thee that thy hun - ter's near;
Mer - ri - ly I speed my boat To - ward the home by
thee made dear. Dear - est for thee, thee on - ly.
Chorus
These mountain wilds are sweet to me; Each crag and
val - ley lone - ly, Is blest because 'tis loved by
thee..... Sound, sound, sound, sound, the
mer - ry, mer - ry moun - tain horn,..... At
evening's close and morning's ro - sy dawn.

She. Why do you put the choir so high up in the gallery?

He. Because the bass has such a deep voice that if he was below nobody could hear him unless they sat in the cellar.

OUR SOLDIERS' SANTIAGO SONG.

DAVID GRAHAM ADEE.

[When destruction of Cervera's fleet became known before Santiago, soldiers cheered wildly and, with one accord, through miles of trenches, began singing "The Star-Spangled Banner." Music on page 43.]

[Speaker stands listening to "Star-Spangled Banner," sung by unseen chorus. At end of singing, speaker recites poem. At end of poem chorus only is sung.]

SINGING "The Star-Spangled Banner"
In the very jaws of death!
Singing our glorious anthem,
Some with their latest breath!
The strains of that solemn music
Through the spirit will ever roll,
Thrilling with martial ardor
The depths of each patriot soul.

Hearing the hum of the bullets!
Eager to charge the foe!
Biding the call to battle,
Where crimson heart-streams flow!
Thinking of home and dear ones,
Of mother, of child, of wife,
They sang "The Star-Spangled Banner"
On that field of deadly strife.

They sang with the voices of heroes,
In the face of the Spanish guns,
As they leaned on their loaded rifles,
With the courage that never runs.
They sang to our glorious emblem,
Upraised on that war-worn sod,
As the saints in the old arena
Sang a song of praise to God.

TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

WILSON BARRETT.

[From "Sign of the Cross."]

MERCIA, a Christian maiden arrested with her companions by order of Nero, has been rescued from prison by Marcus, prefect of Rome, who loves and seeks to win her. She is confined in his palace, within sight and sound of her friends. She loves him; but, warned by her Christian foster father, and by the instinct of her soul, repels the menace of his passion, even when his manner is all gentleness. Inflamed by her coldness, those nobler instincts, stirred in response to her purity, are overwhelmed by passion, and in ferocity of wine and lust he determines to possess her.

* * * * * * * * *

Mercia saw the wine-inflamed face, the bloodshot eyes of Marcus, and heard the hoarse accents in which he addressed her. She trembled with apprehension, saying softly, "Let me go hence." Marcus barred the way. He breathed heavily; his eyes glared with passion; his chest heaved; he was trembling violently; his fingers clutched at his arms until the nails tore the flesh to bleeding. The excitement of the last two days, want of food, wine, his lust, anger, wounded self-esteem, all were at work within him; his brain clouded with mad desire to control this girl who had so enthralled him, so scorned him.

Mercia shuddered. Could this be the same man who, but a few hours ago, was full of gentleness and sympathy? He was transformed; all trace of nobility, even manliness, had left his face. Yet, she loved and pitied him with all her heart.

"Let me go!"

"Go? No! you sorceress or witch! No, you beautiful statue!—you cold, glittering star! You remain. Your icy chastity burns into my heart! I never knew desire until I knew you; and, if

your touch were poison, I'd possess you! If death lurked in your kisses, I'd feast upon them! Come to me!" He seized her in his arms. Struggling with his greater strength, Mercia cried—

"For shame! Are you a man or a brute?"

His face burned with lust, close to hers; his hot breath upon her cheek, his eyes blazing as he answered:

"Both! All the brute in the man is roused by your disdain—all the man in the brute is fired by your glorious beauty."

Mercia slipped from his arms; he called loudly:

"Slaves, enter! Quick! Quench those lamps! Fasten the doors! Let no one enter—man or woman!"

Instantly his commands were obeyed, though Mercia cried, "Mercy! Do not leave me, men, if you have sisters, mothers, wives!" They extinguished the lamps, and the grinding of bolts and locks in the distant doors told her that she was alone —absolutely alone with a mad, uncontrolled being intent upon her destruction.

"There is no escape! We are alone, and you are mine—body and soul!"

The brave girl's faith was unshaken.

"No, you cannot defile my soul. That is inviolate. He who gave me that soul will keep it pure, unstained; and unto His mercy and unto His hands I commit it."

"No, no; into mine! It is not enough that you should be mine, I must have your very soul! Mercia, love me, and thou shalt be worshiped as never woman was worshiped yet. See, I grovel at your feet;" he fell on the floor, clutching her robes, "I kiss the hem of your garment! Only love me! I'll load you with gold—cover your beauty with the rarest gems—only love me! I'll give thee wealth, power, empire—only love me!"

"Mercy, mercy!"

"Have thou mercy! I love thee so! Have mercy upon that love—upon me!"

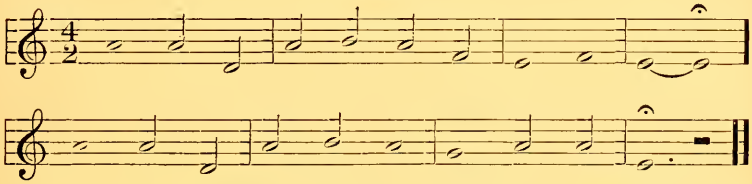
He caught her in his arms once more.

"Art thou man or devil?" she moaned.

"Man or devil, thou shalt love me!" he hissed back, kissing her passionately.

Her senses were reeling, her strength exhausted. The earth receding, the marble floor appeared to rock like waves in a storm; utter darkness was falling; and then—was it a miracle that happened? The darkened room was illuminated by a soft, white light; the hymn of the Christians rang through the still air of the night—

"Shepherd of souls that stumble by the way,
Pilot of vessels storm-tossed in the night—"

Chant.

A tide of strength superhuman surged through her whole being. With a swift movement she threw Marcus from her as easily as though the strong man had been a weak child; as she did so, she held her cross, the emblem of her faith, aloft, crying with ecstatic joy:

"A sign! A sign! The Master hath spoken! You cannot harm me now!"

Marcus staggered from her, trembling, amazed, sobered and sane, all his anger, lust, passion, gone. A daughter of heaven, an angel of light, this radiant being was a thing to worship, not to profane. The scales had fallen from his eyes. Virtue was not a myth, purity not a delusion, faith not a pretense. He fell upon his knees and buried his face in his hands.

MOTHER. Where did you learn that new piece, Maria?

MARIA. It isn't a new piece, mother; the piano has been tuned.

BLACKSMITH'S SONG (No. 1).

I. E. DIEKENGA.

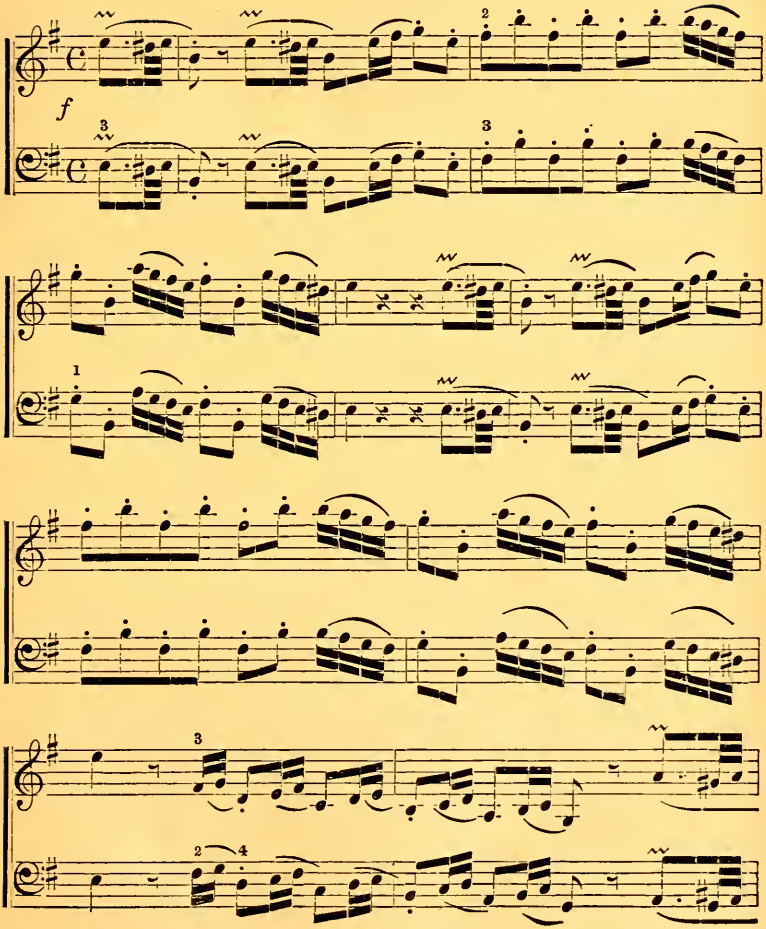
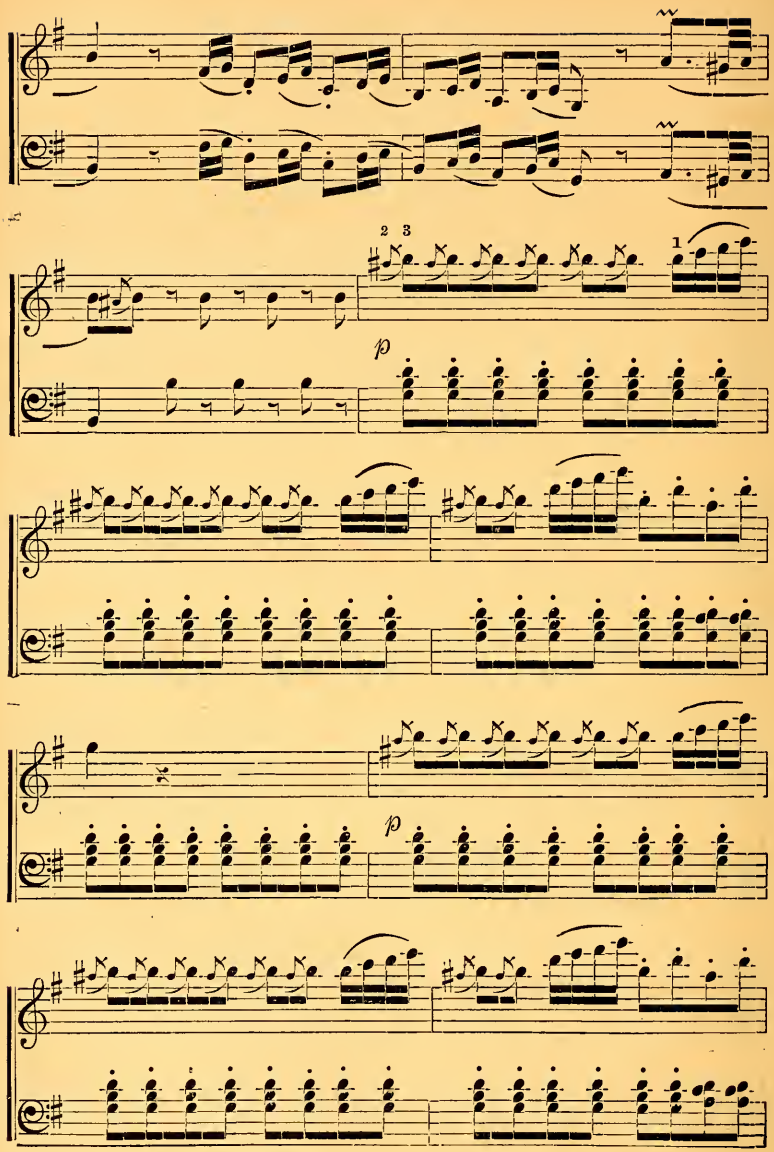
BY the forge the blacksmith stands,
With the hammer in his hands;
And he sings in rhythmic rhyme,
Beating measure all the time:

[*Begin Anvil Chorus music here, and play as background during remainder of recitation.*]

"Rise—heart—cheer-ily;
Be—not—cast—down—drear-ily;
Steady—ready—mer-rily;
Thy beating way pursue.
Ever—fight wrong—
Strike blow—be strong—
Keep the right in view,
Let no dishonor
Thy virtue darken
Nor do thou hearken
To evil tongues.

"Faith—hope—char-ity
Be—to—thee—no—rar-ity;
Bravely—boldly—ver-ily
Be firm, and brave, and true.
Forward—onward—
Upward—Godward—
All thy work unto;
Have thou no terror,
But be the bearer
Of truth 'gainst error,
To pierce it through."

On the blacksmith's arm along
Stand the muscles great and strong,
And the swinging hammer rings
On the anvil as he sings.

ANVIL CHORUS.

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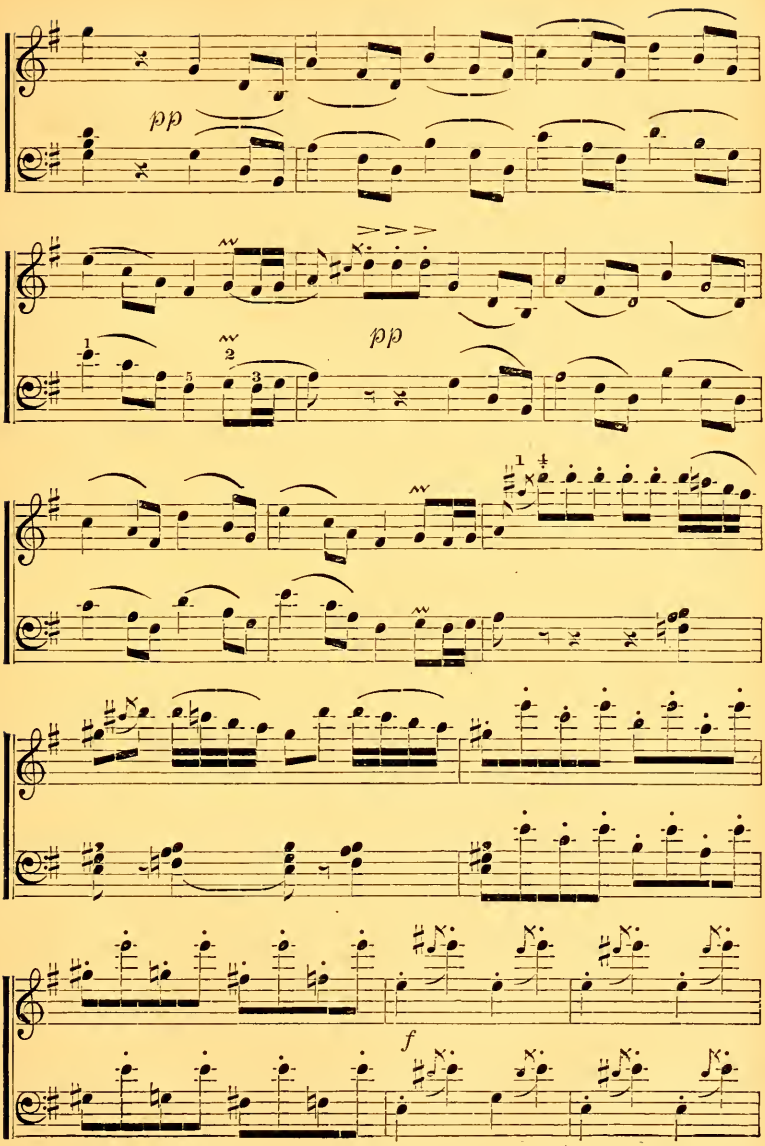
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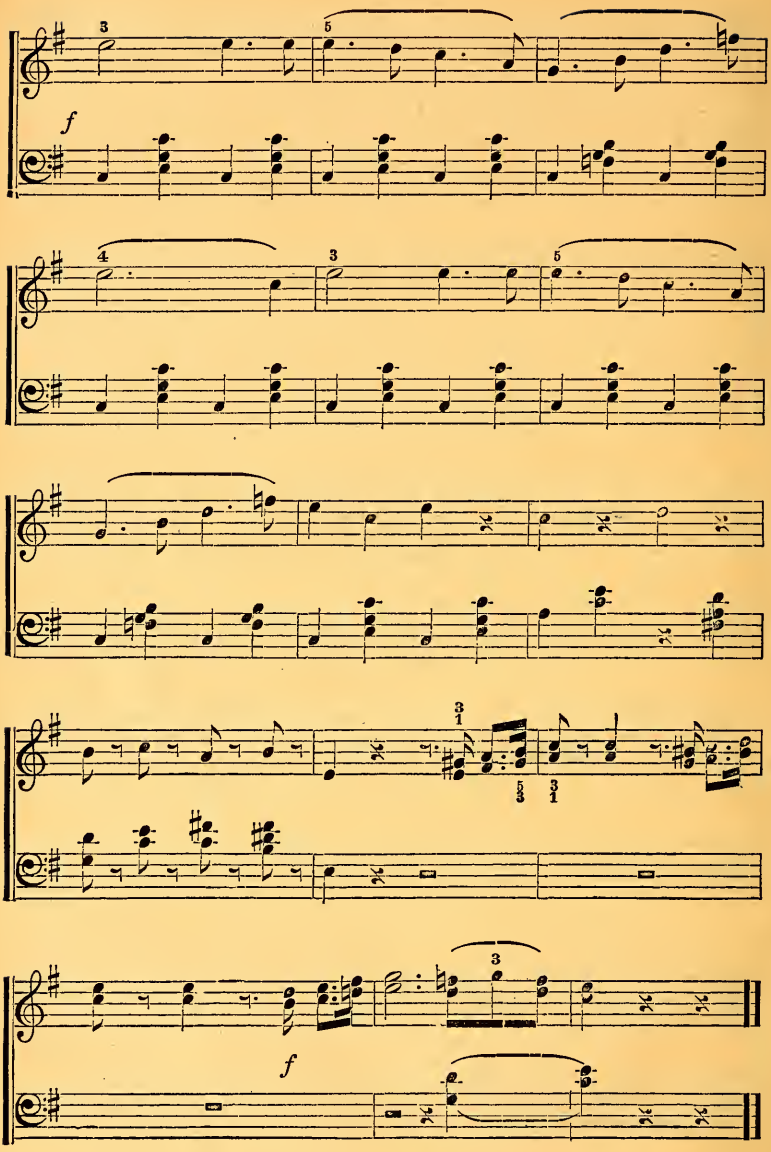
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BLACKSMITH'S SONG (No. 2).

G. LEMOINE.

CLING clang, cling clang!
Went the blacksmith's hammer,
While his brazen voice outrang
High o'er all the clamor.
In his forge from break of day,
When he pealed his roundelay,
So fierce he seemed, the neighbors round
Quaked with terror at the sound.
[*Anvil Chorus music as background during next five lines.*]
Loudly ring, my anvil true,
I'll have ne'er a bride but you:
In my black abode, thy beat
Than a love song is more sweet:
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Cling clang, cling clang!
Softly rang the hammer:
Roger's heart instead went bang,
With a violent clamor.
He the pretty Rose had seen,
Flower half blown of sweet fifteen,
Put on gloves, was wed full soon,
Changed was then the blacksmith's tune:
[*Anvil Chorus music as background during next five lines.*]
Soft, my anvil, ring to-day
In the name of love I pray,
Softly, softly sound the blows,
Not to drown the voice of Rose.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Cling clang, cling clang!
Rose was very trying;

Three times, hark! a slap outrang,
Into silence dying.
Ah, poor Rose, sure all is o'er!
Came the watch and burst the door.
Lo, the man of noise and strife
On his knees before his wife!

[*Anvil Chorus music as background during remainder of recitation.*]

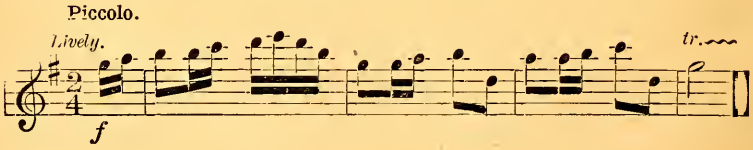
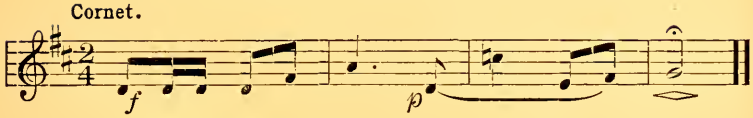
Rose, in love's dear name I pray,
Beat me, beat me all the day;
For thy pretty hand will be
Soft as satin still to me.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

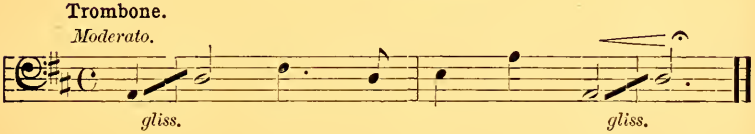
MEIN SCHWEET MOOSIK.

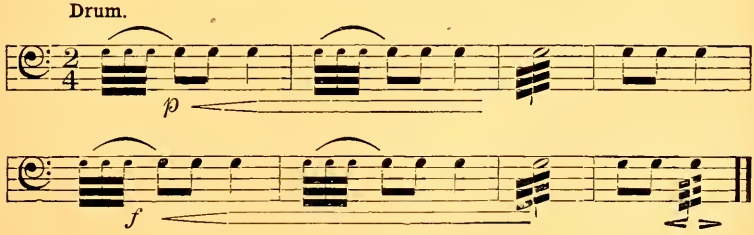
HAMILTON CLARKE.

[Reciter enters, playing piccolo; goes to stage front and recites first stanza; puts piccolo down, picks up cornet, recites first four lines of second stanza; plays cornet; stops playing; finishes reciting second stanza while putting cornet on table and taking trombone; recites first four lines of third stanza; plays trombone; recites last line of third stanza; puts down trombone, picks up drum, recites four lines of fourth stanza; plays drum awhile; recites last line of fourth stanza and first two lines of fifth stanza; stops and gazes a moment at audience, recites remaining lines and exits on last line, waving drum-stick.]

[Effectiveness of recitation depends on playing the various instruments and on the funny business introduced.]

MEIN friends, I'm blaying, as you know,
Ze lofely, lifely piccolo,
Mit trills und shakes, of songs or psalms,
More sweet as anysing of Brahms.
Ach so, ach so!
Mein lofely, lifely piccolo.

Und I, mein friends, make moosik flow,
From out mein cornet, soft or low,
Or shrill and loud, boze can he be,
Ze noble instrument is he.
Ach so, ach so!
Mein cornet loud, or soft und low.

Mit all mein lungs I brafely blow
Mein big trombone fortissimo;
Und vhen you'fe heard me play him, ach,
You vill not vish for zings by Bach.
Ach so, ach so!
Mein big trombone fortissimo.

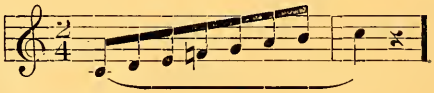


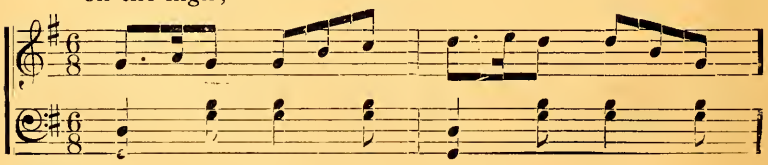
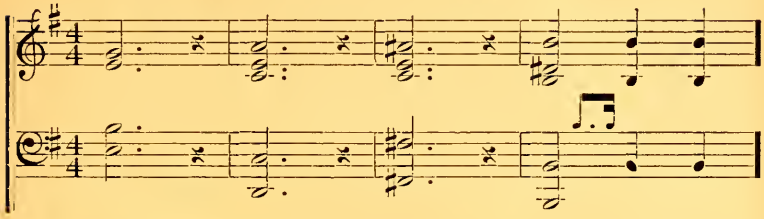
Und I mit bangings to and fro,
Mein drum's sweet moosik I vill show,
It may be loud or soft, mein friends,
I bang it till ze moosik ends.
Ach so, ach so!
Mein drum is loudest, I vill show.

Ve'll play ze "Wacht am Rhein," alzough
You seem to vish zat I should go.
Ach! vat? You say zat ve must cease
Or you vill fetch us ze police?
Ach so, ach so!
If ze police kommen ve must go.

PRACTICING SONG.

[Piano left side of stage, side to audience.]

RI tum tiddy-iddy, ri tum tum! [*Little girl runs in singing.*]

Here I must sit for an hour and strum. [*Flings herself on piano-stool.*]
Practice is the thing for a good little girl. [*Plays scale.*]

It makes her nose straight [*turns cutely round on stool; and, glancing at audience, feels of nose*] and it makes her hair curl. [*Twists hair around finger, smiling roguishly.*]
Ri tum tiddy-iddy, ri tum ti! [*Sings as she turns around to piano again.*]

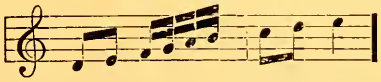
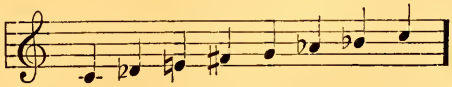
Bang on the low notes [*strikes heavily on low notes*] and twiddle on the high;

Whether it's a jig [*plays jig music*] or the Dead March in "Saul." [*Plays some of the Dead March in "Saul."*]

I sometimes feel as if I didn't care at all. [*Tosses head back in indifferent manner, swings around on stool, looks at audience in pert manner, and acts as though listening; turns back again quickly, singing as she turns:*]

Ri tum tiddy-iddy ri tum te! [*Strikes notes on piano not in keeping with the time in which she is singing.*]

I don't mind the whole or the half notes, you see. [*As she says this she swings round to audience again.*]

It's the sixteenth and the quarter that confuse my mother's daughter,

And a thirty-second [*strikes it on piano, then nods head*] is too dreadful to be taught her.

Ri tum tiddy-iddy, ri tum to! [*Singing as she plays new scale.*]

I shall never, never learn [*looks at audience and then back at piano, plays minor scale badly*] the minor scale I know [*shaking head*];

It's gloomier [*plays badly*] and awfuller than puppy dogs a-howling [*swings around as she talks and tells it to audience*],
And what's the use of practicing such melancholy yowl-ing? [*Drawls, as she swings around on stool again.*]
But ri tum tiddy-iddy, ri tum tum! [*Plays hard and earnestly.*] [*Here play four bars of any piece already studied.*].
Still I work away with my drum—drum—drum [*drums loud and long*]—

As loud as possible.

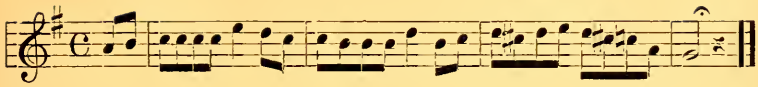
For practicing is good [*swings around again and, pointing at herself and tossing back head, jumps off stool*] for a good little girl;
It makes her nose straight [*shakes head at audience and feels of nose from top down*] and it makes her hair curl. [*Bows deeply as she twists hair around finger, looks coquettish and runs off stage.*]

WHEN JOSIAH PLAYS THE FIDDLE.

JULIA T. RIORDAN.

YOU may talk about yer orchestras, yer operas, an' sich,
Where there ain't no tune to nuthin' an' the folks jist howl an' screech:
Where they make sich fuss an' racket, you can't heer your own self sneeze,
With the tootin' of the instruments an' bangin' of the keys;
But with all ther fancy music, we kin beat 'em any day,
When Josiah plays the fiddle an' I sing "Nelly Gray."

(**Violin.**) At end of each stanza.



Why, you ought to see Josiah when he takes his fiddle down!
You'd fergit his face is wrinkled an' his fingers stiff an' brown;
You'd fergit he's nigh to eighty, an' his hair's white es snow,
Fer he plays jest lack he used to, nearly fifty years ago.
Es fer me—well, I don't sing much, but I sorter hums away,
When Josiah plays the fiddle an' I sing "Nelly Gray."

It ain't none er these here new songs, but it's one that kinder clings,
With its simple words an' music, round yer very heart, an' brings
Back the mem'ry of the old time an' the old plantation life,
When the darkies used to sing it, 'fore they knew of hate or strife,
An' it makes you feel so restful, though them times are far away,
When Josiah plays the fiddle an' I sing "Nelly Gray."

Sometimes, when we're both a-settin' by the kitchen fire at night,
An' we gits to seein' pictures where the coals are glowin' bright;
When I see the wrinkles deepen round Josiah's mouth an' eye,
An' I know what he's a-thinkin', an' he knows what makes me sigh;
Then he says: "Let's have some music—it'll help us to feel gay;"
So—Josiah plays the fiddle an' I sing "Nelly Gray."

I remember when our Mary, with the curlin' golden hair,
Wuz first laid beneath the flowers in the churchyard over there;
When our hearts wuz almost breakin', though we knew it wuz a sin,
Grievin' fer the sound of footsteps thet would never come ag'in;
When our tears wuz fastest fallin', yet we'd wipe 'em quick away,
An'—Josiah'd play the fiddle an' I'd sing "Nelly Gray."

An' when Robert—he's our eldest—when he ran away to sea,
An' left not a single word of love to father or to me;
When the years passed on unheeded, an' we got no word from him;
When we were so tired a-watchin', an' our eyes wuz gettin' dim;
When our hearts wuz overburdened till we felt we couldn't pray;
Then—Josiah'd play the fiddle an' I'd sing "Nelly Gray."

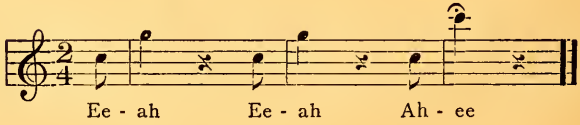
An' it allus helps us so much, though you might not think it would;
Fer it teaches us a patience thet no lesson ever could;
An', as one by one friends leave us, yet we know thet it is best,
An' the time ain't long a-comin' when we, too, shall go to rest.
So, when death's dark shadows gather, closin' round our life's pathway,
Then—Josiah'll play the fiddle an' I'll sing "Nelly Gray."

MUSICAL MARTYRDOM.

SUSIE M. BEST.

[*Written expressly for this book.*]

[Poem is to be recited except "Ee-ah, Ah-ee," which is to be sung in burlesque fashion, in different key, at end of every stanza.]

MY neighbor vocalizes,
She hustles to high C,
And there she trills her challenge,
"Ee-ah! Ee-ah, Ah-ee!"

My neighbor vocalizes,
  Could I invoke the law
I'd issue an injunction
  Against "Ah-ee! Ee-ah!"

My neighbor vocalizes,
  Her middle tones she tries,
And then my mite of patience
  Gives up the ghost and dies!

My neighbor vocalizes,
  I shiver when I hear
That well-known note initial
  "Ee-ah!" strike on my ear!

My neighbor vocalizes,
  She gurgles in her throat,
Against my will I listen
  And follow every note.

My neighbor vocalizes,
  I'm sure I'll be insane
If she doesn't change that awful
  "Ee-ah!" that is my bane.

My neighbor vocalizes,
  Alas! the country's free
And often as she pleases
  She sings "Ee-ah! Ah-ee!"

My neighbor vocalizes,
  The sound I cannot stem,
It's good that I am pious,
  Or I might say—ahem!

My neighbor vocalizes,
  How would it do for me
To punish her by learning
  "Ee-ah! Ee-ah! Ah-ee!"

VISIT OF THE CHRIST-CHILD.

ELIZABETH HARRISON.

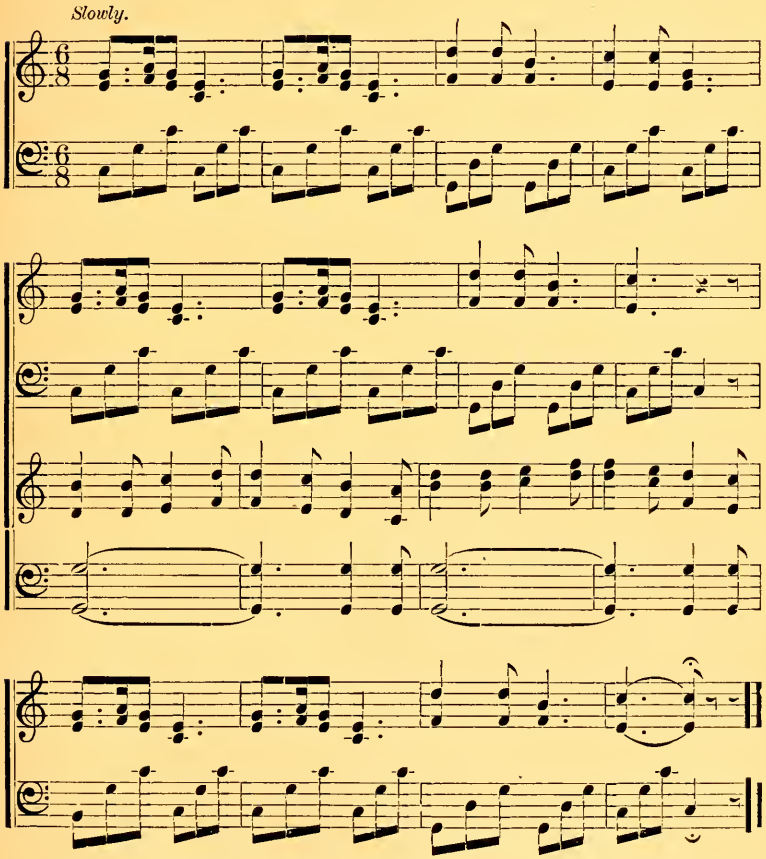
[Music to be played before recitation is begun. When reciter reaches "His ragged clothes had changed," etc., on page 87, music is played as background during remainder of recitation.]

A LONG, long time ago, on Christmas eve, a little child was wandering through a great city. Many people were on the street—fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, uncles and aunts, and even gray-haired grandfathers and grandmothers, all of whom were hurrying home with bundles of presents, but the little child wandered about listlessly from street to street. No one took any notice of him except perhaps Jack Frost, who bit his bare toes and made the ends of his fingers tingle. Home after home he passed, looking with longing eyes through the windows at the glad, happy children.

"Surely," said the child to himself, "where there is so much gladness and happiness some of it may be for me." So with timid steps he approached a handsome house. Through the windows he could see a tall and stately Christmas-tree. Many presents hung upon it. He rapped at the door. It was opened by a man-servant who looked at the little child for a moment, then sadly shook his head and said, "Go down off the steps. There is no room here for such as you."

The street grew colder and darker. The child went sadly forward, saying to himself, "Is there no one in all this great city who will share Christmas with me?" Farther and farther down the street he wandered. There seemed to be children inside of nearly all the houses. They were dancing and frolicking. Christmas-trees could be seen in nearly every window. At last, creeping up to a window-pane he tapped upon it. A little girl came to the window and looked out. She saw the child, but she only frowned and said, "Go away and come some other time. We are too busy to take care of you now."

Back into the dark, cold street he turned again. The wind was

whirling past him and seemed to say, "Hurry on, hurry on, we have no time to stop. 'Tis Christmas Eve and everybody is in a hurry to-night."

The hours passed; colder blew the wind and darker seemed the street. Farther and farther the little one wandered. There was scarcely any one left upon the street by this time. Suddenly, ahead of him, appeared a bright, single ray of light. It shone

through the darkness into the child's eyes. He looked up smilingly and said, "I will go where the light beckons; perhaps they will share their Christmas with me."

He went straight to the window. It was a poor little low house, but the child cared not. The light seemed to call him in. There was neither curtain nor shade to the small window. The room was plainly furnished, but clean. Near the fireplace sat a lovely-faced mother with a two-year-old on her knee and an older child beside her. The two children were looking into their mother's face listening to a Christmas story.

The little wanderer crept closer and closer to the window. So sweet was the mother's face, so loving seemed the little children, that he took courage and tapped gently on the door.

The mother stopped talking, the little children looked up.

"What was that, mother?" asked the little girl at her side.

"I think some one is tapping on the door," replied the mother. "Run and open it, dear."

"Oh, mother, I think it was the bough of the tree tapping against the window-pane," said the little girl. "Do please go on with our story."

Again the little wanderer tapped.

"My child! my child!" exclaimed the mother, rising, "that certainly was a rap on the door; open it. No one must be left out in the cold on our beautiful Christmas Eve."

The child ran and threw the door wide open. The mother saw the ragged stranger, cold and shivering, with bare head and almost bare feet. She held out both hands and drew him into the warm, bright room. "You poor, dear child!" and, putting her arms around him, drew him to her breast.

"He is very cold. We must warm him."

"And," added the little girl, "we must love him and give him some of our Christmas too."

"Yes," said the mother; "but first let us warm him."

The mother sat beside the fire with the child on her lap. She smoothed his tangled curls, and kissed his face.

By and by the little girl said softly to her mother, "May we not light the Christmas-tree and let him see how beautiful it looks?"

"Yes," said the mother.

They were soon so busy that they did not notice the room had filled with a strange and brilliant light. They turned and looked at the spot where the little wanderer sat. His ragged clothes had changed to garments white and beautiful; his tangled curls seemed like a halo of golden light; but most glorious of all was his face, which shone with a light so dazzling that they could scarcely look upon it.

In silent wonder they gazed at the child. Their little room seemed to grow larger, and larger, and larger, until it was as wide as the whole world; the roof of their low house seemed to expand and rise until it reached to the sky.

With a sweet and gentle smile the wonderful child looked upon them for a moment and then slowly rose and floated through the air, above the treetops, beyond the church-spire, higher even than the clouds themselves, until he appeared to them to be a shining star in the sky above. At last he disappeared from sight.

The astonished children turned in awe to their mother, and whispered, "Oh, mother, it was the Christ-child, was it not?"

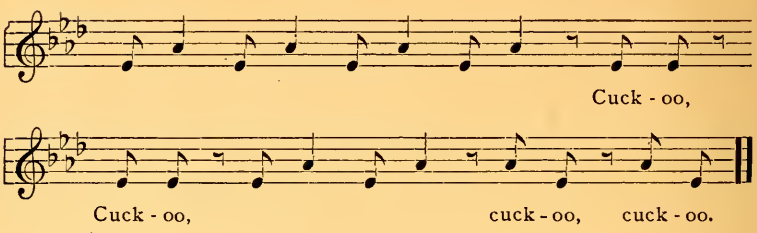
And the mother answered in a low tone, "Yes."

WHEN THE CUCKOO SINGS.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

[Abridged.]

[When reciter reaches "cuckoo" in second line of first stanza, he gives cuckoo calls (first line of music). For cuckoo calls in fourth line of first stanza, use first and second lines of music. Repeat foregoing in every stanza. After last stanza has been recited, give cuckoo calls in music below last stanza.]

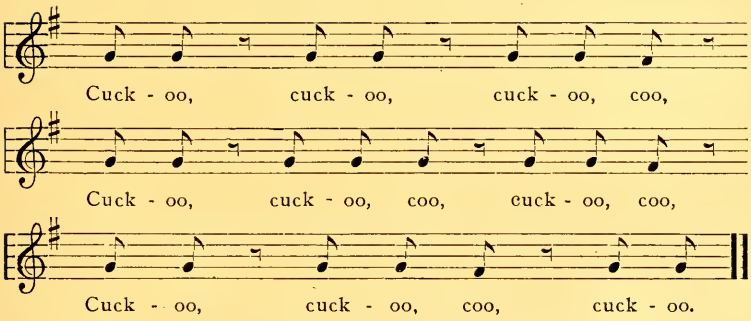
HARK! Spring is coming. Her herald sings,
Cuckoo!
The air resounds and the woodland rings,
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Leave the milking-pail and the mantling cream,
And down by the meadow, and up by the stream,
Where movement is music and life a dream,
In the month when sings the cuckoo.

Away with old Winter's frowns and fears,
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Now May with a smile dries April's tears,
Cuckoo!
When the bees are humming in bloom and bud,
And the kine sit chewing the moist green cud,
Shall the snow not melt in a maiden's blood,
In the month when sings the cuckoo?

But in warm midsummer we hear no more,
Cuckoo!
And August brings not, with all its store,
Cuckoo!
When Autumn shivers on Winter's brink,
And the wet wind wails through crevice and chink,
We gaze at the logs, and sadly think
Of the month when called the cuckoo.

But the cuckoo comes back and shouts once more,
Cuckoo!
And the world is as young as it was before;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
It grows not older for mortal tears,
For the falsehood of men or for women's fears;

'Tis as young as it was in the bygone years,
When first was heard the cuckoo.

I will love you then as I love you now,
Cuckoo!
What cares the Spring for a broken vow?
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
The broods of last year are pairing, this;
And there never will lack, while love is bliss,
Fresh ears to cozen, fresh lips to kiss,
In the month when sings the cuckoo.

M' LI'L' BLACK BABY.

WORDS OF SONG AND MUSIC BY JOSEPHINE MERWIN COOK.

Monologue by Stanley Schell.

[*Written expressly for this book.*]

[Recited by Kitty Cheatham.]

CHARACTER SPEAKING: MRS. TAYLOR.

SUPPOSED TO BE PRESENT: BABY JINNY, and MRS. JOHNSING, a neighbor.

SCENE: At rise of curtain, MRS. TAYLOR is putting child down. She seems to be smoothing wrinkles of its dress and stands

and watches child moving off. Scene is out-of-doors; chairs and bench in background. Near a chair is table with work-basket, containing stockings. MRS. TAYLOR, after watching child awhile, goes to and sits on chair near table. She takes up work and begins to darn. Enter MRS. JOHNSING.

YO' Lily done got mar'yd las' night? Ran 'way wid Brer Thompson? Fo' de Lawd's sakes, yo' sholy never did 'spicion sich a maryage, I reckon. An' she de belle o' de ball las' week, wid de pick o' de men. I reckon one cain't never count dair chickens now-a-days; day hatches too soon, I reckon.

Her pa is hot foot after dem? He sho' nevah will catch dat ar Brer Thompson, fer he was alwa's a slick niggah. An' to think yo' Lily should hev picked out sech a feller. I calls him a low-down niggah. Heah, do sit down, Mrs. Johnsing. Yo' sho' look done ober.

Gracious goodness, where's my Jinny? Look, look dar. Wha' she doin'? [*Rises hastily from chair and looks toward front of stage*]. Stop dat, stop dat! yo' li'l' black niggah! Yo' mammy sho' will lick yo', ef yo' doan'. No, I reckon I mus' not be too haish wid m' Jinny—she sho' is de cunningest chile ebber bo'n in dis yere town.

[*Rushes forward a few steps.*]

Stop dat at once, Jinny! Bress her heart, she wants der bird. No, no, honey chile, yo' cain't hab him. Play now; soon yo' will hab to go to bed.

[*Goes to chair and sits again. Takes up sewing.*]

Han'som', ain' she—like her dad? M' fambly nevah hed much looks. I s'pose yo' all will hev to forgibe Lily? Yas, yo' will, sho'nuf. I reckon yo' done de same ting yo'sef wen yo' was a gal. Ha, ha! I knowed it. It's in de blood, an' is like a boil—boun' to com' to de su'face.

Bringin' up wuz diff'rent? Bringin' up doan change one. It's what dey call heditary, comes from one pusson in de fambly to anodder— [*Gets up suddenly and leaves chair as if to go after child.*] Hi, dah! Hi, dah! Yo' li'l' black rascal, wha' yo' up to now? See dat gander right after m' baby?

[*Waves arms excitedly and cries out:*]

Sho! sho! Yo' ole gander—Sho!

[*Wild gesticulations, starts forward.*]

Fo' de Lawd's sakes, dat niggah am down! Doan' yo' cry, doan' yo' cry, honey, mammy lubs yo'.

[*Acts as though lifting child.*]

Upsy—spry, now, pic'aninny! Gracious goodness, what a sight. Yo' sho' am messy—dar!

[*Puts child down.*]

Be car'ful! Gracious, doan' yo' see dat ar mud? Yo' sho' will mak' m' dander riz ef yo' gits in any mo' mischief—yo' sho' will.

[*Goes back to seat and sews again.*]

Hev yo' seen Sis' Mason lately? No? She's been up to New York larnin' fancy cookin'. I reckon her folks ain' sat'fied wid black cookin', an' she's been called de bes' cook in de Souf.

Yo' folks easy wurkin' fur? Yo' doan' say, an' I wuz tinkin' o' tryin' som' o' dair washin'. I reckon de day will be col' wen I do now. [*Looks at child a moment and smiles as if pleased.*]

Yo' nevah saw no chile so good as mine? Yo' sho' is kind to say dat, Mrs. Johnsing.

[*Jumps from chair, flings sewing on floor, stamps foot.*]

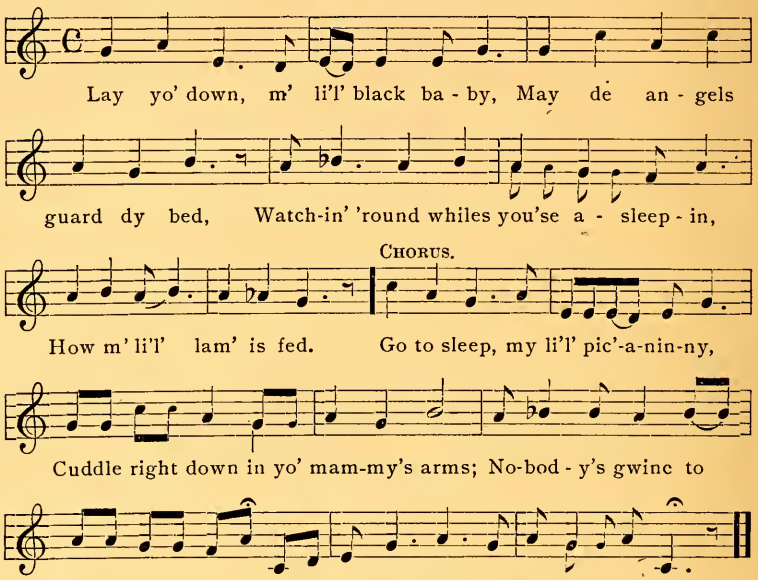
Stop dat! Stop dat! dis instep! Jes' see dat chile—did yo' ebber see de beat o' it? Sprawlin' flat in de puddle! Com' heah at once, yo' niggah! Now, jes' see yo'sef, drippin' wid dat mud—yo' sho' is de wurstest chile I ebber hez seen. Yo' keeps yo' mammy on de run haf de time, an' makes me keep de tub full o' washin'. Mrs. Johnsing, yo' sho' is lucky to hab no more childers to watch. Dis li'l' niggah pays no detention wen I speaks, or eben wen I hollers. Stop dat! Stop dat! Now, see yo' han's, chile. Sho's yo's bo'n I'se goin' to lick yo' now!

[*Makes grab at child and seems to have it by dress.*]

Stop dat bawlin'! Le'mme tek off'n dat dirty dress. [*Takes off dress.*] Now, let mammy hole you. Snuggl' close to mammy's breas'. Mammy's goin' to sing her li'l' pic'aninny to sleep. Good-bye, Mrs. Johnsing. Come soon, an' tell me 'bout Lily.

[*Looks down at child supposed to be snuggled close to breast. Smiles, seems to draw child closer, and sings:*]

[Words and music of song copyrighted, 1911, by Josephine Merwin Cook.]


Lay yo' down, m' li'l' black ba - by, May de an - gels
guard dy bed, Watch-in' 'round whiles you'se a - sleep - in,
Chorus.
How m' li'l' lam' is fed. Go to sleep, my li'l' pic'-a-nin-ny,
Cuddle right down in yo' mam-my's arms; No-bod - y's gwine to
bodder li'l' baby Jinny; Angels boun' to keep yo' f'om all ha'm.

Lay yo' down, m' li'l' black baby,
May de angels guard dy bed;
Watchin' 'roun' whiles you'se a-sleepin',
How m' li'l' lam' is fed.

Chorus.

Go to sleep, m' li'l' pic'aninny,
Cuddle right down in yo' mammy's arms;
Nobody's gwine to bodder li'l' baby-Jinny;
Angels boun' to keep yo' f'om all ha'm.

Don' pop yo' eyes so big, m' honey,
Dat ain' nothin' but der win'
Rattlin' 'roun' der co'nahs o' de cabin,—
Go 'way f'om heah, yo' cain't come in.

Yo' needn' be afeared, m' honey,
Lay yo' kinky haid on mammy's breas',
Dar ain' nothin' a-gwine to hurt yo',
'Cause soon I'll put yo' in t' bed to res'.

SONG OF THE PIGGIES.

[This stanza is recited.]

FIVE little pigs lived in a sty,
As tidy as pigs might;
Although they were more happy loose
To get an appe—tite;
There were Mister Pig and Mistress Pig,
Their daughter, and her beau,
And a tiny runt who had a lump
Upon his po—ta—toe.

[This stanza is sung as chorus, to music on page 50.]

This little pig to market went,
And this one stayed at home;
This little pig had nice roast beef,
This little runt had none,
This little runt was sent to school,
Where he was taught to speak,
But all that he could learn to say
Was "Week, week, week."

[This stanza is recited.]

The daughter, though, she long had
Had her eye upon a sty,
Delayed her wedding, for she had
A sty upon her eye.
But when 'twas well to cut a swell,
They got all sorts of things;
They'd rings in all their noses
And their tails were all in rings.

[Repeat chorus.]

MEETING AT THE BASINS.

SARAH P. McLEAN GREENE.

IT is Sunday afternoon at the Basins; the fog-horn serves as bell; the battered schoolhouse as church.

"We should like to open our meetin' with singin'," said Superintendent Skates; "will one of the Pointers lead us in singin'?"

The Pointers were the aristocrats of this region. They were silent.

"I see that a few of the Crooked Rivers have drove down to-day, too. Will one of the Crooked Rivers lead us in singin'?"

Lower down in the scale were they of Crooked River, but they were silent.

"Then will one of the Capers lead us in singin'?" very meekly and patiently persisted Elder Skates.

Of low degree were they of the Cape, but they were silent.

"I know that one of the Basins will lead us in singin'!"

But the Basins, though so low, were modest.

"Can't one of the Basins start 'He will carry you through'? Where is Vesty?"

"She's a-helpin' Elvine with her baby," answered a woman; "she said she'd come along for social meetin', after you'd had Sunday-school, ef she could."

"How is Elvine's baby?" asked another woman.

"Wal', he's poored away dreadful, but Aunt Lowize says he's turned to git along all right now."

"Sure enough! Wal', I've raised six, and narry sick a day. I tell you there ain't no doctor's ructions like nine-tenths milk to two-tenths molasses, and sot 'em on the ground, and let 'em root."

Voices hitherto silent now began to arise.

"Is there any more rusticators come to board this summer?"

"There's only four," replied a male voice sadly. "These here liquor laws 't Washin'ton's put onto nor'eastern Maine are a-killin' on us for a fash'nable summer-resort. When folks finds out 't they've got to go to a doctor and swear 't there's somethin'

the matter with their insides, in order to git a little tod o' whiskey aboard, they turns and p'ints her direc' for Bar Harbor and Saratogy Springs; an' they not only p'ints her, they h'ists double-reef sails and sends her clippin'!"

"Lunette's got two."

"What do they pay?"

"Five dollars a week."

"Pshaw! what ructions! Three dollars a week had ought to pay the board of the fanciest human creetur 't God ever created yit. But some folks wants the 'arth, and'll take it, too, if they can git it."

"Wal', I don' know; they're kind o' meachy, and allas souzlin' theirselves in hot water; it don't cost nothin', but it gives yer house a ridick'lous name. Then they told Lunette they wanted their lobsters br'iled alive. 'Thar,' says she, 'I sot my foot down. I told 'em I wa'n't goin' to have no half-cooked lobsters hoppin' around in torments over my house. I calk'late to put my lobsters in the pot, and put the cover on and know where they be,' says she."

"I took a rusticator once 't was dietin' for dyspepsy—that's a state o' the stomick, ye know, kind o' between hay and grass—and if I didn't get tired o' makin' toast and droppin' eggs!"

"I never could see no fun in bein' a rusticator anyway, down there by the sea-wall on a hot day, settin' up agin' a spruce tree admirin' the lan-scape, with ants an' pitch ekally a-meanderin' over ye."

"Lunette's man-boarder there, the husban', he's editor of a noos-sheet, and gits a thousand dollars a year—'tain't believable, but it's what they say—an' he thinks he knows it all. He got Fluke to take him out in his boat; he began to direc' Fluke how to do this, an' how to do that, an' squallin' an' flyin' at him. Fluke sailed back with him an' sot him ashore. 'When I take a hen in a boat, I'll take a hen,' says he."

Meanwhile Brother Skates had been standing listening, interested, but now recovered himself, blushing.

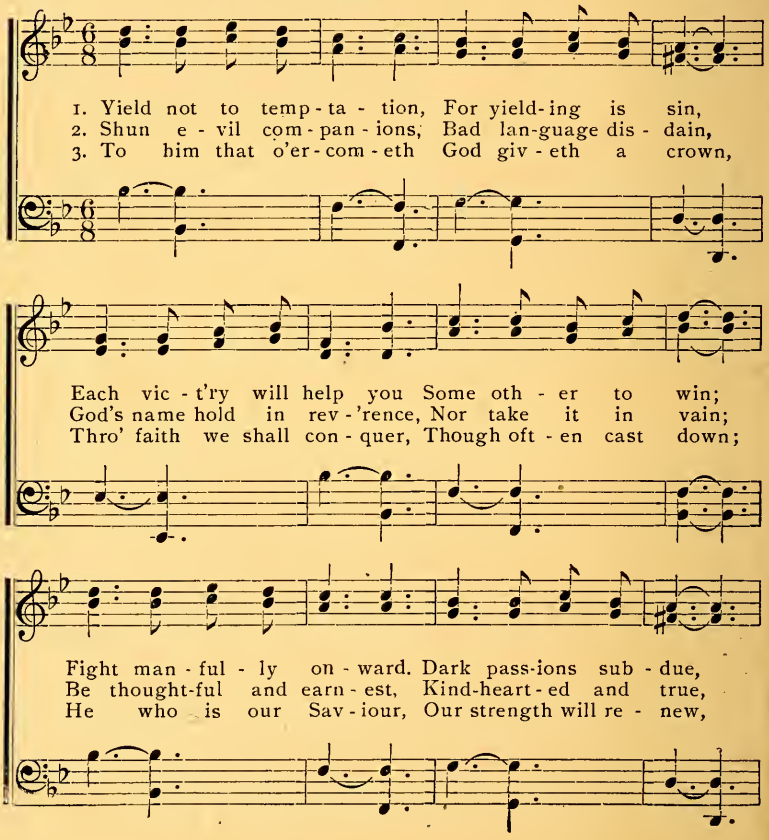
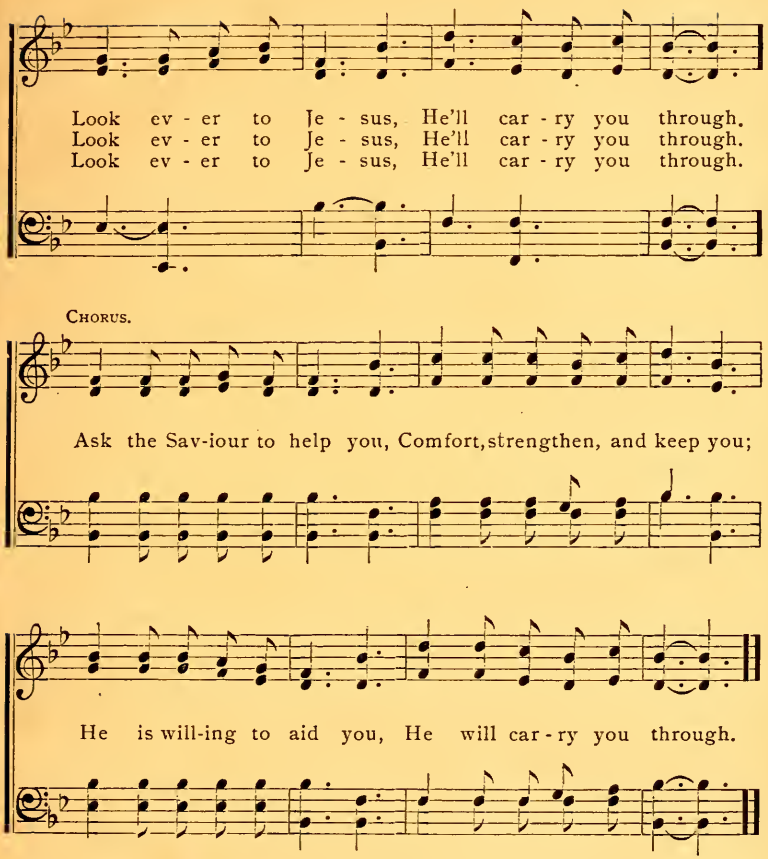
"Can't one of the Basins start 'He will carry you through?'"

"I'd like to," said one sister. "I've got all the dispersition in the world, Brother Skates, but I don't know the tune."

"It's better to start her with only jest a good dispersition an' no tune to speak of," said Brother Skates with gentle reproof, "than not to start her at all."

Thus encouraged, the song burst forth.

[May be sung by reciter, or as solo or chorus, visible or invisible.]

HE WILL CARRY YOU THROUGH.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin,
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad lan-guage dis-dain,
3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown,
Each vic-t'ry will help you Some oth-er to win;
God's name hold in rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain;
Thro' faith we shall con-quer, Though oft-en cast down;
Fight man-ful-ly on-ward. Dark pass-ions sub-due,
Be thought-ful and earn-est, Kind-heart-ed and true,
He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will re-new,

Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
CHORUS.
Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

Elder Skates then asked questions from a lesson-paper which he held in his hand.

"Is sin the cause of sorrow?" No reply.

At this point, one of a row of small boys on the back seat took an alder-leaf from his pocket and, lifting it to his mouth, popped it, with an explosion so loud that it startled even himself.

His guardian aunt, who sat directly in front of him, though deaf, heard some echo of this note; and seeing the sudden glances

directed their way, she turned, and, observing the look of frozen horror upon his features, said severely, "You stop that sithing" [sighing].

Delighted at this unexpected escape, the boy embraced his fellows with such ecstasy that he fell off from his seat.

His aunt, turning again, restored him to his place with determination.

"You set your spanker-beam down there now, and keep still!"

Elder Skates slid on to the next question:

"How can we escape trouble?"

"Good Lord, Skates!" said Captain Pharo, and put his hand in his pocket for his pipe, but bethought himself, and withdrew it, with a deep sigh.

Elder Skates had looked at him with hope, but now again mechanically reiterated:

"How—can—we—escape—trouble?"

"We can't! we can't no way in this world!" said Captain Pharo. "Where did you scrape up them questions, Skates? Escape trouble? Be you a married man, Skates? I'd always reckoned ye was! Poo! poo! Hohum! Wal'—wal'—never mind—."

He bethought himself again of his surroundings and was silent.

Elder Skates, alarmed and staggered, looked for something vaguely impersonal.

"What is the meaning of 'Alphy and Omegy?'" he said—and waited, weary but safe.

But a lank and tall girl of some fifteen summers, arose: "It's the great and only Pot-entate," she said.

Elder Skates turned with dazed approval at the girl.

"Very good. Very good, indeed," said he. "How true that is! Let us try and act upon it during the week, according to our lights."

Vesty came in just as Elder Cossey began his prayer.

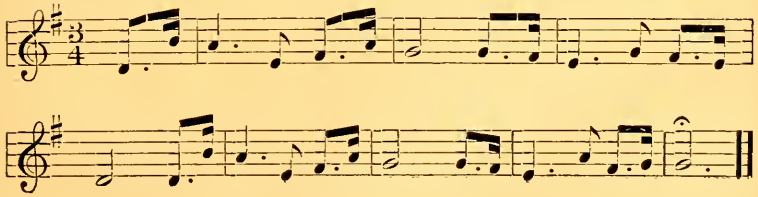
"Hohum!" he said, with wholly devout intentions, "we thank Thee that another week has been wheeled along through the

sand, about a foot deep between here an' the woods, an' over them rotten spiles on the way to the Point, an' them four or five jaggedest boulders at the fork o' the woods—I wish there needn't be quite so much zigzaggin' an' shufflin' in their seats by them 't have come in barefoot afore the Throne o' Grace," said the Elder, suddenly opening his eyes, and indicating the row of children with distinct disfavor. "Yes, we've been a-straddlin' along through troublements an' trialments an' afflickaments, hangin' out our phiols down by the cold streams o' Babylon, an' not gittin' nothin' in 'em, hohum!" And Elder Cossey finally merged into a recital of his own weakness and vileness as a miserable sinner.

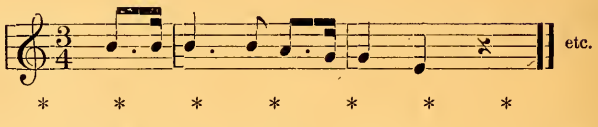
And here a brother, who had been noticing the winks cast broadly about, and thinking that Elder Cossey was not getting treated fair, got up and declared with emotion, that he'd "heered some say how folks was all'as talkin' about their sins for effex, an' didn't mean nothin' by it, but I can say this much, thar ain't no talkin' for effex about Brother Cossey; he has been, an' is, every bit jest as honest mean as what he's been a-tellin' on!"

Elder Skates arose, trembling. "Vesty," said he, with unnatural quickness of tone, "will you start 'Rifted Rock?'"

Vesty was suffocating with a wild desire to laugh. She gave one agonized look at Brother Skates, then lifted her eyes to the window, and her voice flowed out:

"Softly through the storm of life,
Clear above the whirlwind's cry,
O'er the waves of sorrow, steals
The voice of Jesus, 'It is I.'"

The music in her throat had trembled at first, but now all that was over; her uplifted face was holy, grave:

"In the Rifted Rock I'm resting."



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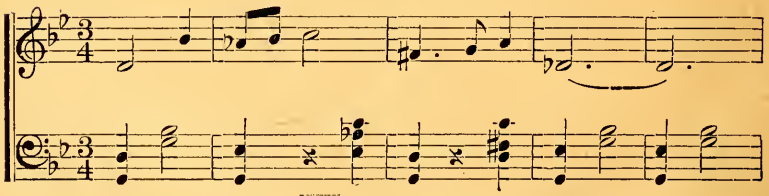
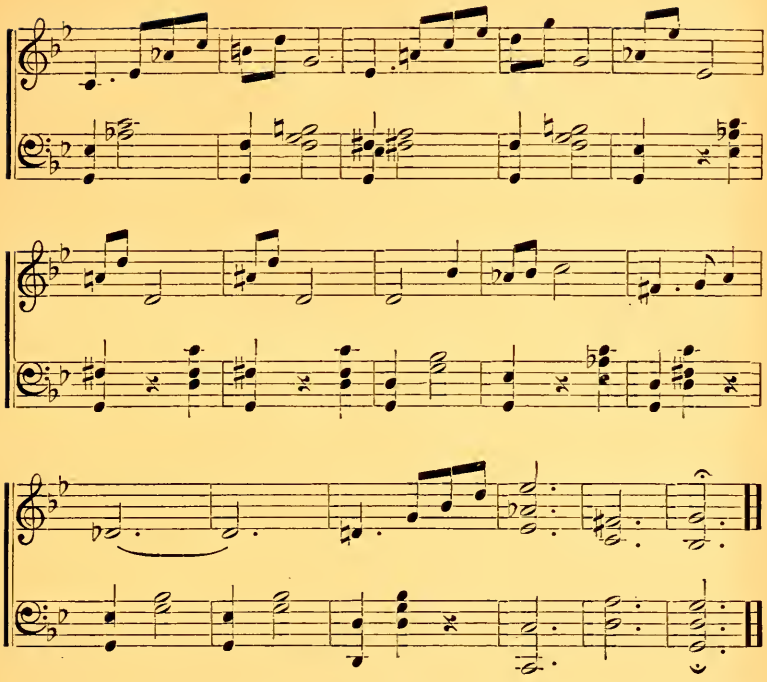
Even so, I thought, as I listened, it maybe will sound to us some voice from the other shore, when we put out on the dark river where all the peculiarities of life are forgotten and the joy of service well done comes to the good and faithful.

THE NOTE WITHIN.

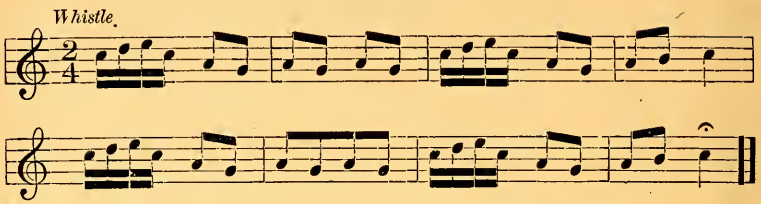
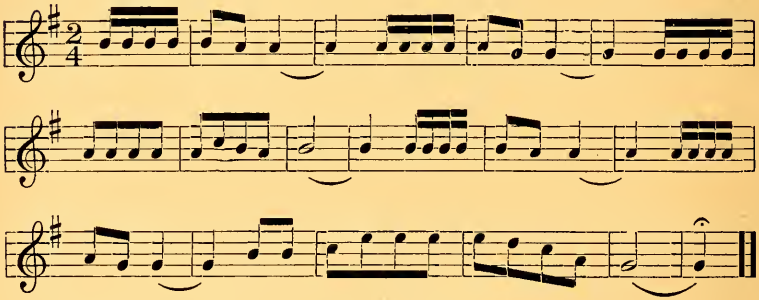
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

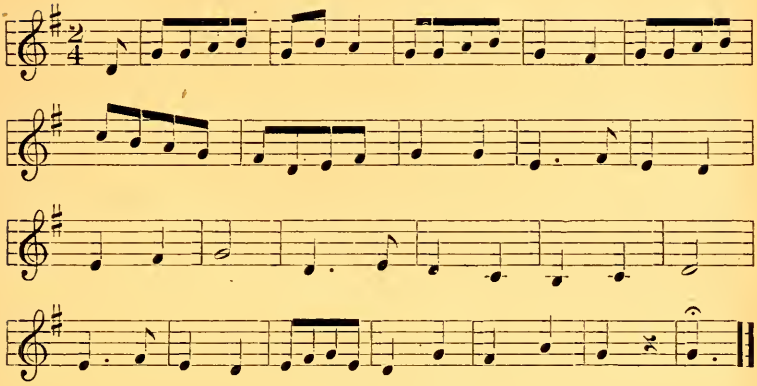
I HAVE a song within my heart
That I shall never sing.
I know 'tis there, for I can feel
Its joyous fluttering.
Just how it goes I do not know;
And what it is about,
Though I have tried and tried again,
I cannot quite make out.
But this I know: when days are dark,
And sullen is the air,
It does not vex my soul at all,
Because that song is there.

WHISTLING BOY.

NIXON WATERMAN.

[Tune after every stanza is to be whistled after stanza has been recited. Other tunes may be whistled, if desired.]

WHEN the curtains of night, 'tween the dark and the light,
Drop down at the set of the sun,
And the toilers who roam to the loved ones come home,
As they pass by my window, is one

Whose coming I mark, for the song of the lark
As it joyously soars in the sky,
Is no dearer to me than the notes, glad and free,
Of the boy who goes whistling by.

If a sense of unrest settles over my breast,
And my spirit is clouded with care,
It all flies away if he happens to stray
Past my window a-whistling an air.
And I never shall know how much gladness I owe
To this joy of the ear and the eye,
But I'm sure I'm in debt for much pleasure I get
To the boy who goes whistling by.

And this music of his, how much better it is
Than to burden his life with a frown,
For the toiler who sings to his purposes brings
A hope his endeavor to crown.
And whenever I hear his glad notes, full and clear,
I say to myself, I will try

To make all of life with a joy to be rife,
Like the boy who goes whistling by.

MUSICAL FROGS.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

[For frog-croaks, use clarinet mouthpiece with reed loosened. Little practice in tonguing will enable one to produce effects desired.]

BREKEKEKEX! coax! coax! O happy, happy frogs!
How sweet ye sing! Oh, would that I
Upon the bubbling pool might lie,
And sun myself to-day
With you! No curtained bride, I ween,
Nor pillowed babe, nor cushioned queen,
Nor tiny fay on emerald green,
Nor silken lady gay,
Lies on a softer couch. O Heaven!
How many a lofty mortal, riven
By keen-fanged inflammation,
Might change his lot with yours, to float

On sunny pond, with bright green coat,
And sing with gently throbbing throat
Amid the croaking nation,
Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy, happy frogs!

Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy, happy frogs!
Happy the bard who weaves his rhyme
Recumbent on the purple thyme
In the fragrant month of June;
Happy the sage whose lofty mood
Doth with far-searching ken intrude
Into the vast infinitude
Of things beyond the moon;
But happier not the wisest man
Whose daring thought leads on the van
Of star-eyed speculation,
Than thou, quick-legged, light-bellied thing,
Within the green pond's reedy ring,
That with a murmurous joy dost sing
Amid the croaking nation,
Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy, happy frogs!

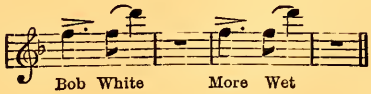
Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy, happy frogs!
Great Jove with dark clouds sweeps the sky,
Where thunders roll and lightnings fly,
And gusty winds are roaring;
Fierce Mars his stormy steed bestrides,
And, lashing wild its bleeding sides,
O'er dead and dying madly rides,
Where the iron hail is pouring.
'Tis well—such crash of mighty powers
Must be: the spell may not be ours
To tame the hot creation.
But little frogs with paddling foot
Can sing when gods and kings dispute,

And little bards can strum the lute
Amid the croaking nation,
With Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy, happy frogs!

Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy, happy frogs!
Farewell! not always may I sing
Around the green pond's reedy ring
With you, ye boggy muses!
But I must go and do stern battle
With herds of stiff-necked human cattle,
Whose eager lust of windy prattle
The gentle rein refuses.
Oh, if—but all such *ifs* are vain;
I'll go and blow my trump again,
With brazen iteration;
And when, by Logic's iron rule,
I've quashed each briskly babbling fool,
I'll seek again your gentle school,
And hum beside the tuneful pool
Amid the croaking nation,
Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy, happy frogs!

BOB-WHITE.

CALE YOUNG RICE.

OH, call to your mate, bob-white, bob-white,
And I will call to mine;
Call to her by the meadow-gate,
And I will call by the pine.

Tell her the sun is hid, bob-white,
The windy wheat sways west.
Whistle again, call clear and run
To lure her out of her nest.

[*Repeat Bob-White calls.*]

For when to the copse she comes, shy bird,
With Mary down the lane
I'll walk, in the dusk of the locust-tops,
And be her lover again.

Ay, we will forget our hearts are old,
And that our hair is gray.
We'll kiss as we kissed at pale sunset
That summer's halcyon day.

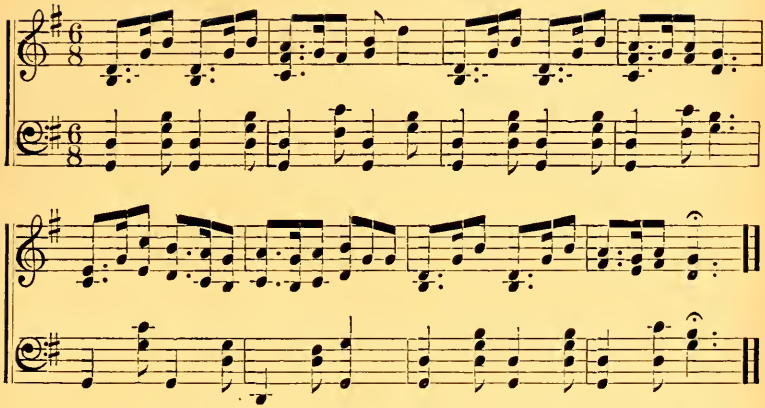
That day, can it fade? . . . ah, bob, bob-white,
Still calling—calling still?
We're coming—a-coming, bent and weighed,
But glad with the old love's thrill!

[*Repeat Bob-White calls.*]

COW-PUNCHER'S SONG.

JOHN A. LOMAX.

[Sing second stanza only. Repeat singing after last stanza has been recited.]

AS I walked out one morning for pleasure,
I spied a cow-puncher a-riding alone;
His hat was throwed back and his spurs was a-jingling,
As he approached me a-singin' this song:

Whoopee ti yi yo, git along, little dogies,
It's your misfortune, and none of my own.
Whoopee ti yi yo, git along, little dogies,
For you know Wyoming will be your new home.

Early in the spring we round up the dogies,
Mark and brand and bob off their tails;
Round up our horses, load up the chuck-wagon,
Then throw the dogies upon the trail.

It's whooping and yelling and driving the dogies;
Oh, how I wish you would go on;
It's whooping and punching and go on, little dogies,
For you know Wyoming will be your new home.

Some boys goes up the trail for pleasure,
But that's where you get it most awfully wrong;
For you haven't any idea the trouble they give us
While we go driving them all along.

When night comes on and we hold them on the bedground,
These little dogies that roll on so slow;
Roll up the herd and cut out the strays,
And roll the little dogies that never rolled before.

Your mother she was raised way down in Texas,
Where the Jimson-weed and sand-burrs grow;
Now we'll fill you up on the prickly pear and cholla
Till you are ready for the trail to Idaho.

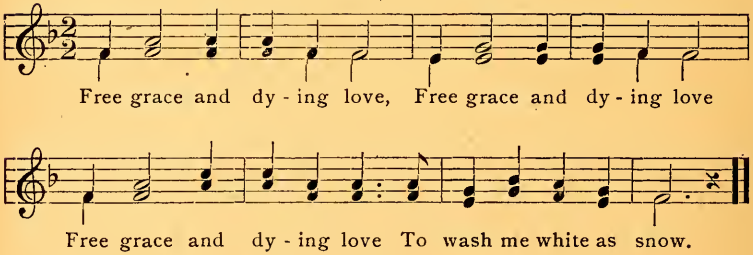
Oh, you'll be soup for Uncle Sam's Injuns;
"It's beef, heap beef," I hear them cry.
Git along, git along, git along, little dogies,
You're going to be beef steers by and by.

SCRAP OF COLLEGE LORE.

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

[Sound of singing is heard in distance off stage. Reciter enters, leaving door open, the words now becoming audible.]

"Free grace an' dyen love,
Free grace an' dyen love,
Free grace an' dyen love,
To wash me white as snow."



[*Reciter begins, while singer off stage repeats, several times, foregoing lines.*]

From the old homestead kitchen a voice rang out. Over and over the old negress sang in a voice cracked and quavering, but full of faith.

The old slave mammy was preparing supper for the profligate young master. Handsome, reckless and dissipated, he was,

nevertheless, the young master committed to her care by the *real* master.

Mam Tildy stood watching the sun's last rays creeping across the cotton-fields, watching the shadows deepen, and her thoughts were with the scenes of earlier years. She remembered a slave-prison, a market-place, and a strong, silent woman who held a little child by the hand. That woman was her mother; that child, herself. She had hidden her face in her mother's dress while a shrill voice called for "a bid for a likely nigger going for a song."

"Ten dollars!"

Her mother clasped her hand tighter. Then another voice had said, "Fifty, fifty dollars for a baby!"

As he lifted the child to the saddle the woman had said:

"Don't beat her, masser! She's only a nigger, but she's my baby, don't beat her!"

"Never a lash shall she have, so help me heaven." And the promise had been kept.

She thought of her dead mistress. Nine years ago white lips had whispered, "My boy! my poor boy! Mam Tildy!"

"Yes, Mistress."

"As I have dealt by you, Mam Tildy—"

"I'll foller him to the grave and hand him inter heaven ter yer, if the good Lord spare me."

Now the old master slept beside the mistress in the burying-ground. Both died of a broken heart.

The tears rolled down Mammy's dark cheek as she recalled that last night when, just at dawn, were heard the words of a senseless, drunken song, and a struggling, reeling figure tumbled up the stairs. The disappointment and disgrace were too bitter —a shot rang out. The old man could bear the burden no longer. The will left the plantation to the old Mammy, the baby bought at Richmond fifty years before.

Here Mam Tildy's dreaming ended. "It orter be Masser Hal's house," she said. "Ef I could sell it, I could pay his debts ter-

morrow." But that was precisely what the old master had meant she should not do. It was hers during her life, and she was to care for Hal.

"But it orter be Mars Hal's," she declared. "He needs it mighty bad."

She went back to work humming [*hymn is sung once or twice faintly again off stage*] "Free grace an' dyen love," but stopped abruptly—some one was coming up the walk, a quick, boyish step. It did not stagger; it came straight into the kitchen, and although the hand placed on Mam Tildy's arm shook, she knew the young master was not drunk.

"Hide me, Mam Tildy, hide me; I have killed a man, and they are after me."

She gave a glance around the kitchen, shoved her biscuit-board aside, and pointed to the large, empty barrel upon which it rested. The next moment the board was in its place, and she was singing, "Free grace an' dyen love." [*One line of hymn is sung again off stage.*]

The sheriff's posse, coming up the walk, detected no break in the song, and the sheriff saw nothing odd in the fact that he had to call twice before the old negress turned to hear his demand for Harry Gordon.

She dropped the rolling-pin with a great clatter, and was, as the officer thought, taken by surprise.

"Don't tease a poor old nigger dat away. Ef Mars Hal hab done sumpin' sure-nuff, for de lub of Gord, don't stan' dar foolin', but tell ole Tildy and let her go to him."

The men were touched.

"Aunt Tildy," said the sheriff, "he isn't worth your affection. You can't go to him, for we haven't found him. Go back to your dough, and don't waste any more tears on the scamp."

That night the fugitive received all Mam Tildy's money.

"Ef I could jes' sell the place, little master, the money ud fetch you out of danger."

"The place is too hot for me," was the reply. "Only let me get away."

He started for the door twice, looked at the old nurse, who sat with apron over her head, sobbing and mourning, then went back and touched her lightly.

"Mam Tildy, I'll write you if I ever get beyond the county jail, and you shall come to me. Good-bye; if I ever get to heaven, Mam Tildy, it will be your work." He laughed softly, and stole away in the darkness.

* * * * * *

Mam Tildy followed him to the prison. Her little cabin stood between the stockade and the coal mine, and she could see him going to and from work.

She often went where the men were eating dinner, to carry him something from her own kitchen. He laughed at her for this, telling her it was as foolish as her old song of free grace and dying love.

One evening a squad of convicts, coming in from the mine, heard her singing.

"Yer mammy's singing fer yer, sonny," laughed a convict.

"I wonder where she got that queer song," said another. "There isn't so much to the words, but somehow it makes a feller want to go home to his mother."

"It's the first thing I remember to have heard," said Hal. "I think she sang it the day I was born, and I expect she will sing it at my funeral."

The chains rattled, the gates swung back and the squad went in. In a few minutes he stood before his cell-door humming softly, "Free grace and dying love."

"What a funny old song," he said to himself; "I wonder what it means, anyway. I'll ask Mam Tildy."

As the iron door swung back he glanced up at a dainty carving above the entrance. It was done in Latin, with his own penknife.

"Errare humanum est." That was all of his college lore he

had carried out into the world—ended, summed up in that one sentence, "To err is human."

He laughed aloud when he found the chaplain's card on his shelf. It bore his own Latin motto, to which the pious man had added, "To forgive is divine."

One morning, having received permission, Mam Tildy was scrubbing out his cell and singing in the old familiar way. Hal stopped on his way to join the mine gang, and said, "Mam Tildy, that's a funny old song you sing; what does it mean anyway—your free grace and dying love?"

"You'll know some day, little master, I can't tell you, honey; old Tildy ain't got much sense. You'll know what free grace am, some day."

The next morning Hal was lying in a hospital in deadly stupor. He had been hurt.

"Go bring the old nurse," bade the physician.

She came at once and bent over him.

"Mars Hal, does yer know me, honey? How is yer, little marster?"

His hand moved till it found the hand of the old nurse.

"Mam Tildy?"

"Yes, my love."

"Take me home."

"Yes, honey; Mam Tildy's gwine sen' yer home soon; she done promised the mistress."

"Mam Tildy."

"Yes, honey."

"Sing."

She began to croon a hymn, but he stopped her.

"No, no; sing your free grace—you used to sing it at home."

[*Singing of hymn off stage.*]

Tremblingly, trustfully, she began and went bravely to the end. When she had finished, he lay still and murmured, "To err is human—free grace—divine—dying love." Then he smiled.

Mam Tildy tried to help him: "Free grace an' dyen love, Mars Hal."

"Yes, I know," he whispered, then, with sudden strength, he raised himself and clasped his arms about Mam Tildy's neck, smiling.

* * * * * *

The physician took out his watch, waited five minutes, and said: "Mam Tildy, you may go now."

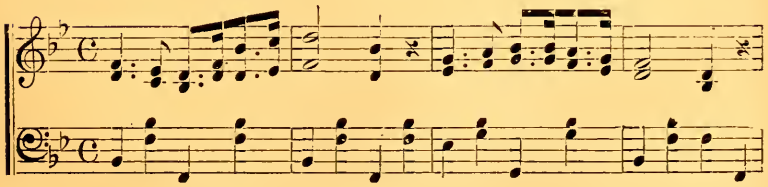
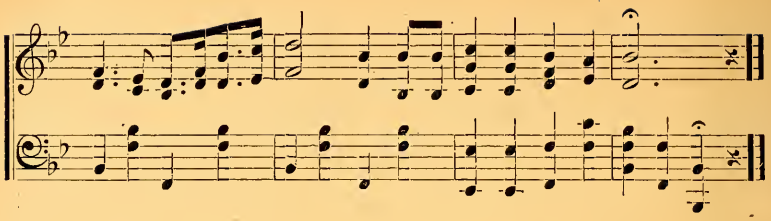
"Yes, Marster, I'se ready; ole Tildy's work is done."

[*Singing of hymn as reciter goes off stage.*]

WOMAN SUFFRAGE MARCHING-SONG.

LOUIS J. BLOCK.

LO! the nations have been toiling up a steep and rugged road,
Resting oft by stream and mountain, bent beneath the heavy load,
Gazing toward the coming freedom from the anguish and the goad,
For the hope has led them on.

Glory, glory, halleluia!
Glory, glory, halleluia!
Glory, glory, halleluia!
For the hope has led them on.

In the western strong republic, under skies pierced through and through
With a light of nobler foresight, life becomes more rich and true,
And a mightier strength is given to the hands that strive and do,
While the hope still leads men on.

Mother, prophetess, and holy, through the ages of the clan,
Uttering words of potent wisdom in the ear of struggling man,
Woman rose and strode beside him 'mid the dangers of the van,
Kindling hope that led him on.

Now again that voice is ringing through the ever brightening air,
And her wakened heart is calling unto labors, fine and fair,
That shall weave the robes of beauty which mankind in peace shall wear,
Since the hope is leading on.

Forth they step and march together, forth the man and woman go,
To the plains of vast achievement, where unfettered rivers flow,
And their work shall stand exalted, and their eyes shall shine and glow,
With the hope that led them on.

Glory, glory, halleluia!
Glory, glory, halleluia!
Glory, glory, halleluia!
For the hope still leads them on!

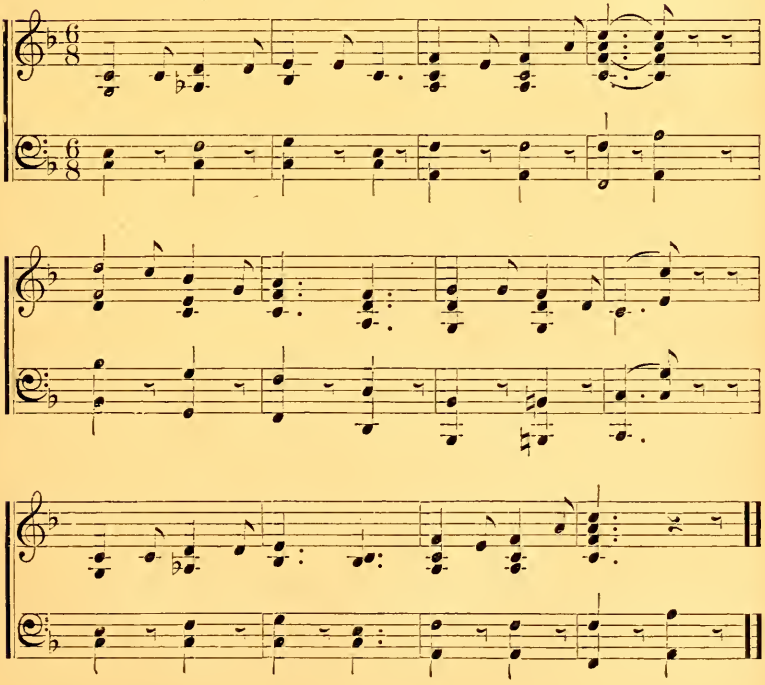
HOUSECLEANING.

COMEDY VERSE RECITAL FOR MAN.

CARRIE W. BRONSON.

[From repertoire of Mrs. Frederick W. Pender.]

[*Man enters, looking somewhat dishevelled and tired, singing.*]

Sing a song of cleaning house,
Pockets full of nails;
Four-and-twenty dust-pans,
Scrubbing-brooms and pails.
When the door is opened,
Wife begins to sing—

Just help me move this bureau here,
And hang this picture, won't you, dear?
And tack that carpet by the door,
And stretch this one a little more,
And drive this nail and screw this screw;
And here's another job for you—
This closet door will never catch,
I think you better fix the latch;
And, Oh, while you're about it, John,
I wish you'd put the cornice on,
And hang this curtain; when you're done,
I'll hand you up the other one;
This box has got to have a hinge
Before I can put on the fringe;
And won't you mend that broken chair;
I'd like a hook put up right there;
The bureau drawer must have a knob;
And here's another little job—
I really hate to ask you, dear—
But could you fix a bracket here?"

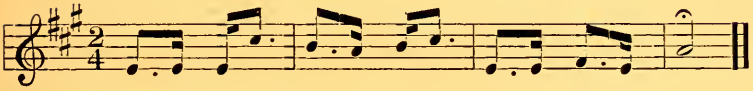
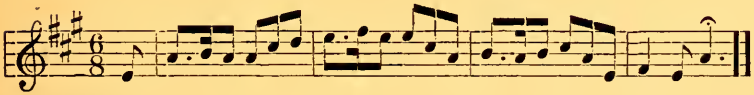
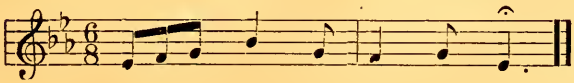
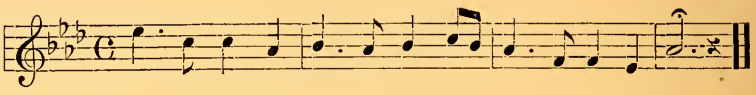
So goes it on, the long day through,
With this and that and those to do,
Ad infinitum and more, too,
All in a merry jingle—
Now isn't that enough to make
A man wish he were single? (Almost.)
[*Exits singing introductory stanza again.*]

JES' WHISTLE UP A SONG.

[Reciter whistles after every stanza.]

IF th' road yer feet is treadin'
Keeps a-croakin' an' a-spreadin'
Till it seems as if 'twas most uncommon long,

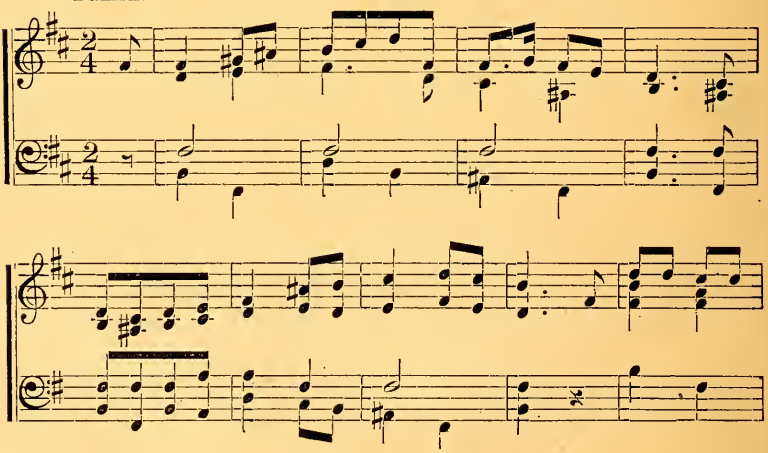
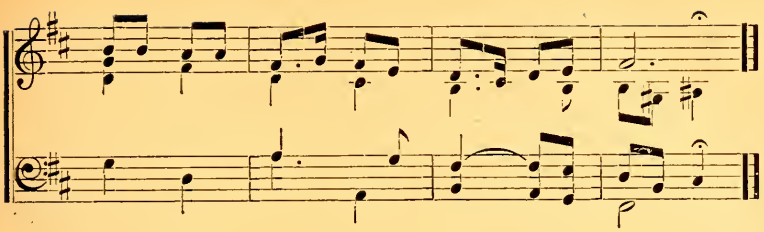
Don't let your chin tip quiver,
Though yer knees is all a-shiver;
Jes' crack a joke, er whistle up a song.

When th' clouds begin to thicken,
An' th' lightnin' is a-flicken
An' a-snappin' like ol' Lucifer gone wrong,
Jes' you hol' yer head up higher,
Jog yer feet a little spryer,
An' crack a joke er whistle up a song.

Don't yer ferget fer a minute
Other folks is trav'lin' in it
Jes' as footsore as yerself an' not so strong:
An' when they're a-growin' weary,
It will make 'em chirk an' cheery
To crack a joke er whistle up a song.

If yer cup o' life is bitter,
Don't ye never be a quitter;
Jes' drink it down an' pass th' jug along,
Hopin' all is fer th' best.
'Twill taste sweeter to th' rest,
When yer jokin' er a-whistlin' up a song.

Then, when yer journey's ended,
An' yer soul stands undefended,
  While th' 'cordin' Angel foots the columns long,
Ye'll see yer head was level
An' ye've bunko-steered th' devil
  With yer jokin' an' yer whistlin' up a song.

LULLABIES OF VARIOUS LANDS.

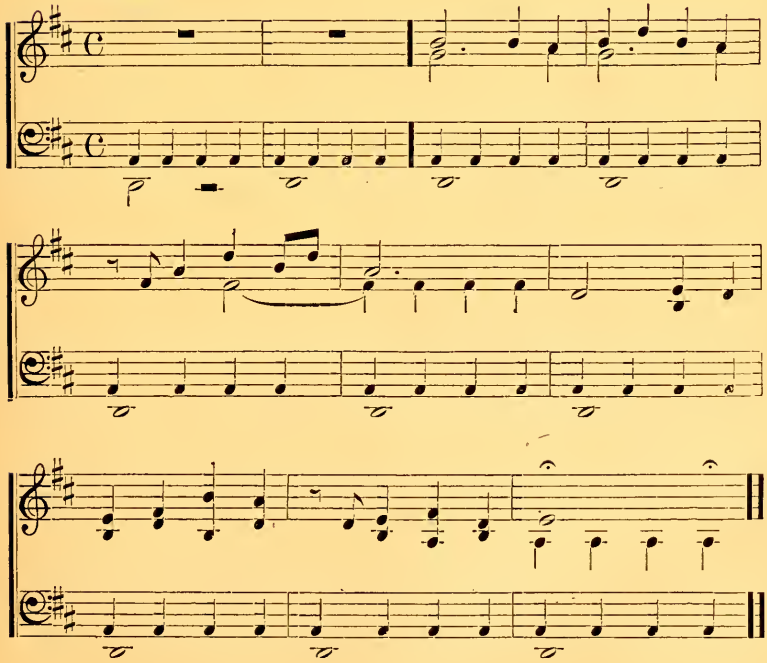
[May be given by 8, or by 8 groups of any number of children, dressed in costumes of nations represented. Girls may also hold dolls dressed in similar costumes. Children may recite or sing the words, while the music is played as background.]

Danish.

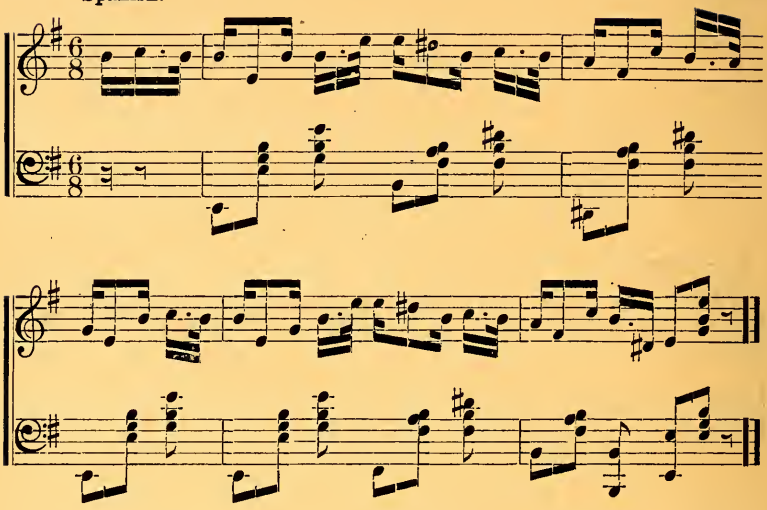
SLEEP, sleep, little mouse.
  The field your father ploughs;
Your mother feeds pigs in the sty,
She'll come and slap you if you cry.

Danish.

Chinese.

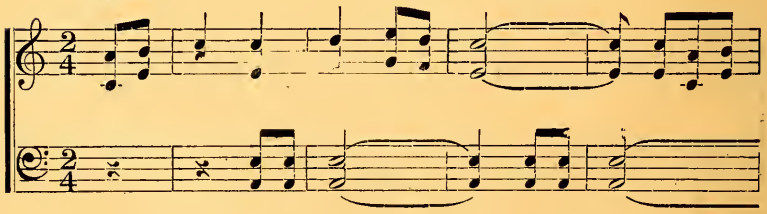
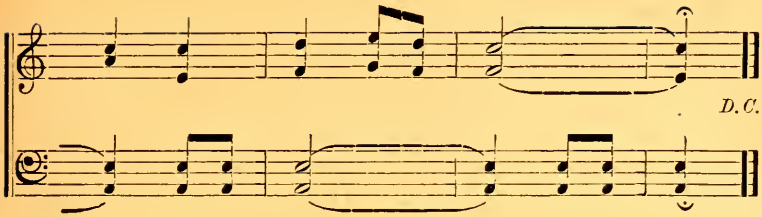
Snail, snail, come out and be fed,
Put out your horns and then your head,
And thy mammy will give mutton to thee,
For thou art doubly dear to me.

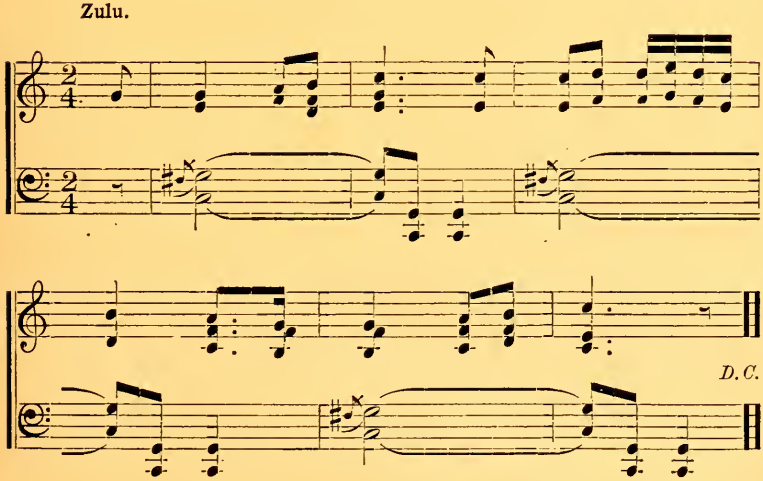
Chinese.

Spanish.

In the sky the moon shines bright,
And the snake darts swift and light;
I see five baby bullocks
And a calf that's young and white.

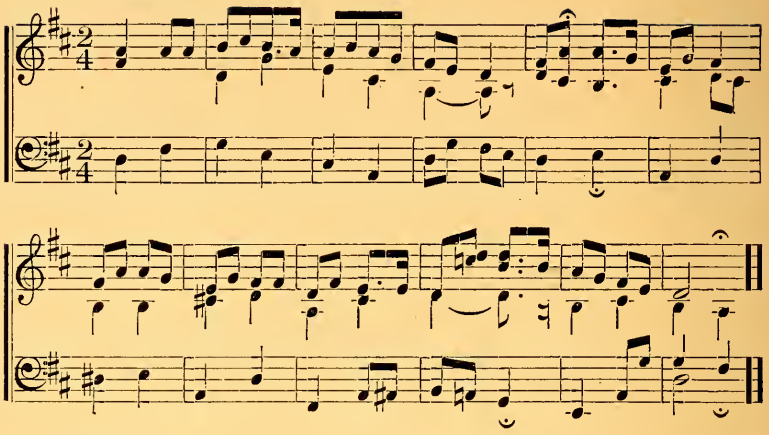
Spanish.

Arabic.

Sleep, my baby, sleep,
Sleep a slumber hale.
Sweetly rest till morning light,
My little farmer boy, so bright.

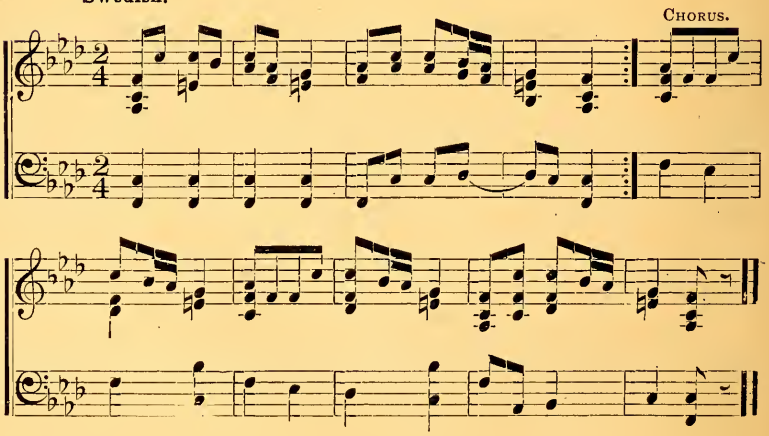
Arabian.

Zulu.

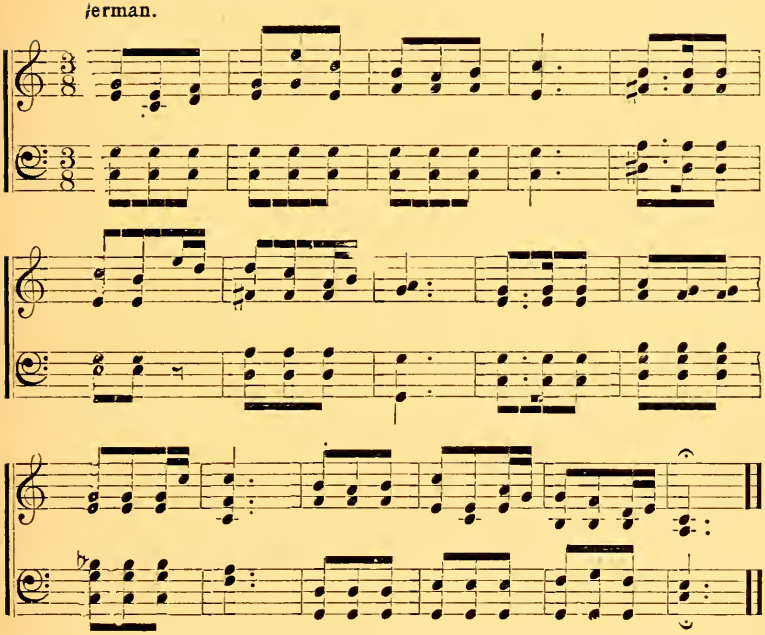
Hush thee, my baby.
Thy mother's over the mountain gone;
There she will dig the little garden patch,
And water she will fetch from the river.

Norwegian.

Row, row to Baltiwarock;
How many fish are caught in the net?
One for father and one for mother,
One for sister and one for brother.

Norwegian.

Swedish.

Hush, hush, baby mine;
Pussy climbs the big green pine;
Mother turns the millstone.
Father, to kill the pig has gone.

Swedish.

German.

Sleep, baby, sleep.
Thy father guards the sheep;
Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree,
And from it falls sweet dreams for thee;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

WEDDING OF CAPTAIN GADSBY.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

SCENE: Bachelor's bedroom. CAPTAIN GADSBY asleep and snoring heavily. Time 10.30 A. M. Enter CAPTAIN MAFFLIN, of Gadsby's regiment.

CAPT. M. Wake up, my sleeping beauty!

CAPT. G. [*sitting up and yawning*]. Mornin'. This is awf'ly

good of you, old fellow. Don't know what I should do without you. Haven't slept a wink all night.

CAPT. M. I didn't get in till half-past eleven. Had a look at you then, and you seemed to be sleeping as soundly as a condemned criminal.

CAPT. G. Jack, if you want to make those disgustingly worn-out jokes, you'd better go away. [*With portentous gravity.*] It's the happiest day in my life.

CAPT. M. [*chuckling grimly*]. Not by a very long chalk, my son. You're going through some of the most refined torture you've ever known. But be calm! I am with you. 'Shun! *Dress!*

CAPT. G. Eh! Wha-at?

CAPT. M. *Do* you suppose that you are your own master for the next twelve hours? If you *do,* of course . . . [*Makes for door.*]

CAPT. G. No! For goodness sake, old man, don't do that! You'll see me through, won't you? I can't remember a line of that beastly drill.

CAPT. M. [*overhauling G.'s uniform*]. Don't bother me. I'll give you ten minutes to dress in.

[*Interval.*]

CAPT. G. [*emerging from dressing-room*]. What time is it?

CAPT. M. Nearly eleven.

CAPT. G. Five hours more. O Lord!

CAPT. M. [*aside*]. First sign of funk, that. Wonder if it's going to spread. [*Aloud.*] Come along to breakfast.

CAPT. G. I cant' eat anything. I don't want any breakfast.

CAPT. M. [*aside*]. So early! [*Aloud.*] Captain Gadsby, I *order* you to eat breakfast, and a good breakfast, too. None of your bridal airs and graces with me!

[*Stands over him while he eats two chops.*]

CAPT. G. [*who has looked at his watch thrice in the last five minutes*]. What time is it?

CAPT. M. Time for a walk. Light up.

CAPT. G. I haven't smoked for ten days, and I won't *now.* [*Takes cheroot which M. has cut for him, and blows smoke through his nose luxuriously.*] We aren't going down the Mall, are we?

CAPT. M. [*aside*]. They're all alike in these stages. [*Aloud.*] No, my vestal. We're going along the quietest road we can find.

CAPT. G. Any chance of seeing her?

CAPT. M. Innocent! No! Come along; and, if you want me for the final obsequies, don't cut my eye out with your stick.

CAPT. G. [*spinning round*]. I say, isn't she the dearest creature that ever walked? What's the time? What comes after "Wilt thou take this woman?"

CAPT. M. You go for the ring. R'c'lect it will be on the top of my right-hand little finger, and just be careful how you draw it off, because I shall have the wedding-fee somewhere in my glove.

CAPT. G. [*walking forward hastily*]. Come along! It's past twelve, and I haven't seen her since yesterday evening. [*Spinning round again.*] She's an absolute angel, Jack, and she's a deal too good for me. Look here, does she come up the aisle on my arm, or how?

CAPT. M. If I thought that there was the least chance of your remembering anything for two consecutive minutes, I'd tell you.

CAPT. G. [*halting in middle of road*]. I say, Jack.

CAPT. M. Keep quiet for another ten minutes if you can, you lunatic, and *walk!*

[*The two tramp at five miles an hour for fifteen minutes.*]

CAPT. G. What's the time? How about that cursed wedding-cake and the slippers? They don't throw 'em about in church, do they?

CAPT. M. In-variably.

CAPT. G. Don't make fun of me. I can't stand it, and I won't!

CAPT. M. [*untroubled*]. So-ooo, old horse! You'll have to sleep for a couple of hours this afternoon.

CAPT. G. [*spinning round*]. I'm *not* going to be treated like a child. Understand that!

CAPT. M. [*aside*]. Nerves gone to fiddle-strings. [*Tenderly putting hand on G.'s shoulder.*] My David, how long have you known this Jonathan? Would I come up here to make a fool of you—after all these years?

CAPT. G. [*penitently*]. I know, I know, Jack—but I'm as upset as I can be. Don't mind what I say. Just hear me run through the drill and see if I've got it all right:

"To have and to hold, for better or worse, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, so help me God,—Amen."

CAPT. M. [*suffocating with suppressed laughter*]. Yes. That's about the gist of it. I'll prompt if you get into a hat.

CAPT. G. [*earnestly*]. Yes, you'll stick by me, Jack, won't you? I'm awf'ly happy, but I don't mind telling *you* that I'm in a blue funk!

CAPT. M. [*gravely*]. Are you? I should never have noticed it. You don't look like it.

CAPT. G. Don't I? That's all right. [*Spinning round.*] On my soul and honor, Jack, she's the sweetest little angel that ever came down from the sky. There isn't a woman on earth fit to speak to Her!

CAPT. M. [*aside*]. And this is old Gaddy! [*Aloud.*] Go on, if it relieves you.

CAPT. G. You can laugh! That's all you bachelors are fit for.

CAPT. M. [*drawling*]. You never *would* wait for the troop to come up. You aren't quite married yet, y'know.

CAPT. G. Ugh! That reminds me. I don't believe I shall be able to get into my boots. Let's go home and try 'em on! [*Hurries forward.*]

CAPT. M. Wouldn't be in *your* shoes for anything.

CAPT. G. [*spinning round*]. That just shows your dense stupidity—your brutal narrow-mindedness. There's only one fault about you. You're the best of good fellows and I don't know what I should have done without you, but—you aren't married. [*Wags head gravely.*] Take a wife, Jack.

CAPT. M. [*with a face like a wall*]. Ya'as. Whose for choice?

CAPT. G. If you're going to be a blackguard, I'm going on. . . . What's the time?

CAPT. M. I'm going to take you home, and you're going to lie down.

CAPT. G. What on earth do I want to lie down for?

CAPT. M. Give me a light of your cheroot and see.

CAPT. G. [*watching cheroot, but quivering like a tuning-fork*]. Sweet state I'm in!

CAPT. M You are. I'll get you a peg and you'll go to sleep.

[*They return and M. compounds a four-finger peg.*]

CAPT. G. It'll make me as drunk as an owl.

CAPT. M. Curious thing, 'twon't have the slightest effect on you. Drink it off, and go to bye-bye.

CAPT. G. It's absurd; I sha'n't sleep, I know I sha'n't!

[*Falls into heavy doze at end of ten minutes. Capt. M. watches him tenderly.*]

CAPT. M. Poor old Gaddy! I've seen a few turned off before, but never one who went to the gallows in this condition. . . . And that's the man who went through the guns like a devil possessed of devils. [*Leans over G.*] But this is worse than the guns, old pal—worse than the guns, isn't it? [*G. turns in his sleep, and M. touches him clumsily on forehead.*] Poor, dear old Gaddy! Going like the rest of 'em—going like the rest of 'em. . . . Friend that sticketh closer than a brother . . . eight years. Dashed bit of a slip of a girl . . . eight weeks! And—where's your friend? [*Smokes disconsolately till church clock strikes three.*]

CAPT. M. Up with you! Get into your kit.

CAPT. G. Already? Isn't it too soon? Hadn't I better have a shave?

CAPT. M. *No!* You're all right. [*Aside.*] He'd chip his chin to pieces.

CAPT. G. What's the hurry?

CAPT. M. You've got to be there first.

CAPT. G. To be stared at?

CAPT. M. Exactly. You're part of the show.

[*Capt. G. dresses; M. follows suit.*]

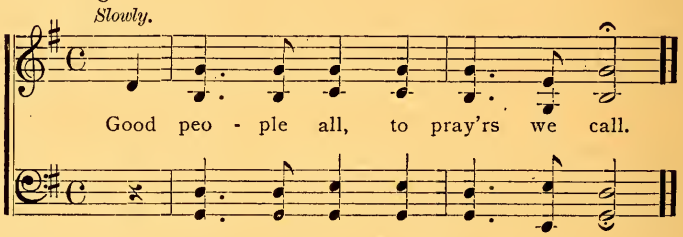
CAPT. M. [*critically, walking round*]. M'yes, you'll do. Only don't look so like a criminal. Ring, gloves, fees—that's all right for me. Let your mustache alone. Now, we'll go.

CAPT. G. [*nervously*]. It's much too soon. Let's light up! Let's—

[*Bells without.*]

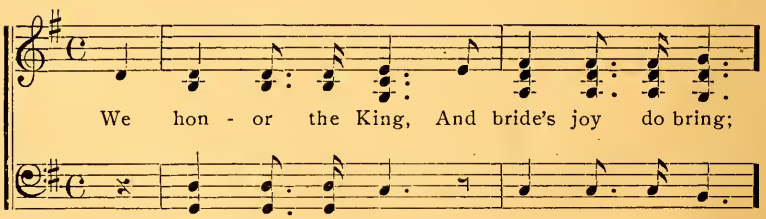
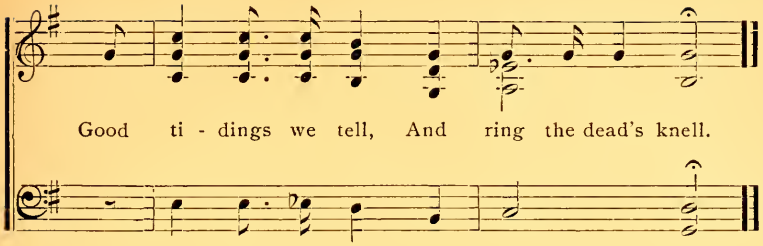
Good—peo—ple—all
To prayers—we call.

To be sung as a chant.



CAPT. M. There go the bells! Come on—unless you'd rather not. [*They ride off.*]

[*Bells—*]

We honor the King
And Bride's joy do bring—
Good tidings we tell
And ring the Dead's knell.

CAPT. G. [*dismounting at door of church*]. I say, aren't we much too soon? There is no end of people inside. I say, aren't we much too late? Stick by me, Jack!

CAPT. M. Strike an attitude at the head of the aisle and wait for Her. [*G. groans as M. wheels him into position before three hundred eyes.*]

CAPT. M. [*imploringly*]. Gaddy, if you love me, for pity's sake, for the honor of the regiment, stand up! Look like a man! [*G. breaks into gentle perspiration.*] If you wipe your face I'll never be your best man again. Stand *up!* [*G. trembles visibly.*]

CAPT. M. [*returning*]. She's coming now. Look out when the music starts. There's the organ beginning.

[*Bride steps out of 'rickshaw at church door. G. catches glimpse of her and takes heart.*]

CAPT. M. [*watching G.*]. By Jove! He *is* looking well. Didn't think he had it in him.

CAPT. G. How long does this hymn go on for?

CAPT. M. It will be over directly. [*Anxiously.*] Beginning to bleach and gulp? Hold on, Gaddy, and think o' the regiment.

CAPT. G. [*measuredly*]. I say, there's a big brown lizard crawling up that wall.

CAPT. M. My sainted mother! The last stage of collapse!

[*Bride comes up to left of altar, lifts eyes once to G., who is suddenly smitten mad.*]

CAPT. G. [*To himself again and again*]. Little Featherweight's a woman—a woman! And I thought she was a little girl.

CAPT. M. [*in a whisper*]. Forward! Halt! Inward *wheel.*

[CAPT. G. *obeys mechanically and ceremony proceeds.*]

PADRE. . . . Only unto her as long as ye both shall live?

CAPT. G. [*his throat useless*]. Ha—hmm!

CAPT. M. Say you will or you won't. There's no second deal here.

[*Bride gives response with perfect coolness, and is given away by her father.*]

CAPT. G. [*thinking to show his learning*]. Jack, give me away now, quick!

CAPT. M. You've given yourself away quite enough. Her *right* hand, man! Repeat! Repeat! "Theodore Philip." Have you forgotten your own name?

[*Capt. G. stumbles through the Affirmation, which bride repeats without a tremor.*]

CAPT. M. Now the ring! Follow the Padre! Don't pull off my glove! Here it is! Great Cupid, he's found his voice!

[*G. repeats troth in a voice to be heard to end of church, and turns on his heel.*]

CAPT. M. [*desperately*]. Back to your troop! 'Tisn't half legal yet.

PADRE. . . . joined together let no man put asunder.

CAPT. M. [*quickly*]. On your front—one length. Take her with you. I don't come. You've nothing to say. [*Capt. G. jingles up to altar.*]

CAPT. M. [*in piercing rattle meant to be a whisper*]. Kneel, you stiff-necked ruffian! Kneel!

PADRE. . . . whose daughters ye are, so long as ye do well and are not afraid with any amazement.

CAPT. M. Dismiss! Break off! Left wheel!

[*All troop to vestry. They sign.*]

CAPT. M. Kiss her, Gaddy.

CAPT. G. [*rubbing the ink into his glove*]. Wha-at?

CAPT. M. [*taking one pace to bride*]. If you don't, I shall.

CAPT. G. [*interposing one arm*]. Not this journey!

[*General kissing.*]

CAPT. G. [*faintly to M.*]. Can I wipe my face now?

CAPT. M. My responsibility has ended. Better ask Mrs. Gadsby.

[*Capt. G. winces as if shot and the procession is Mendelssohned out of church to paternal roof.*]

CAPT. M. [*at table*]. Up with you, Gaddy. They expect a speech.

CAPT. G. [*after three minutes' agony*]. Ha—hmmm. [*Thunders of applause.*]

CAPT. M. Doocid good, for a first attempt. Now, go and change your kit while Mamma is weeping over—"the *Missus.*" [*Capt. G. disappears.*]

CAPT. M. [*starts up, tearing his hair*]. It's not *half* legal. Where are the shoes? Some one lend me a bread-knife. We mustn't crack Gaddy's head more than it is. [*Slices heel off white satin slipper and puts slipper up his sleeve.*] Where is the bride? [*To company at large.*] Be tender with that rice.

[*Bride slips out quietly into 'rickshaw and departs.*]

CAPT. M. [*in the open*]. Stole away, by Jove! So much the worse for Gaddy! Here he is. Now, Gaddy, where's your horse?

CAPT. G. [*furiously, seeing that the women are out of earshot*]. Where—is my *wife?*

CAPT. M. Half-way to Mahasu by this time. You'll have to ride like young Lochinvar.

[*Horse comes round on his hind legs; refuses to let G. handle him.*]

CAPT. G. Oh, you will, will you? Get round, you brute—you beast! Get *round!*

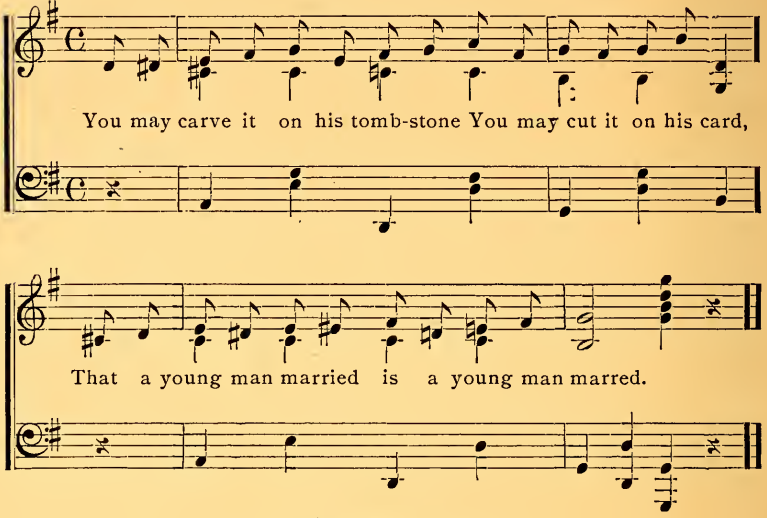
[*Wrenches horse's head over, swings himself into saddle, and sends home both spurs.*]

CAPT. M. For your life and your love—ride, Gaddy!—and God bless you!

[*Throws half a pound of rice at G. who disappears, bowed forward on saddle, in a cloud of sunlit dust.*]

CAPT. M. I've lost old Gaddy. [*Lights cigarette and strolls off, singing absently:*]

"You may carve it on his tombstone, you may cut it on his card,
That a young man married is a young man marred!"



A BUSTED DOLLY.

WORDS OF SONG AND MUSIC BY JOSEPHINE MERWIN COOK.

Monologue by Stanley Schell.

[*Written expressly for this book.*]

CHARACTER SPEAKING: Girl dressed as forlorn-looking doll; one arm and one leg gone; crutch; one eye covered; ragged clothes.

SCENE: Disordered children's playroom. Dolls, beautifully dressed, lying helter-skelter, on chairs, sofa, etc. At rise of curtain speaker sits doubled up in big arm-chair, then with undulating, lazy movements gets out of chair, shows diffi-

culty in getting up, her movements being stiff and angular in imitation of a doll's movements. Goes to mirror, left front of stage, and gazes awhile at herself. With good arm she tries to arrange torn pieces of gown, turns with pathetic look towards audience, points to gown, passing hand over it, then speaks.

AND this is what I have come to—I—I—I, the once famous Ann Marie that won the hearts of the little ones of Paris. [*Looks again into mirror, points at self.*]

One arm gone, one leg gone, one eye gone, hair spoiled, silk gown in rags, shoes torn—dirty, dirty, dirty Ann Marie. [*Sighs.*]

One month ago I was so happy, so proud, so gay and bright. I had won the Paris medal for beauty—how beautiful I was—such a complexion—all the children raved about me—the big people, too—[*painful expression*], and now, alas! even my sawdust is nearly gone.

When Mr. Vanderflip purchased me for his Louise I was simply in heaven. The way Louise clasped me close to her lovely gown filled me with ecstacy. Alas! [*sighs*] Alas! how brief was that happiness! One day she invited her friends to visit her. That was just a week after she had got me. She paraded all about this room to show my style. The other girls' dolls were very jealous. How brief that jealousy! [*Sighs.*] How brief my glory!

Ah, I remember, I was queen that day; I sat at the head of the dolls' table and had all the nicest tit-bits. My hair never looked so lovely. What a joyous time that was! The little girls sang the prettiest songs and played the nicest games, and then the nurses came and took them home. When the children were gone a great big black dog came in and smelled all around the room, and then suddenly made a rush for the dolls' table where I sat alone. He knocked me off the chair, ate all the food on the table and then turned viciously on me and pulled off my arm—how it hurt! Then he clawed my dress in ribbons and chewed my hair and left me all mussed like I am now. I don't know what happened after that for awhile. I didn't know how I looked for

some time. My distress was terrible. I began to wonder how my little mistress would treat me when she saw me.

[*Sobs heavily.*]

I can never forget the moment when she came back and saw me on the floor. She let out a scream that would almost wake the dead. "My dolly, my dolly, my Ann Marie, what has happened to you? What has happened to you?" She turned me all around and fussed with my skirt, trying to make it look decent. She picked up my arm and tried to fix it on, then threw my arm on the table and sat down and cried and cried. The nurse came in, and, when Louise told her about me, the nurse waved her hands and said, "That beast of a dog must have done this. I'll kill him for this." Then Louise jumped up and said, "No one dare hurt my darling Ponto. Ponto didn't know it was wrong to hurt Dolly," and then she began to cry all over again.

She never seemed to realize my feelings, for she flung me down on the table and rocked back and forth, saying, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! my doll is queen no longer. The girls won't be envious of me any more. My French doll is a perfect wreck and that Katy Jones will crow over me as before."

Oh, what anguish I endured! Louise got up and left the room, and from that time she began to neglect me. She flung me into the corner many times and lots of times I have stood on my head for hours. Sometimes my poor legs were left all uncovered. She even called me "Miss Rags," and "One-Armed Busted Thing."

Yes, I am busted, for every time anyone shakes me the sawdust flies all over, and when I walk it leaves a track behind.

Yesterday Louise had a fight with that Jones girl; and, do you know, she used my one good arm to hit her with, and when the Jones girl hit back she knocked my eye out, and tried to grab my hair. Louise grabbed me about the body and actually used my legs as a whip to beat the Jones girl, and when she had finished I had only one leg, as you see.

Last Wednesday she stuck my hair full of burdocks and even

made a chair of them and then made me move about with a doll seated in the chair on my head, and because I didn't move to suit her she slapped me and banged me about.

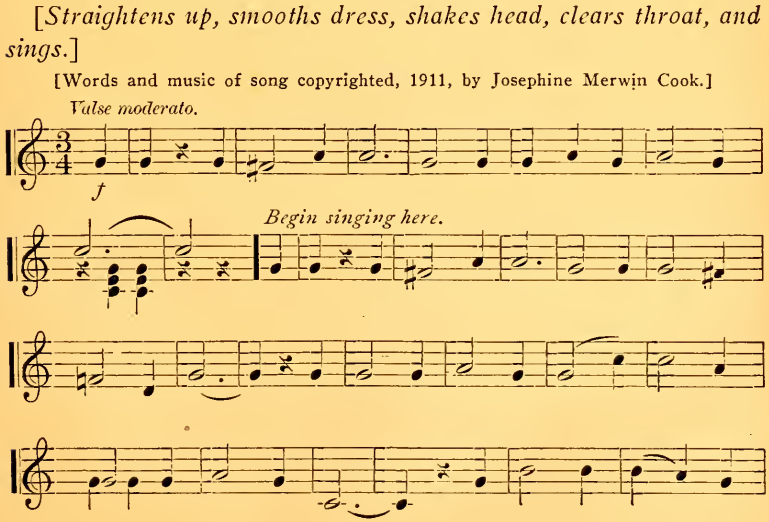
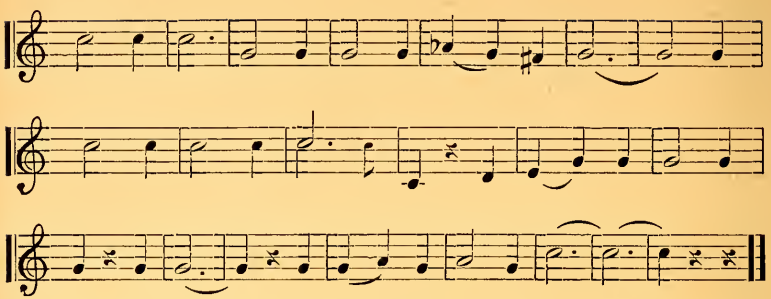
[*Cries; uses good arm to wipe away tears.*]

That isn't the worst of it. I heard the nurse tell the butler that the first good chance she got she was going to throw me on the ash-heap—me, Ann Marie, once the joy of Paris!

I've been so unhappy about it all that I decided that if my end, my real end, was to be an ash-heap, that I must leave something behind to make people remember me, and so I composed a little song. I know everybody will love it; and, in singing it, will always think of me. I'll try and sing it for you; and, if my voice is a little quavering, remember that a one-armed doll hasn't the strength in her voice that a two-armed doll would have, and then a doll with much of her sawdust gone is always weak in the center, and with only one leg her voice lacks support. I'll do my best, however; and, if you don't care to listen, you can go. Somehow, I think you will love it and will always keep it, and in days to come will give it to your children.

[*Straightens up, smooths dress, shakes head, clears throat, and sings.*]

[Words and music of song copyrighted, 1911, by Josephine Merwin Cook.]



I'm such a broken dolly,
One leg and arm are gone,
My sawdust, too, is leaking,
And I am so forlorn.
My pretty waxen features
Were melted in the sun,
My bright blue eye is busted
And now I have but one,
And now I have but one.

I am a busted dolly,
Ann Marie is my name,
And if I do not sing aright,
I'm surely not to blame.
All children are so very cruel,
Neglecting dollies so,
With sawdust gone and broken arm
'Tis such an awful blow,
'Tis such an awful blow.

My pretty silken dress is
All torn to ribbons, too,
Louise has left me lying
All dirt, and wet with dew.
I can't think of a reason why
They should treat me so,

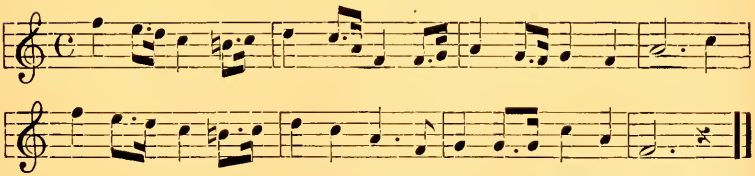
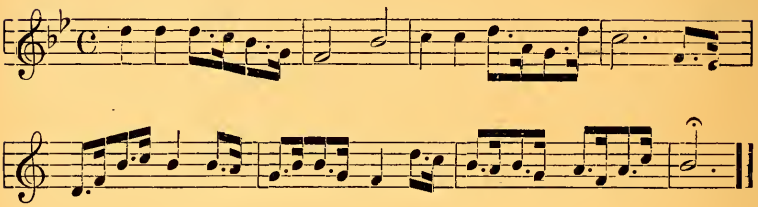
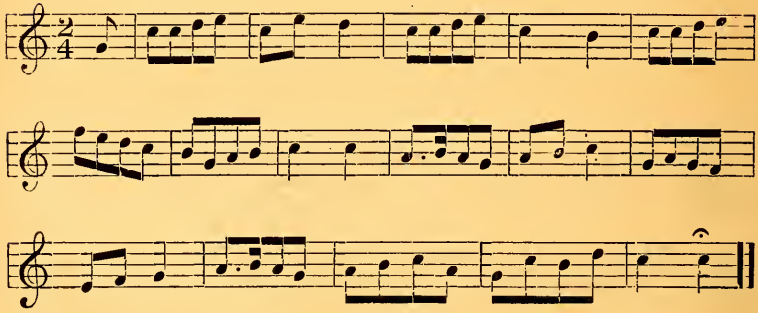
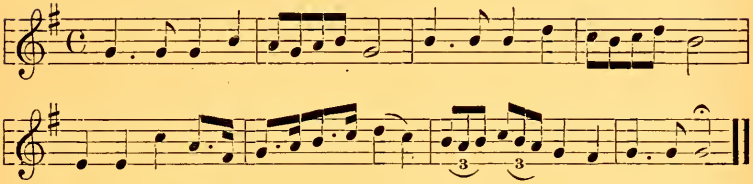
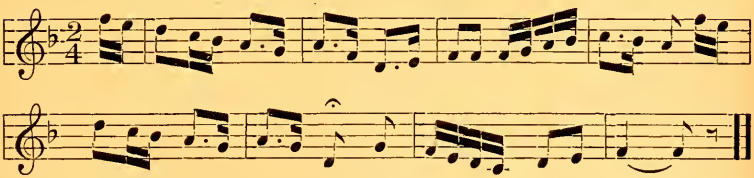
I never did a single thing
To merit such a blow,
To merit such a blow.

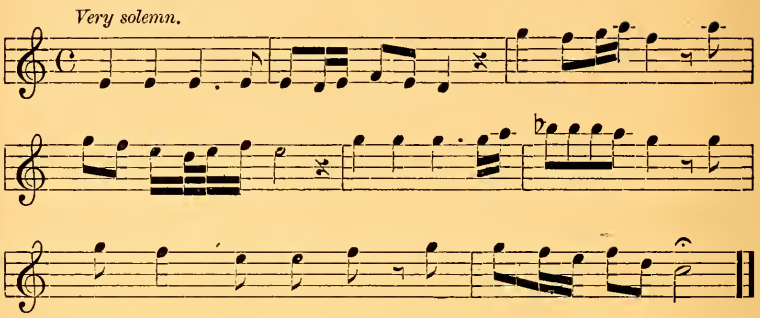
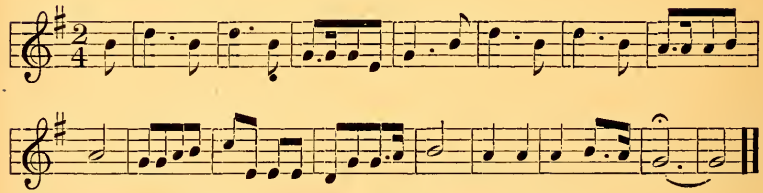
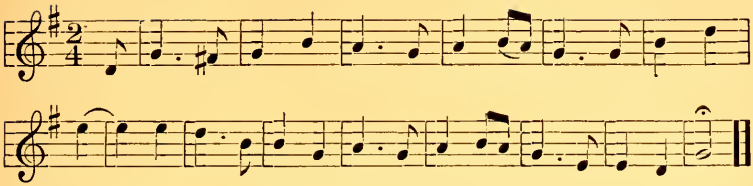
SONG OF THE DRUM.

E. L. HITCHENS.

[May be recited either with or by a drum corps. May be given by one person, drum corps being behind scenes and playing selections indicated in text; or may be recited in concert by drum corps, which plays selections at end of every stanza; or may be recited by different members of corps, each person taking one stanza.]

OH, there's many a voice that's loud and clear,
And many that's low and sweet;
But there's never a voice that strikes the ear
Like the drum's resounding beat.
For it's over and over and over again
But one repeated note;
And stern and grim from its quiv'ring rim,
Comes the voice of its parchment throat.

The mocking gabble of men goes on
As they clamor in halls of state,
And know not what the other has said,
For they hear with ears of hate;
But they're quickly opened, those muffled ears,
When the time of my speech has come,
For they understand in all the land
What means the voice of the drum.

So, far and wide the whole world o'er,
  Where the Christian nations dwell,
Where men to men good brothers are
  And soundeth the loud church bell,
My voice awaketh the echoes, too,
  With notes severe and grum,
And war's dread wake is the path they make
  Who march to the beat of the drum.

I heard the groans on Blenheim's field,
  Where Marlboro's fight was won,
And o'er the plains of Abraham
  My rattling music rung;
And on the heights of Bunker Hill,
  Where the Continentals died,
I led the way at break of day
  With the fifers by my side.

With Wellington at Waterloo
My voice was in the van,
They drubbed me when they made the charge
And when the Frenchmen ran;
And when Cornwallis's sword was giv'n
To Washington the great,
I first of all rolled forth the call
To Freedom's new estate.

O'er mountain's height and grassy plain
I've sounded on the fray,
And o'er the wounded and the slain
Tolled forth the vanquished day;
At eve, on banks of Southern streams,
In Freedom's later strife,
The soldier on my patient head
Wrote letters to his wife.

I heard the tales of valorous deeds
Wrought by his comrades brave,
And who were safe and who had found
A soldier's honored grave;
And words of love would swiftly flow
And hope and hearty cheer,

But swifter the flight of death that night—
And I played the march to his bier.

When grim old Sherman from the flames
Of Piedmont's valiant town
Swept onward to the sea and bore
The whole rebellion down,
The drum's note gave to martial fame
A new place in the world,
And a song to sing with a freedman's ring
Where the starry flag's unfurled.

Then sing to the fame of the storied drum
That lives for the brave alone,
No coward's hand can awake its voice,
For his heart beats not with its own.
They only win who like the drum,
Do one thing well at a time,
So joy have we for the years to be,
And hurrah for auld lang syne!

MAMMY'S CHURNING SONG.

EDWARD A. OLDHAM.

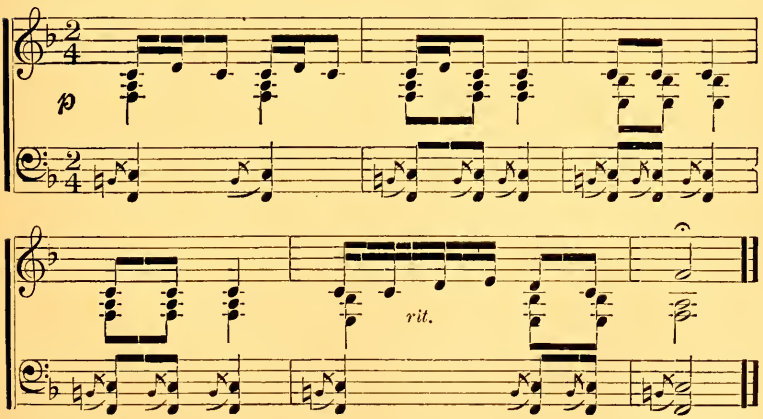
SCENE: Old Mammy, standing behind churn, looks down at low chair where baby is supposed to be sitting, and speaks while working.

SET still, honey, let ole Mammy tell yer 'bout de churn,
Wid de cream en clabber dashin',
En de buttermilk er-splashin'.

Dis de chune hit am er-singin' 'fore hit 'gin ter turn:

Jiggery, jiggery, jiggery, jum,
Bum-bum-bum,
But-ter-come,
Massa gib ole nigger some.

[Must be played and sung exactly as written for the effects of churning.]

Moderato.

Jump down, honey, en fotch me dat rag fum de table, fer ter wipe off dis hyah led. Tole yer so, dat milk gwine ter splatter up hyah 'reckly! Dar now, dat's er good chile, git back in mer lap

Now de cream, en milk, en clabber's churnin' up so fas',
Hyah hit splatterin' en er-splutterin',
En er-mixin', en er-mutterin',
In de churn en roun' de dasher, singin' ter de las';
Jiggery, jiggery, jiggery, jum,
Bum-bum-bum,
But-ter-come,
Massa gib ole nigger some.

Uh-er! Teck kyah, honey, keep dem fingers way fum dar! Butter mos' come now: set still jis' er leetle w'ile longer.

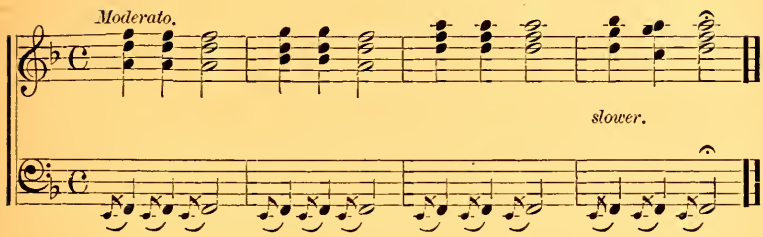
Soon de lumps ob butter'll be er-floatin' on de top—
Now de ole churn's fa'rly hummin',
Tell yet wot, de butter comin'—
Done come! Mammy's arm so ti-yerd, now she's gwine ter stop.
Jiggery, jiggery, jiggery, jum,
Bum-bum-bum,
But-ter-come,
Mammy'll gib de baby some.

Dar now! [*removing top and giving dasher a circular motion*] jis' peep in dar en see de lumps ob yaller butter er-huddlin' ter-gedder. Now run fotch yer leetle blue mug, en Mammy'll gib yer some nice sweet buttermilk right outen dis hyah churn.

SONG OF THE CHURN.

I HEAR the song of the churn,
In its merriest spattering mood,
When, at every walloping turn,
It pounds out the world's best food;

Ker chug—chug—chug—
In steady and measured time,
At the handle I cheerfully tug,
And list to its musical rhyme.

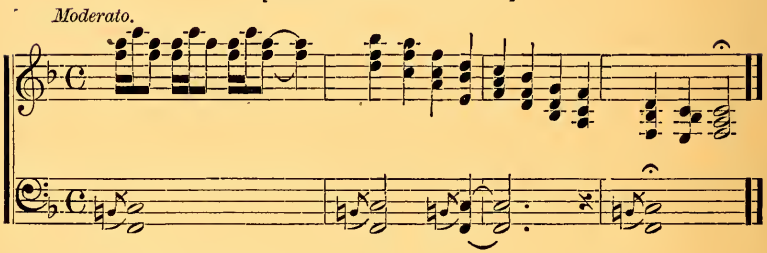
[Last half of first, second, fourth and fifth stanzas.]

In the pastures fragrant with dew,
Where the daisies and buttercups grow,
Near the grove where the wood-doves coo,
And the barn-swallows flit to and fro,
Hear the moo—oo—oo;
'Tis Snowdrop's cheerful reply
To the whistling cow-boy sauntering through
The clover blossoms knee-high.

Co boss—co—co—
The world is going astray,
When it says the blue-grass butter may go,
And to Oleo's smoothness give way;
The city-bred man may eat
The butter that never was churned—
May swallow the fraud and the cheat
From tallow and lard out-turned.

But the south wind's glowing kiss
Hath touched the hills and the plains,
Where the genuine article, like this,
Was evolved by God's sunshine and rains,

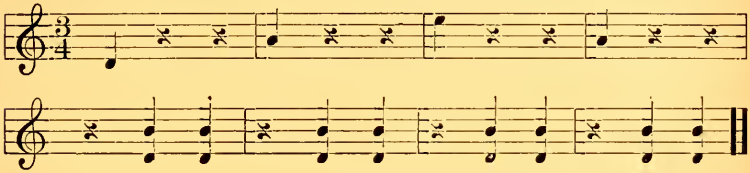
Ker chug—chug—chug —
The world is made better by me,
For the more men quaff at the buttermilk jug
The less of the doctor they'll see.

Co boss—co—co—
The milkmaid, with pail, at the gate,
Is waiting to catch the rich flow
From Raindrop, and Dewdrop and Mate;
Ting-a-ling—ling—ling—
There's Thankful, and Mossrose and Grade;
Easter Morning, Priscilla and Kring
Stopping to lick the kind hand of the maid.

[Last half of fifth stanza.]

So boss—so—so—
The meek-eyed beauties stop
At the sound of the voice that they know,
And the richest of nectar yield up.
Ker chug—chug—chug—
All things to labor succumb;
At the handle I no longer tug—
The golden butter has come.

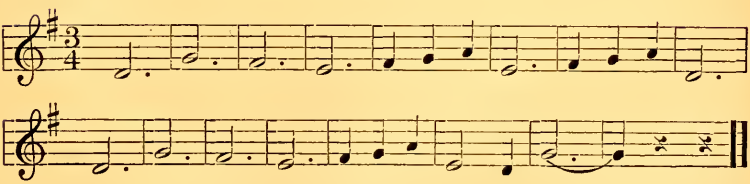
POLLY'S GUITAR.

C. F. LESTER.

[*Reciter enters playing guitar as below, continuing during reciting of first stanza.*]

Plink—
Pling—
Plang—
Plung—
Airily humming,
Lazily drumming,
Ringing afar;
Hark to the strumming
Of Polly's guitar!

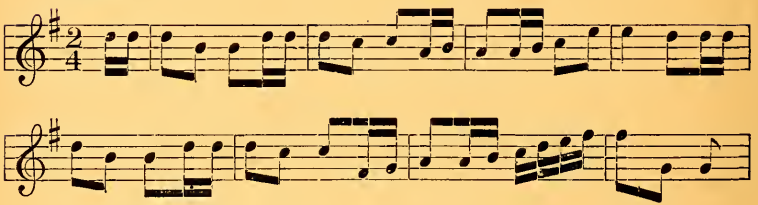
[*Any kind of notes for following four lines.*]

First an aimless chord or two—
Kling—Klang!
With dewdrop notes a-flashing through—
Plinkety—plunk—plank—plink!
Then, slow, swinging and swaying now,
High, low, gliding and straying now,
One-two-three, one-two-three,

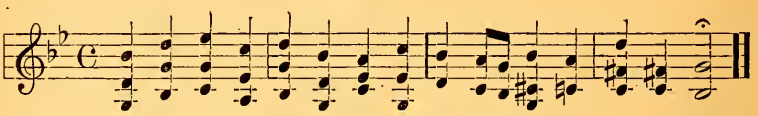
Waltz.

Waltzes she's playing now;
Hear the measure ring—
Plung—plang—pling,
Plunkety—pling—plang—plung!

[*Any kind of notes for following four lines.*]
Now her fingers stray around—
B-r-rang—B-r-rung!
Here and there a lonesome sound—
. . . Bung!

[*Begin following music and play to end of stanza.*]

Polka.

All at once with sudden glee,
Skip! Flip! Daintily,
Poising now like a bird alight,
Now with a rush like a rocket's flight—
Pinkety—pank—pank! chiming sweet—
Doesn't a polka start your feet?

[*Begin following music and play until "croon," end of second stanza below.*]



Now sweet, complaining minor chords,
Like tear-dimmed smiles,
With subtle wiles
Hint of a story without words.

Klang, Kling,
They rise, and fall, and sing,
Till, like the murmurings of bees
  Upon the breeze of June,
Amid the harmony there stirs
  The wraith of some old tune,
And the strings grow still to listen
  To its sweet, persuasive croon.

[*Recite following stanza without music.*]
So, ever ringing,
  Sighing and singing,
  Melody flinging, anear and afar,
Thus with its wiling
Dull Time beguiling—
  Ah, what a blessing is Polly's guitar!

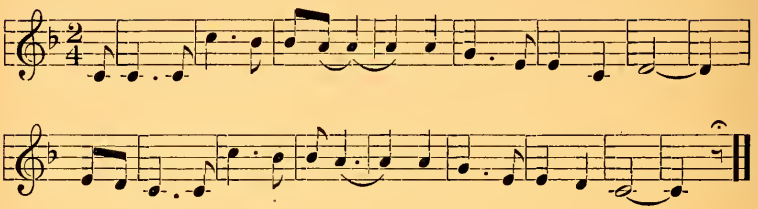
[*Exit by playing minor chords, or last line of music given above.*]

OLD GUITAR.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

THE sweetest strains that ever
  My raptured ears have heard—
I know that memory never
  Can lose a single word—
Was on a balmy evening
  That crowned a summer day,
When Katie tuned the old guitar
  And sang my heart away.

The happy starlight beaming
  Upon her lily throat

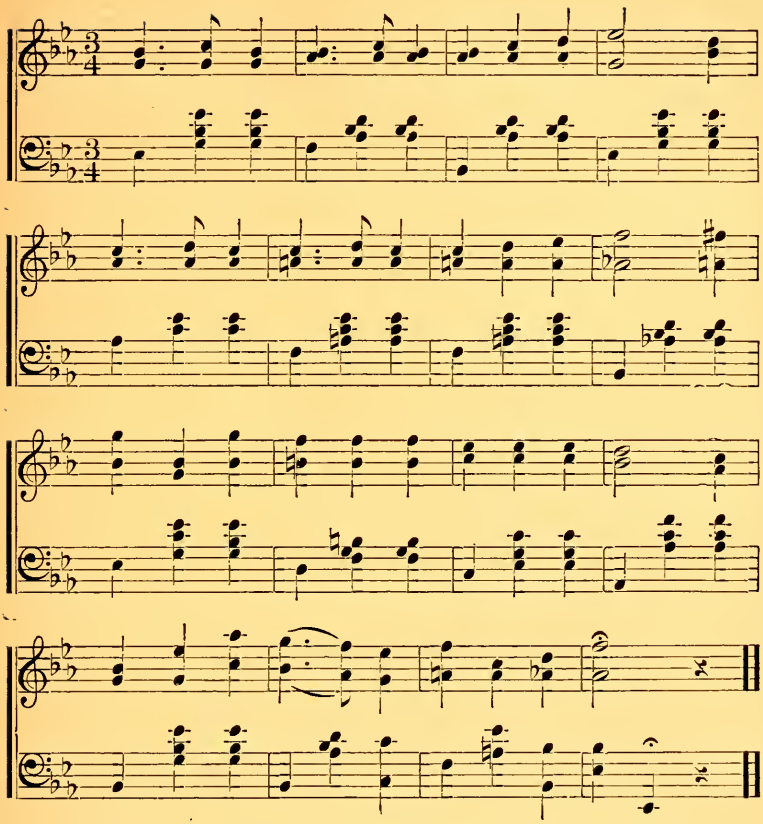
Set wistful fancy dreaming
With every haunting note.

It was no idle ballad,
No senseless modern lay;
With "Bonnie Annie Laurie," lo
She sang my heart away.

And when the song was over
And Katie breathed a sigh,
She, too, could boast a lover
Would lay him down and die.
'Twas then I told my secret,
And still I bless the day
When Katie tuned the old guitar
And sang my heart away.

HUSH-A-BY TWENTIETH CENTURY BABY.

MRS. CHARLES GAY.

[Woman stands as if gazing down on child on bed, or as if holding child in arms. She sings softly, without rocking child, first stanza; then stops abruptly and, gazing down at child, recites rest of poem.]

"Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree-top!
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, cradle and all."

Dear little babykin, born just too late,
Lullabies now have been wiped off the slate.
Up-to-date babies never are rocked,
And if I say "lullaby" mother is shocked.

Your nutriment's measured, the progress you've made
Is jotted down daily as soon as you're weighed;
Your food's predigested; you've nothing to do
But sleep and grow fat—not even to coo.

You'll never hear legends of goblin and ghost,
Of Jack and the Giant, Queen Mab and her host;
You'll never learn how to spell "c-a-t"—"cat,"
But will read at first sight, and from pictures at that.

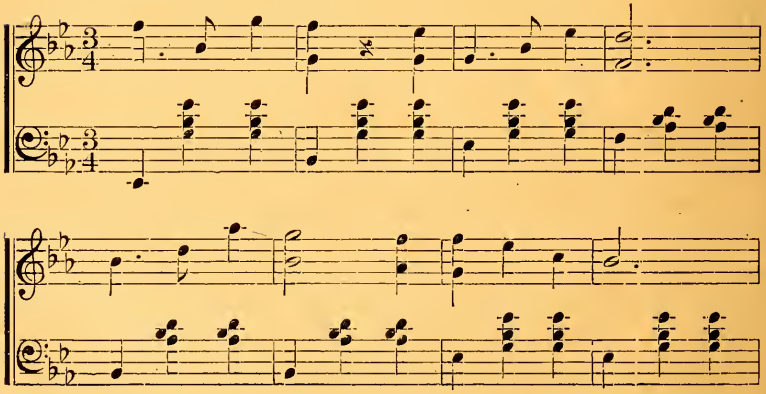
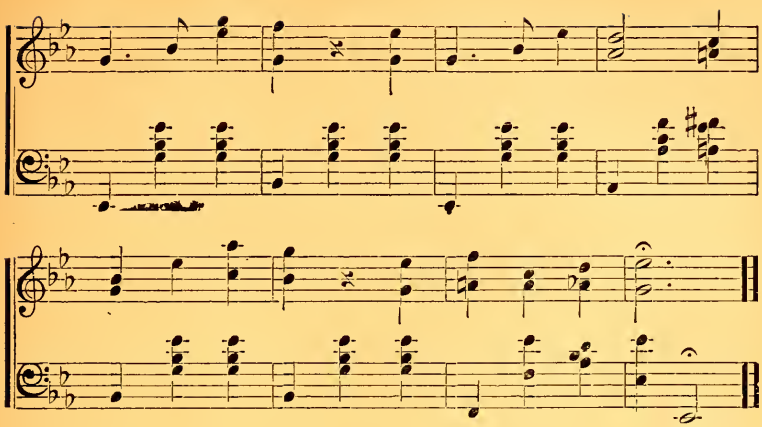
You're an up-to-date baby! Maybe it is best
To forego the cradle, the song and the rest;
But it seems to me, baby, you'll miss quite a lot
Of the romance of life that we old fogies got.

HONEY-BUG BABY.

EMMA C. DULANEY.

"Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree-top!
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, cradle and all."

[Music on page 149.]

"Rock-a-by, baby, the cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman, Mother's a queen,
Sister's the lady that wears a gold ring,
And baby's the loveliest child ever seen."

Honey-Bug, yo' ain' done nuffin dis day
But git inter mischief an' rawmp an' play
Twel yo's jes' tiahd out—po' li'l' chile!
Come heah; le' Mammy res' yo' erwhile.
Yo's so sleepy, too. Dat's raight—nussle down,
Fuh yo's gwineter trabble ter Shut-Eye Town.
De road dah's stret, an' whilse we goes erlong
Mammy's gwineter sing fuh yo' dis li'l' song:—

"Rock-er-by, baby. Hi-oh, rock-er-by!
Yander hangs er cradle in de tree high;
W'en de Souf win' its wahm breff 'gins ter blow
Twel staht it rockin', easy-lak an' slow.
Rock-er-by, baby. Hi-oh, rock-er-by!
De cradle's er-swingin' yander on high;
No hahm'll come ter yo' w'en de Souf breeze
Chases de sunbeams er-roun' thoo de trees.

"Rock-er-by, baby. Hi-oh, rock-er-by!
De cradle's er-hangin' 'tween yearf an' sky;
De Norf win's col' breff'll toss it er-roun'
Twel de bough bre'ks off an' falls ter de groun'.

Rock-er-by, baby. Hi-oh, rock-er-by!
Don' yo' be 'feared, fuh ole Mammy is nigh;
W'en de bough bre'ks undahneaf it she'll be
Ter ketch baby raight in huh ap'on, yo' see.

"Rock-er-by, baby. Hi-oh, rock-er-by!
Off, now, ter Shut-Eye Town yo's gwineter fly.
Yuh Pappy's de king dah, an' yuh Ma's queen,
An' baby's de b'u'f'les' chile evah seen.
Rock-er-by, baby. Hi-oh, rock-er-by!
Nuffin kin hahm yo' whilse Mammy is nigh.
She'll rock yo' sof'ly, an' res' yo' erwhile,
Fuh yo's played twel yo's tiahd out—po' li'l' chile!"

[*Repeat lullaby.*]

ROCK-A-BY BABIES.

ACTION SONG FOR THREE DIVISIONS OF CHILDREN.

[On stage are three semicircles of small rocking-chairs. First division enter carrying branches of nuts (branches held as if they were dolls or children), seat themselves in last row of rockers, and act out song, sung by themselves or by invisible chorus.]

Rock-a-by, babies, on the tree-top;
When the wind blows, the cradles will rock,
When the stems break, the cradles will fall—
Down come rock-a-by babies and all.

[Music on page 149.]

Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, babies grow;
Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, nuts, you know,
Will fall to the ground,
And then will be found
By children and squirrels all round.

[Music on pages 150-51.]

[Second division enter carrying large branches having cocoons (branches held as if they were children), seat themselves in second row of rockers, and act out song, sung by themselves or by invisible chorus.]

Rock-a-by, babies, all winter long,
Wrapped in cradles of silk, soft and strong,
Waiting for sunlight, warm and bright,
To call these little children to light.

Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, wrapped soft and strong,
Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, all winter long;
Sleep, little babies, sleep until spring,
Then spread out each bright and shining wing.

[Third division enter carrying dolls (held as if children were hushing dolls to sleep), seat themselves in front row of rockers, and act out song, sung by themselves or by invisible chorus.]

Rock-a-by, baby, in the cradle here;
Rock-a-by, baby, sweet and dear.
Father is working all day long
To make baby's home so snug and strong.

Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, mother is near;
Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, never fear.
Wink-eye and blink-eye are tired, you know;
Close them up tight and to dreamland go.

[After last stanza has been sung, music is played again, all children rocking their chairs and humming the words, feigning sleep at the last.]

[Curtain; or children may waken suddenly, look at babies, rise, rocking babies in their arms and hushing them, as they slowly go off stage.]

O ROCK-A-BY, DEARS.

ANNA SANFORD THOMPSON.

[Reciter enters, goes to stage center, smiles, sits in rocker, and rocks with foot supposed cradle while she sings first stanza.]

"Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree-top!
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down comes Rock-a-by baby and all."

[Music on page 149.]

[Reciter stops rocking movement, or rocks cradle very slowly, while reciting next three stanzas.]

Rock-a-by babies in cradle so high,
Swinging and rocking so near to the sky,
Rock-a-by babies in cradle so queer,
Greenish and prickly and shaped like a sphere.

Three little brothers all tucked in so tight,
Covered so closely to keep out the light.
Three little brothers so patiently wait—
Jack Frost will call them before 'tis too late.

Dear little fellows, they're growing so stout,
Surely they're big enough now to come out.
Dear little fellows, already they're dressed;
Shiny brown suits are the ones they like best.

[Music is again played; reciter sings last stanza, rocking cradle faster and faster, suddenly slowing up on last word, then rises softly and carefully goes off stage.]

"Rock-a-by babies, O Rock-a-by, dears,
There'll be no more rocking when Jack Frost appears.
Cradles will open, and cradles may fall—
Down come the Rock-a-by babies and all!"

[Music on pages 150-51.]

MIKE, STREET FIDDLER.

WILLIAM B. HAMILTON.

[When reciter reaches "began to play," in fourth paragraph, violin music of "Just as I am" is played by invisible player. Reciter listens to music, then softly speaks name of hymn. When music ceases, reciter continues to "I will sing of my Redeemer." As these words are reached, violin music is again heard. Reciter listens a moment, then softly speaks name of hymn. Violinist plays either phrase here given or whole stanza of hymn, then changes into next hymn. Reciter listens to new tune and then softly speaks "There is a happy land." Violinist continues until end of phrase or stanza and then changes into "I think when I read that sweet story of old." Reciter listens as if entranced, then softly speaks name of hymn. When music stops, reciter continues to "Rock of Ages." Reciter listens, then softly speaks name of hymn. When music stops, reciter proceeds to end of recitation.]

"THERE'S that boy again." I looked up from my desk with annoyance, for I was busy, the day was hot, and "Mike" had followed me like a shadow ever since I first saw him at the mission school, and I had said, "Come and see me some time,

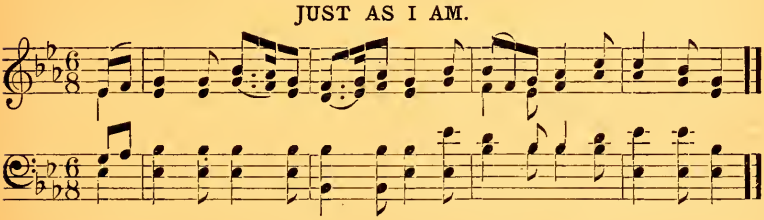
Mike." Here he was again for the tenth time, with his beloved violin, and his first question was, "Say, Meestar, I play for you?"

His full name was Michael Angelo; he lived next to the mission, in a tumble-down house, with a father who beat him until his little body was covered with bruises. Pointing to his forehead, where was the trace of a great welt, he explained, "Yesterday, all rain; no money; the father, he beat me; see?"

Thinking of this, and of the little fellow's loneliness and misery, I smiled and said, "Well, Mike, what are you going to play to-day?"

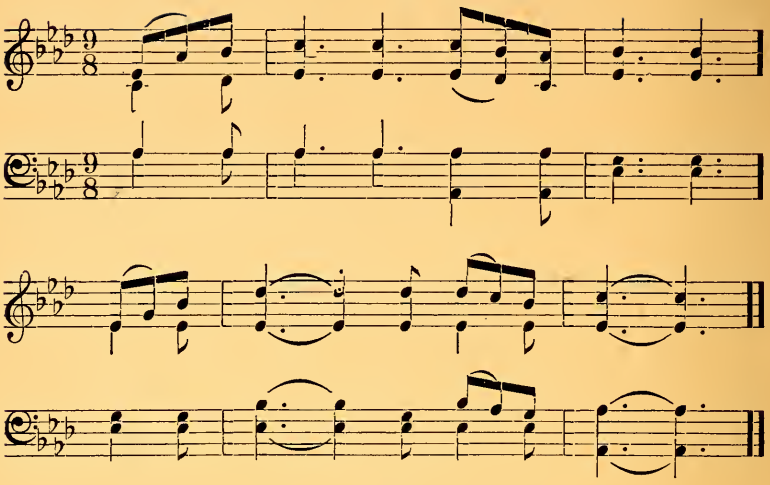
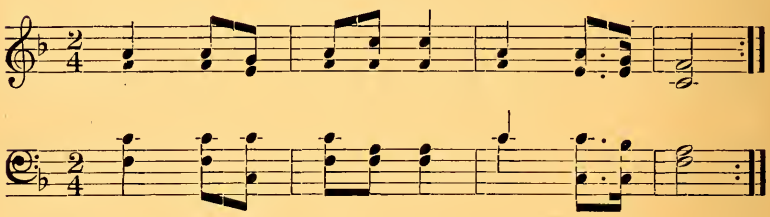
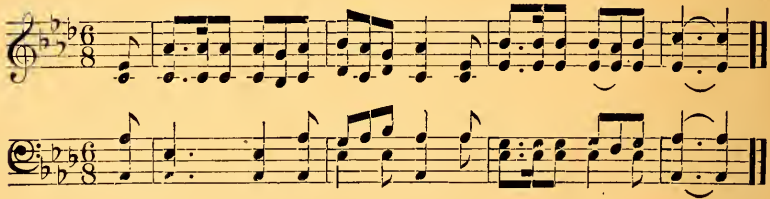
His olive-tinted skin took on a delicate flush. The battered instrument was lifted lovingly to his chin and he began to play.

I expected to hear "Annie Rooney," "The Babies in our Block," and other similar airs, but I suddenly changed my position, and was listening eagerly. Yes, Mike was playing "Just as I am,"

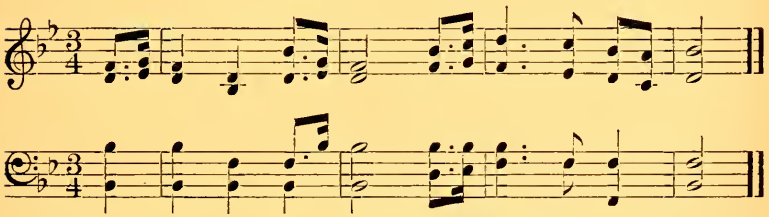


that we sang in the evening meeting. He put such a wail of penitence into it, such an undertone of joy, which told of forgiveness, that I do not wonder that young Henderson, the lawyer's clerk across the hall, left his desk, and stood at the door; no wonder bluff old Smith of the surveyor's office at the other end of the hall, came up, in his shirt sleeves, to see where that "noise came from," and stopped on the threshold, with the question still between his teeth.

And Mike played "I will sing of my Redeemer," "There is a happy land," "I think when I read that sweet story of old," and other familiar hymns. He did not seem to notice the crowd, he was so intent on giving pleasure, so glad that his little surprise was appreciated.

I WILL SING OF MY REDEEMER.

THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

I THINK WHEN I READ THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD.

"Mike," said Mr. Smith, who had at last found his voice, "can you play that old hymn my mother used to sing, 'Rock of Ages?' She used to take a lot of comfort singing that piece in her thin, cracked voice. She believed it like gospel truth; I wish I could," and he wiped mist from his eyes.

Mike didn't know the name; but I hummed it, and almost instantly my voice was drowned in the tones of his violin, which had caught the strains of the grand old hymn, and threw a prayerful earnestness into it that was almost divine.

ROCK OF AGES.

"You did that first-class, Mike," was the commendation of Mr. Smith, as he handed him a coin which the boy for once seemed loath to take. He was not playing for money now; he was playing because he loved the hymns he had learned.

The next time I saw Mike was at the mission picnic, as he stood beside the organ, playing that blessed violin, his tattered straw hat, patched pants, and bare feet making a scene unique as well as pathetic.

* * * * * *

It was August, and the dog-days were upon us. I had come back to my office, preparatory to closing, when I heard the "ding-ding-dong" of the ambulance.

I followed with the rest, and, seeing a violin stained with blood, and crushed all out of shape, suspicion deepened into fear. Yes, they were lifting the little fellow, crushed as badly as his instrument and limp as a rag, into the wagon.

The surgeon shook his head when I asked him what Mike's chances were. In the night, when the ward was quiet, the nurse and I were startled by a weak voice, saying, "Say, Meestar, I play for you?" In delirium, Mike imagined himself at the office. He tried to lift his right hand, as if he would take his bow.

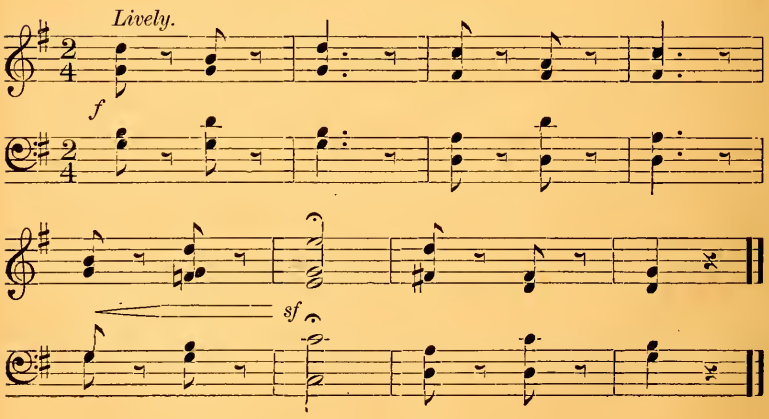
"What can you play, Mike?"

"Me play 'Jesus, Lover of my soul,' " and he sank into a stupor from which he never awoke.

HAYMAKER'S SONG.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

[When reciter speaks "Drink, lads, drink," or "Clink, jugs, clink," music is played as background.]

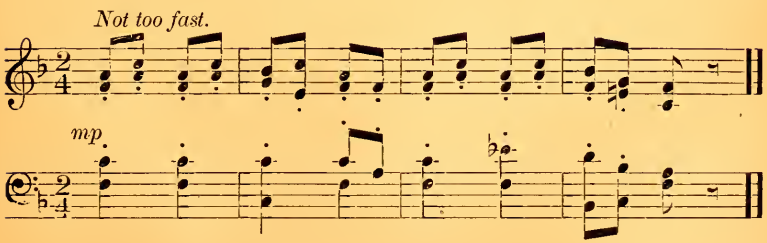
HERE'S to him that grows it,
Drink, lads, drink!
That lays it in and mows it,
Clink, jugs, clink!
To him that mows and makes it,
That scatters it and shakes it,
That turns, and teds, and rakes it,
Clink, jugs, clink!

Now here's to him that stacks it,
Drink, lads, drink!
That threshes and that tacks it,
Clink, jugs, clink!
That cuts it out for eating,
When new-born lambs are bleating;
And the slate-blue clouds are sleeting,
Drink, lads, drink!

And here's to thane and yoeman,
Drink, lads, drink!
To horseman and to bowman,
Clink, jugs, clink!
To lofty and to lowman,
Who bears a grudge to no man,
But flinches from no foeman,
Drink, lads, drink!

THE CLOCK SPEAKS.

PAUL WEST.

[Music is played every time "Tick-tock! Tick-tock!" is recited, and only during reciting of these words.]

TICK-TOCK! Tick-tock!

This is going to be an eventful evening. I feel it in every wheel and spring in my works.

She feels it, too. See how ill at ease she is! How she listens to every sound without! How nervously she looks at me every two minutes!

Ah, pretty one, I know your secret!

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

They are coming, to-night, and you feel, you know, that before midnight you will have given your heart and hand to one of them. But to which one?

I think I know. I am sure I know, even better than you, the one you prefer in your inmost heart.

He is poor; but the other night, when I had run down, he wound me and set me right.

The other one is rich; but last week, as he waited for you to dress for the theater he looked at me and swore, because you were late. A man who will swear at a clock!

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

There goes the bell!

Which do you suppose it is?

Oh, my dear, we are excited, you and I! Take one more glance at your lovely self in the mirror, though goodness knows you are always beautiful.

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

Your novel, girl! Your novel! That's it. Don't let him know you are nervous. Now, rise to meet him.

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

It's the poor one! But how handsome! Such a man!

And flowers! Well, well! This does look well. Bride's roses, too. Here, don't—

Whew! I thought she was going to leave them right before me on the mantel! Then I couldn't have seen a thing.

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

That's it. Two of the largest roses in your belt. That will encourage him.

Oh, I would not give an Ingersoll watch for the rich one's chances now, if all goes right!

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

Still the weather, and the theater, and the war; and the war, and the theater, and the weather.

This will never do! Half an hour gone, thirty of the most precious minutes in your lives, and you are no nearer—

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

Shades of Galileo! For what hour did the other, the rich one, make to-night's engagement? Wasn't it half-past eight? It was!

Ah, no wonder, pretty one, you start as you recall that, and look at me!

I cannot lie for you. It is eight-fifteen. And you have led him on not one single whit!

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

Can you not perceive how bashful he is? Can you not divine, by the glances he casts at you, by his sighs, his awkwardness, how the land lies?

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

You have only thirteen minutes, and then the other man will be here, and this one will have to go. And he will go broken-hearted.

Then the other one? Ah, he is businesslike, and cold-blooded. And he will ask you and you will say "yes."

Twelve minutes!

He is looking at you, and clearing his throat, to speak.

Now help him. Look down at your roses, and if you can bring a little blush—

Oh, admirable! Admirable! You have given him courage, for you have shown him that you know.

Nine minutes!

Oh, my precious pair, you must hurry.

Tick—tock! Ti-i-ick—to-o-o-ock! I will try to run slowly, even at the cost of my reputation.

Ti-i-i-ick!

He speaks! He says your name!

Look up! But not at him; that will frighten him.

Say "Yes?" and incline yourself a little toward him, as though to show your interest.

Ti-i-i-ick To-o-o-o-ock!

Oh, you blundering man, do not look at me. I am doing my best for you, can't you see?

"How strange that clock sounds! As though—"

Ah, my girl, that was good.

He will finish the sentence!

"As though it wished to speak, almost. Ah, Elsa, I am like that clock, that would speak, but cannot! Elsa! Elsa!"

Tick-tock! Tick-tock! Ticka-ticka-tocka-ticka-tock!

Hooray!

It is done!

But I must not look! I must cover my face with my hands!

CORN-STALK FIDDLE.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

WHEN the corn's all cut and the bright stalks shine
Like the burnished spears of a field of gold;
When the field-mice rich on the nubbins dine,
And the frost comes white and the wind blows cold;
Then it's heigho, fellows; and hi-diddle-diddle,
For the time is ripe for the corn-stalk fiddle.

And you take a stalk that is straight and long,
With an expert eye to its worthy points,
And you think of the bubbling strains of song
That are bound between its pithy joints—

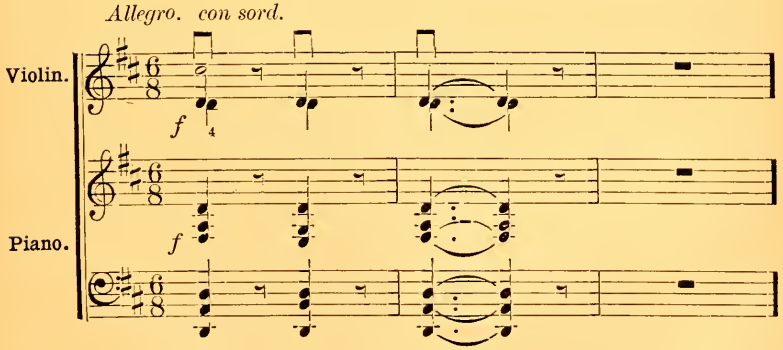
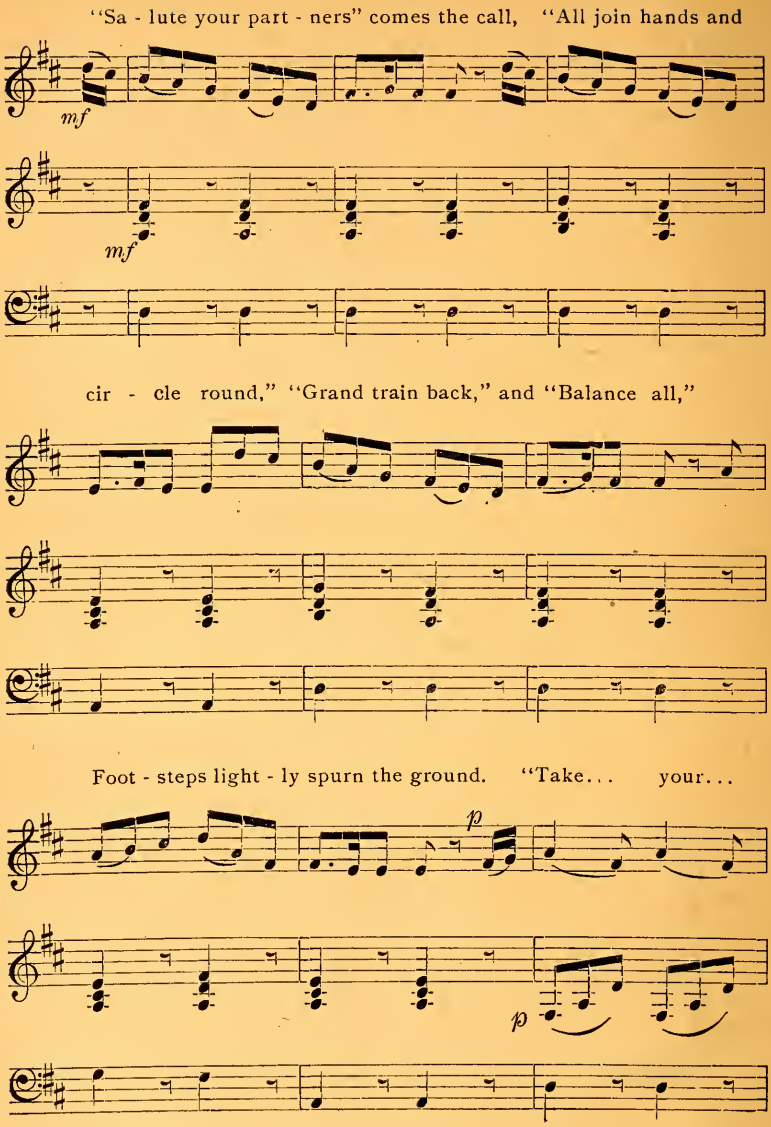
Then you cut out strings, with a bridge in the middle,
With a corn-stalk bow for a corn-stalk fiddle.

Then the strains that grow as you draw the bow
O'er the yielding strings with a practised hand!
And the music's flow never loud but low
Is the concert note of a fairy band.
Oh, your dainty songs are a misty riddle
To the simple sweets of the corn-stalk fiddle.

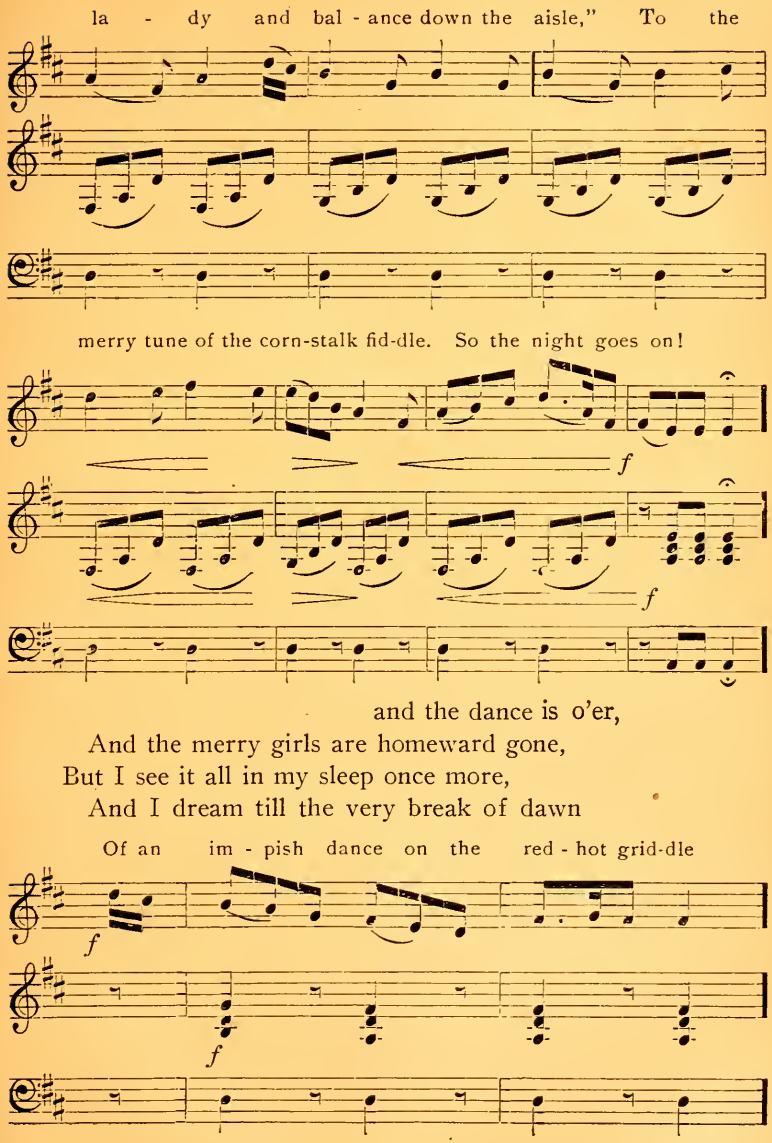
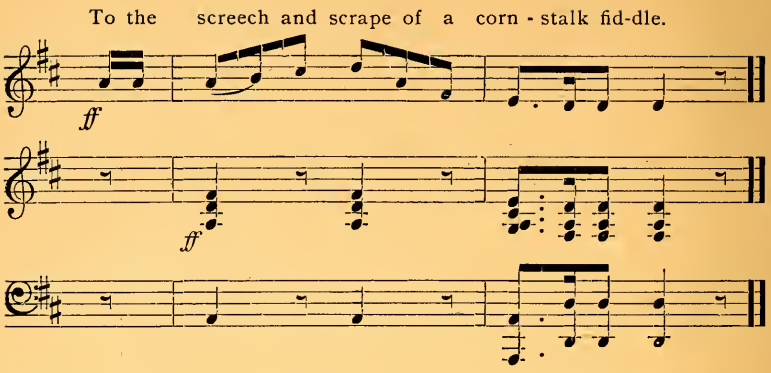
When the eve comes on, and our work is done,
And the sun drops down with a tender glance,
With their hearts all prime for the harmless fun,
Come the neighbor girls for the evening's dance,
And they wait for the well-known twist and twiddle—
More time than tune—from the corn-stalk fiddle.

Then brother Jabez takes the bow,
While Ned stands off with Susan Bland;
Then Henry stops by Milly Snow,
And John takes Nellie Jones's hand,
While I pair off with Mandy Biddle,

And scrape, scrape, scrape, goes the cornstalk fiddle.

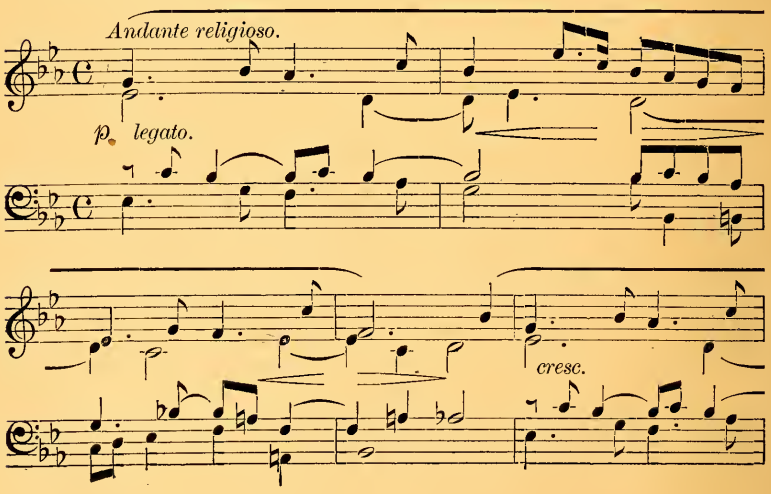
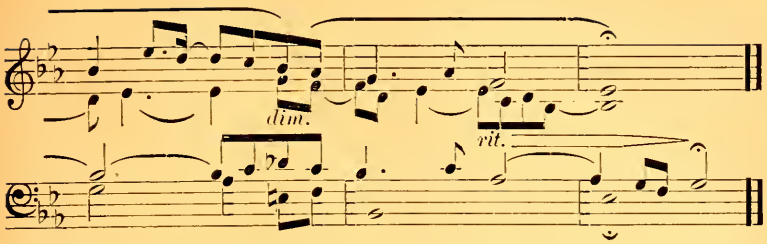


"Sa - lute your part - ners" comes the call, "All join hands and
mf
mf
cir - cle round," "Grand train back," and "Balance all,"
Foot - steps light - ly spurn the ground. "Take... your...
p
p


la - dy and bal - ance down the aisle," To the
merry tune of the corn-stalk fid-dle. So the night goes on!
f
f
and the dance is o'er,
And the merry girls are homeward gone,
But I see it all in my sleep once more,
And I dream till the very break of dawn
Of an im - pish dance on the red - hot grid-dle
f
f

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD SERMON.

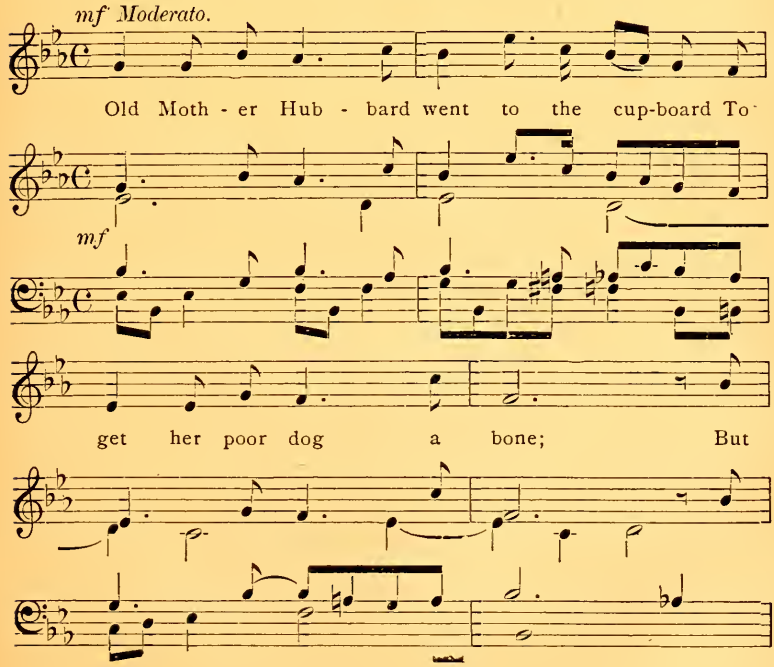
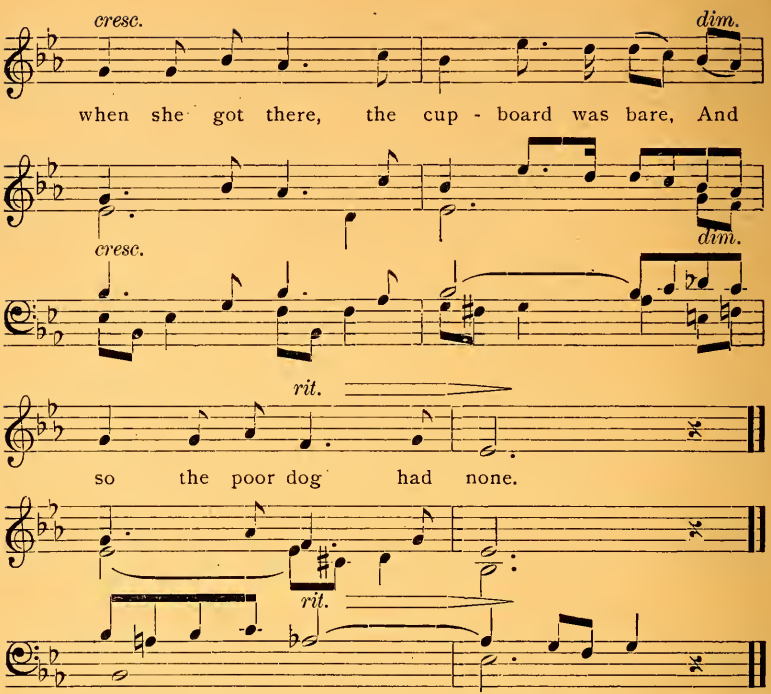
SPEAKER PRESENT: MINISTER.

CONGREGATION: SUPPOSED TO BE PRESENT.

SCENE: Country church interior. MINISTER stands behind pulpit carefully turning pages of manuscript. Organ music.

[*Organ stops; church is still a moment.* MINISTER *steps from behind pulpit, gazes pleasantly at audience, and begins*:]

Brethren and Sisters: To-day we have chosen for our text:

[*Nods toward organ, which begins and continues as musical background until end of text (given in music below).*]



[*Whenever any part of text is mentioned in sermon, the music of the particular words is played as background and is to stop abruptly with the last word of text quotation.*]

These beautiful words, dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson. I propose to analyze their meaning and to apply it, lofty as it may be, to our every-day life.

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone."

[*Music during speaking of these two lines.*]

Mother Hubbard, you see, was old; there being no mention of others, we may presume she was alone; a widow—a friendless, old, solitary widow. Yet, did she despair? Did she sit down and weep, or read a novel, or wring her hands? No! *she went to the cupboard.* And here observe that she *went* to the cupboard.

She did not hop, or skip, or run, or jump, or use any other peripatetic artifice; she solely and merely *went* to the cupboard.

We have seen that she was old and lonely, and we now further see that she was poor. For, mark, the words are *"the* cupboard." Not "one of the cupboards," or the "right-hand cupboard," or the "left-hand cupboard," or the one above, or the one below, or the one under the floor; but just *the* cupboard—the one humble little cupboard the poor widow possessed. And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets, or glittering, precious stones, or costly apparel, or feasts, or any other attributes of wealth? *It was to get her poor dog a bone!* Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor too. We can imagine the scene. The poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard, and the widow going to that cupboard—in hope, in expectation, maybe—

"But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none."

[*Music played as background.*]

"When she got there!" You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. *She got there.* There were no turnings and twistings; no slippings and slidings, no leaning to the right, or faltering to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told *she got there.*

And how was her noble effort rewarded?

"The cupboard was bare!" It was bare! There were to be found neither oranges, nor cheese-cake, nor penny buns, nor gingerbread, nor crackers, nor nuts, nor lucifer-matches, nor soft-shell crabs. The cupboard was bare! There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one—the sole hope of the widow, and the glorious loadstar of the poor dog—was bare! Had there been a leg of mutton, a turkey, a live lobster, even a brick of ice cream, the case would have been different, the incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare, my brethren, bare as a bald head, bare as an infant born without a single hair.

Many of you will probably say, with all the pride of wordly sophistry, "The widow, no doubt, went out and bought a dog-biscuit." Ah, no! Far removed from these earthly ideas, these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard, the widow, whom many thoughtless worldings would despise, in that she owned only one cupboard, perceived—or, I might even say, saw—at once the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her, without deviation, to reach the barren cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable; she did not try, like the so-called men of science, to explain what she did not understand. She said nothing. "The poor dog had none!" And then at this point our information ceases.

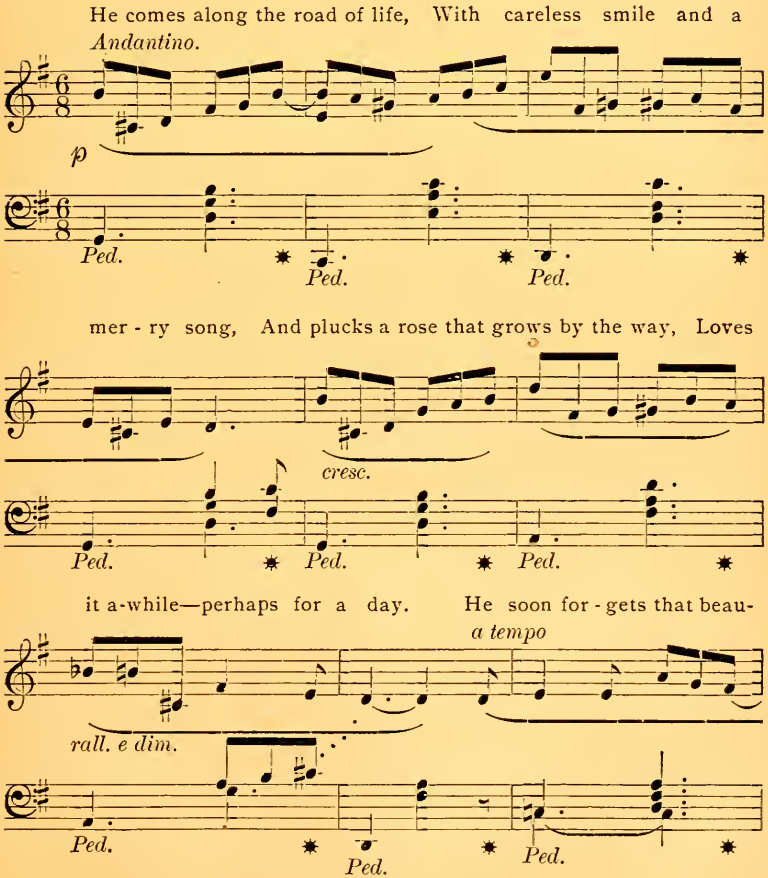
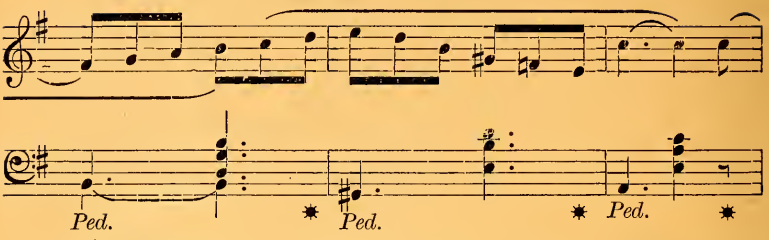
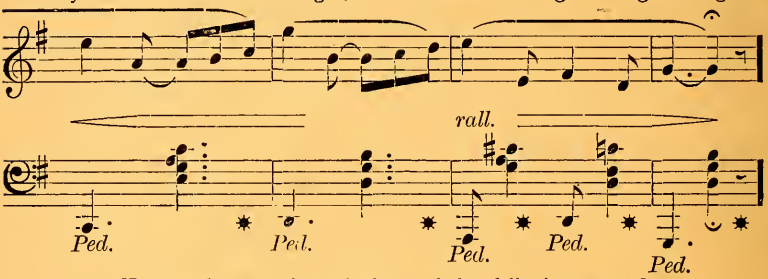
Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the ulterior fate of Old Mother Hubbard, the poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still standing at the open cupboard-door; depict to ourselves the dog still dropping his disappointed tail upon the floor, the sought-for bone still remaining somewhere else? Ah! no, my dear brethren, we are not so permitted to attempt to read the future. Suffice it for us to glean from this beautiful story its many lessons; suffice it for us to apply them, to study them as far as in us lies; and, bearing in mind the frailty of our nature, to avoid being widows; to shun the name of "Hubbard;" to have more than one cupboard in the house; and to keep stores in them all.

And, O dear friends! keeping in recollection what we have learned this day, let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones. But, brethren, if we do, if Fate has ordained that we should do any of these things, let us then go, as Mother Hubbard did, straight, without curveting or prancing, to our cupboard, empty though it be—let us, like her, accept the inevitable with calm steadfastness, so that future chroniclers may be able to write also of us in the beautiful words of our text—

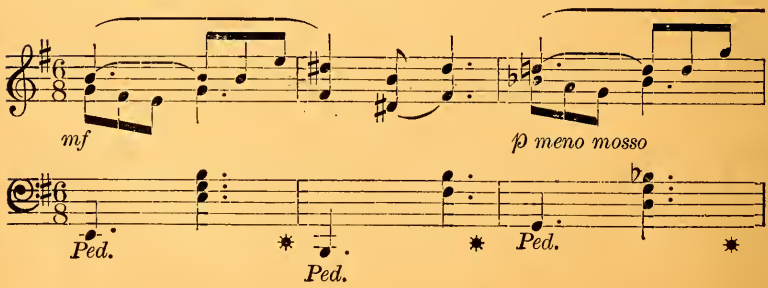
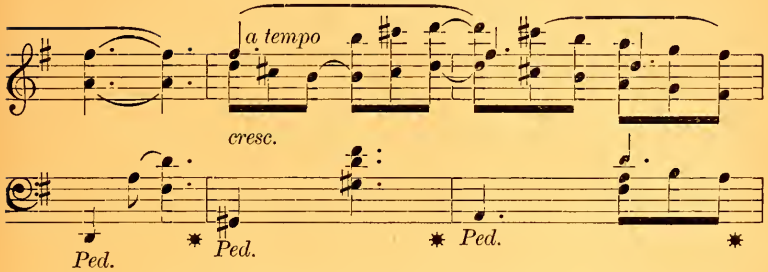
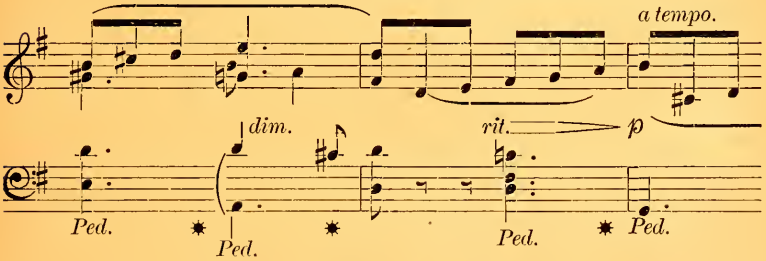
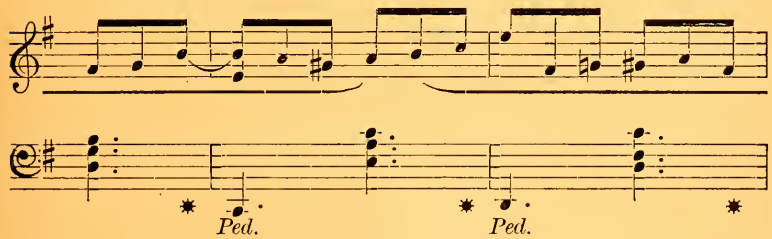
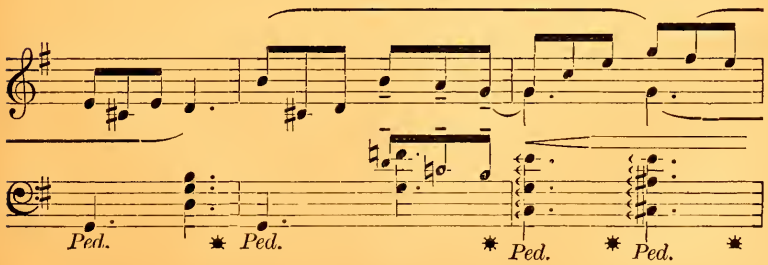
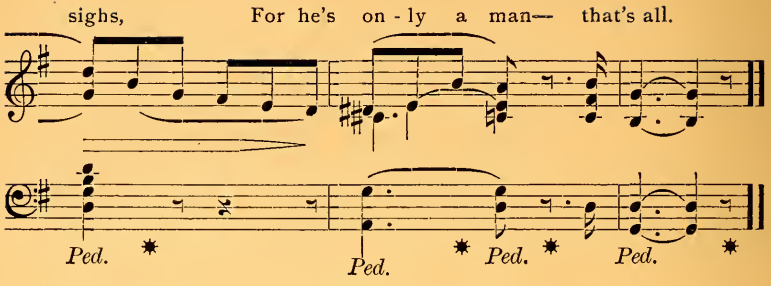
"And so the poor dog had none."

[*Song sung by invisible singer or chorus.*]

ONLY A MAN.

[Music is played as background during reciting of entire poem.]

ti - ful rose And goes in search of an - oth - er, On-

ly to cast it aside and forget, With never a thought or sigh of regret.

[Repeat above music as background for following stanza.]

He comes along the road of life
Till at last he comes to the dreary way,
And there he finds that no roses bloom—
Misses their sweetness—craves their perfume;
But summer has fled, the roses are dead,
And only memory lingers,
One tiny petal is all that remains,
But that tiny petal, how it well explains.

Only a man—just a man—that's all, And the rose is a woman's

heart; What does he care for the sweet - ness wast - ed;

His thoughts were all for the sweet - ness un - tast - ed; Her

ev - ery thought was a thought of him; His love was on - ly a

boy - ish whim. The rose droops and dies, But he hears not her

WOOING OF HYSTERIA.

SAY, Cherry! dere's er peach show over ter de t'eater dis week—de gang wot's bin over sez it's got 'em all skinned ter death! Will yer go wid me termorrer night? Oh, it'll make yer blubber all right. 'N say! dere's er race in it 'tween er choo-choo 'n er chug-chug dat Skinny Morgan tol' me made 'is 'art soak 'is ribs so hard dat Dippy, what wuz sittin' nex' to 'im, ast' 'im if 'e swally'd er drum! Gee, kid! come on 'n go over, will yer? I'll blow ter de seats in de mornin', 'n we'll do it all right—will yer?"

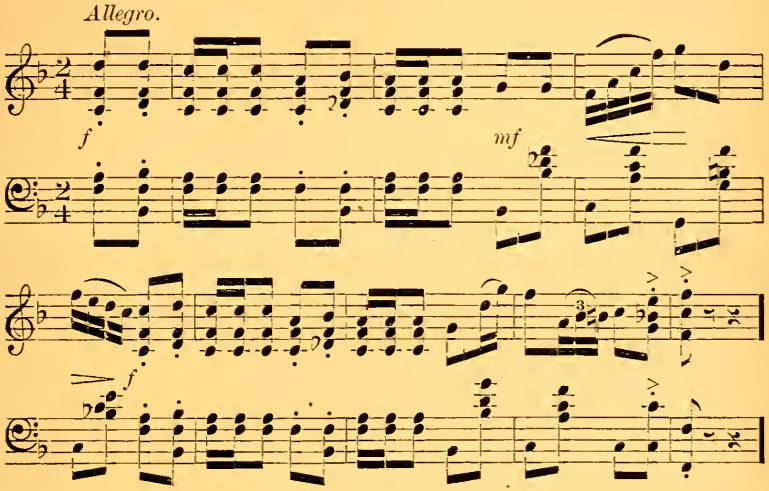
"Well," replied Cherry, reflectively, as she shifted her wad of gum, "I dunno—I kinder promist Jake I'd go over ter de muzeeum termorrer night."

"Aw, cut out dat cheap guy, kid—de muzeeum fer dat freak, anyway! I'll soak 'is 'ead if 'e comes buttin' inter my game! *You* fer *me,* Cherry!"

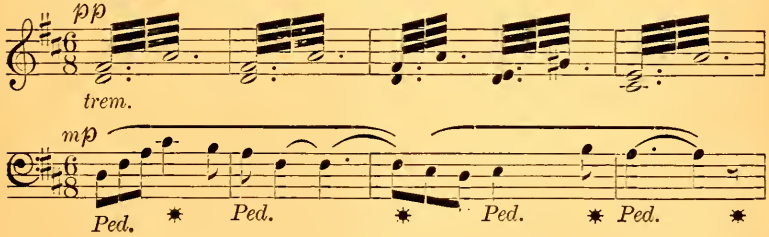
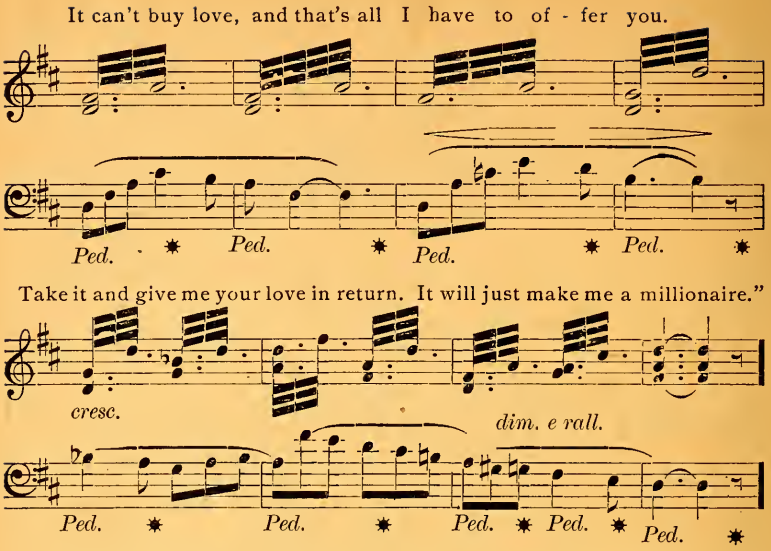
"Say, you!" exclaimed Cherry; "wen did you *sign* me?"

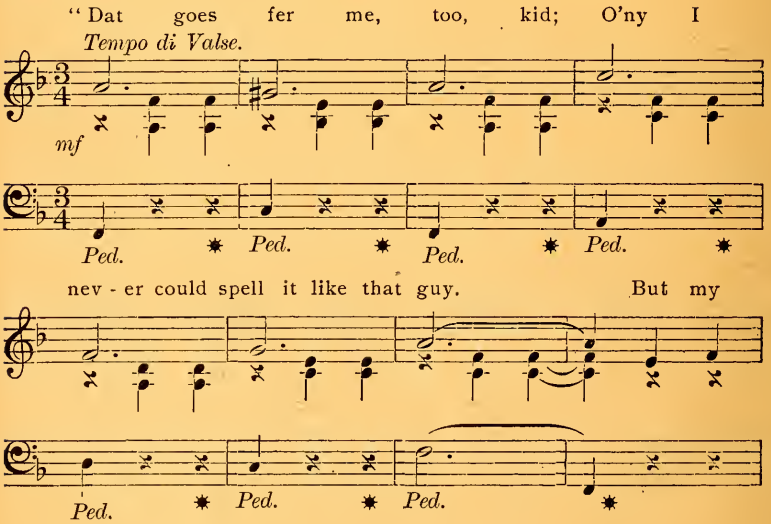
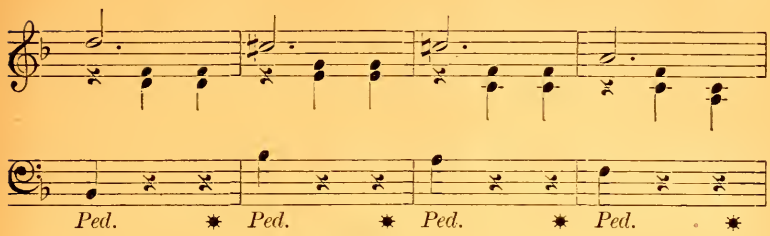
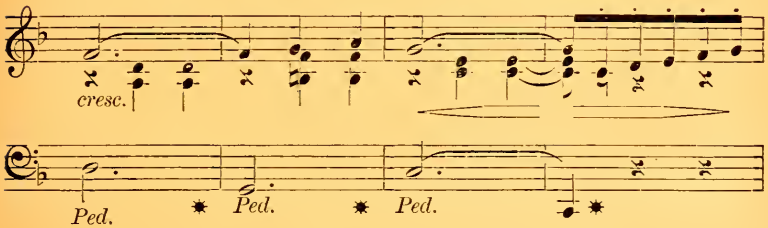
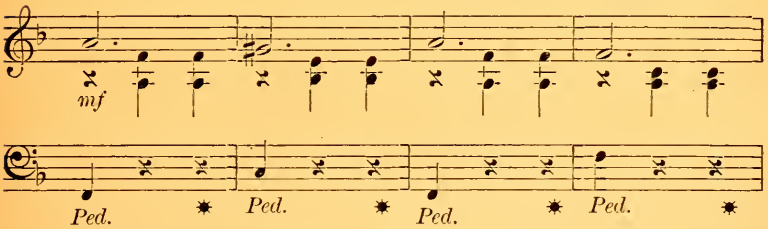
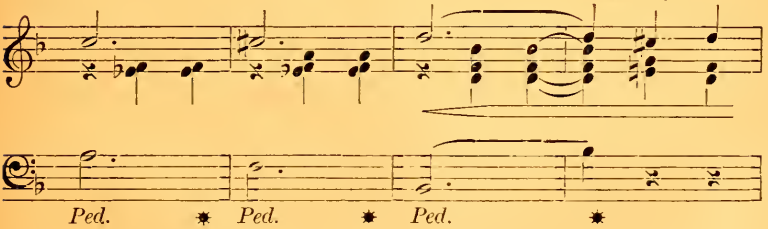
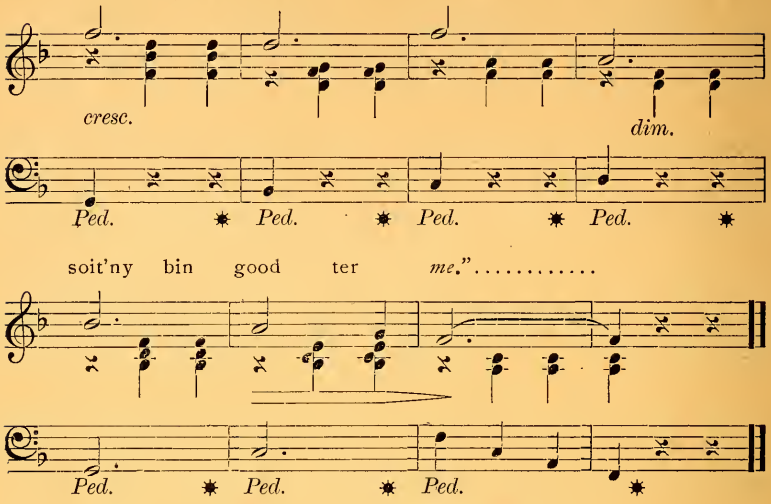
"Aw, say now—yer knows I'm nuts on *you,* Cherry! W'y, yore de whole cheese wid me! Didn't I show yer de time of yer life at de Islan' las' summer, 'n take yer in de soif jist like er real loidy? W'y dere ain't nuttin' too good fer *you* wid me, kid!"

"Aw, well," sighed Cherry, "I guess I'll let Jakey run fer de freaks!"

"Shure! dat's de noise! I'll be eroun' oily fer yer; 'n say, I'm goner ast yer somet'in w'en de orkester gits one er dem shiv'ry spasms. S'long, kid!"

In the peanut-gallery the following evening Larry and his lady occupied two "reserved" seats. The play was a thriller, and Cherry was "blubbering" with the heroine, for the villain still pursued her!

Then the hero came to the rescue, and cried out so piteously that even the music began to quiver:

"I'm poor, but I love you, Alice! Money isn't the whole thing.

It can't buy love, and that's all I have to of - fer you.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
Take it and give me your love in return. It will just make me a millionaire."
cresc.
dim. e rall.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Amid the cheers of the "gods," Larry leaned over and whispered earnestly in Cherry's ear:

heart's jist so full er you all de time dat you kin have my little ole

twelve plunks ev'ry week, if you'll on'y say the woid.

Say, Cherry! hitch up wid me fer de

rest er me natcheral life, will yer?"

"Oh! Larry!" sobbed Cherry, "aint dis show the real noise? It's

[Play allegro music, p. 175, here while speaker exits.]

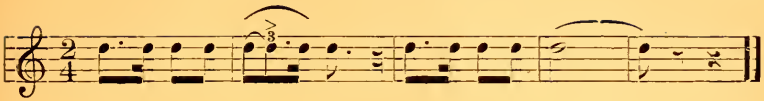
MORNING SONG.

ELSIE M. WILBOR.

(Written expressly for this book.)

[Reciter impersonates rooster, or chanticleer, strutting and pruning his feathers. During reciting of last two lines of every stanza, reciter stands in pompous manner, stretches his wings, clears his throat, and, stretching and curving his neck, cries "cock-a-doodle," etc., to music here given.]

ERE the morning breaks o'er the hills and lakes,
Making gems of the drops of dew,
While the watch-dogs bark, ere the soaring lark
Has yet tried her anthem new,
I am up and round, and the echoes sound
With my cock-a-doodle-doo-doo-doo,
With my cock-a-doodle-doo.



While the household sleeps and the pale moon keeps
Her vigil o'er flock and farm,
And the clock's loud tick speeds the moments quick,
And signals to night alarm,
I stretch out a wing, clear my throat to sing
My glad cock-a-doodle-doo-doo-doo,
My glad cock-a-doodle-doo.

Oh, right glad am I that the sun's bright eye
Finds me ready with my song;
And bright grow his rays, as he hears me praise
His glory in notes so long
That echo sends back, on the still air's track,
The refrain of my cock-a-doodle-doo,
In a faint, sweet "doodle-doo."

Not a day goes past that I do not cast
To the four wide winds of earth
My deeds and my fame, and loudly proclaim,
That none may forget my worth,
"I am chanticleer, and want all to hear
When I sing my cock-a-doodle-doo,
My cock-a-doodle-doo."

Am I vain, you say, my virtues to lay
Unblushing before you all?
Well, perhaps I am; but then I'm a man,
Which explains what you may call
Undue love of praise; so this time I'll raise
A farewell cock-a-doodle-doo,
A farewell cock-adoo-o-o.

OLD SWEET SONG.

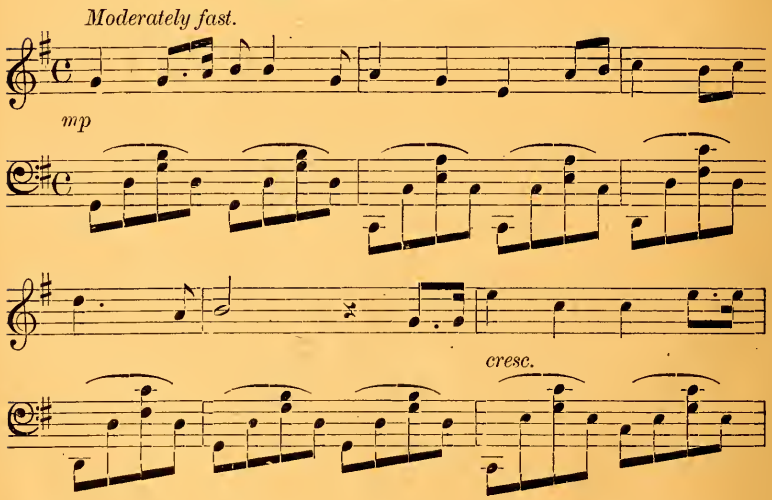
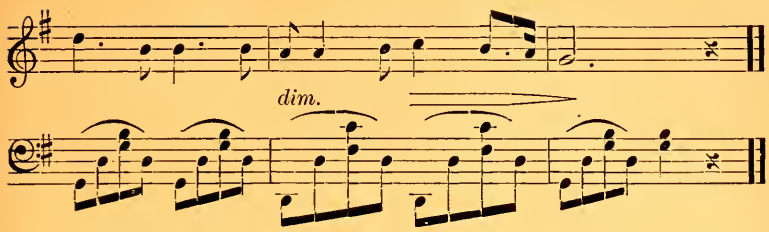
MARY L. GADDESS.

I CHANCED upon this simple song
As dreamily, with book in hand,
I sat alone at eventide
And watched the light die on the land.

The distant billows sob and moan
Beneath the last warm kiss of day,
And while I watch, the light has flown,
And dusky shadows fill the bay.

A boat is drifting with the tide,
And happy voices, full of glee,
Keep measure with the oars, that dip
Into the tinted summer sea.

[*Sing softly behind scenes. Speaker listens a moment and then continues reciting.*]

THE OLD LOG HUT.

Down by the river our log hut stands,
Where father and mother dwelt;
And the old door latch that was worn by our hands,
And the church where in prayer we knelt.

There stands the tree that we used to climb,
And the mill with its rolling din;
And the old wharf boat, there it used to float
Where the school-boys went to swim.

Time, in his rapid, remorseless flight,
Has furrow'd our brows with care,
And has mark'd the touch of his wither'd hand
By our silvery locks of hair.

Ah, happy singers, sailing on
A pathway like some golden stream,
You seem to echo back my song—
And think the future but a dream.

Ah, could these hours so sweet and still
Last longer, time but wait awhile,
So we might drink a little more
Of Lethe's stream, and cares beguile!

A dream! Ah, no, life's not a dream,
Though as a vision bright hopes die,
And voyagers upon its sea
Must breast the tempests by and by.

"The future but a dream," I think;
Sometimes we'd gladly say 'tis true!
Like children watch our little boats
Sink in the waves, and make us new.

But, weary-hearted, we at last
No longer smile as children may,
But sadly weep o'er shattered hopes,
As one by one they fade away.

Sweet summer night, so calm and still,
Sweet dreams, that fled alas! too soon,
For busy life came with the morn,
And weariness before the noon.

And yet, in fancy I can hear
The measured oars, and then, between,
The music of the voices rang:
"You know the future's but a dream."

[*Voices behind scenes sing louder, then cease. Reader pauses, then continues dreamily.*]

Still floating on life's ocean wide,
Tossed by its billows, I would see
Beyond the dream that we call life,
Heaven's beautiful reality.

FOREIGN MUSIC.

COUNTRY UNCLE (at Metropolitan concert). What's that tune the fiddlers is playin'?

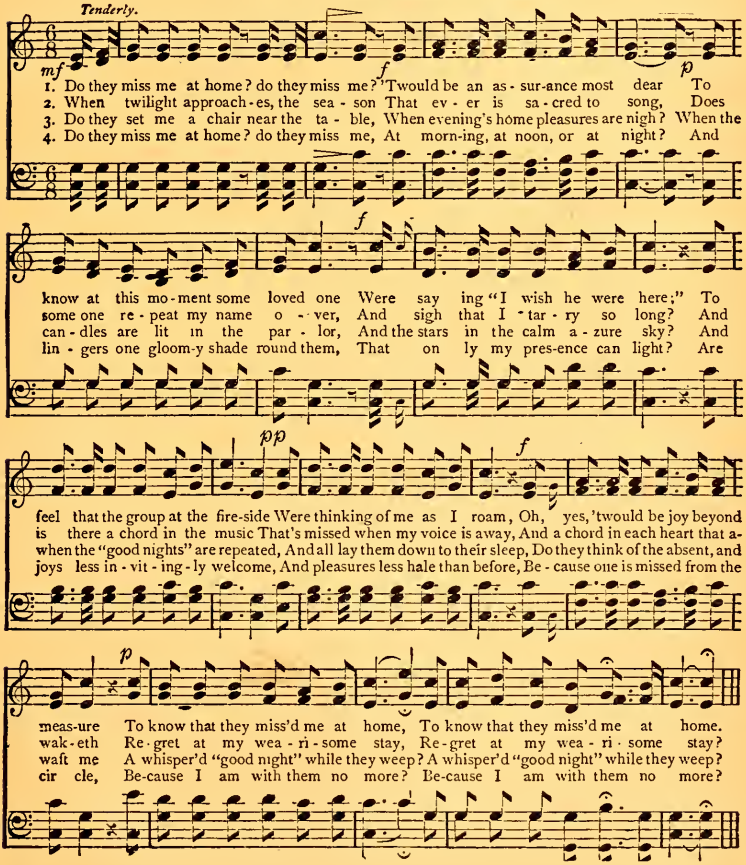
CITY NIECE. It's a symphony, written by Beethoven, the German composer.

COUNTRY UNCLE. No wonder I don't understand it. Considerin' the high price of tickets, they might play it in English.

OLD PLAYED-OUT SONG.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

[Before reciter begins selection, singing of "Do They Miss Me at Home?" is heard in distance, off stage. Reciter stands a moment listening, then begins (singing having stopped), and continues until end of third stanza. Song is sung again, reciter standing listening; singing stops, and reciter recites fourth stanza. Very low and soft singing during reciting of fifth stanza. No music in sixth stanza, until reciter asks, "Do they miss me at home?" when song is again repeated.]

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

Tenderly.
mf
f
p
1. Do they miss me at home? do they miss me? 'Twould be an as - sur-ance most dear To
2. When twilight approach - es, the sea - son That ev - er is sa - cred to song, Does
3. Do they set me a chair near the ta - ble, When evening's home pleasures are nigh? When the
4. Do they miss me at home? do they miss me, At morn-ing, at noon, or at night? And
f
know at this mo - ment some loved one Were say ing "I wish he were here;" To
some one re - peat my name o - ver, And sigh that I tar - ry so long? And
can - dles are lit in the par - lor, And the stars in the calm a - zure sky? And
lin - gers one gloom-y shade round them, That on ly my pres-ence can light? Are
pp
f
feel that the group at the fire-side Were thinking of me as I roam, Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond
is there a chord in the music That's missed when my voice is away, And a chord in each heart that a-
when the "good nights" are repeated, And all lay them down to their sleep, Do they think of the absent, and
joys less in - vit - ing - ly welcome, And pleasures less hale than before, Be - cause one is missed from the
p
meas-ure To know that they miss'd me at home, To know that they miss'd me at home.
wak-eth Re-gret at my wea - ri - some stay, Re-gret at my wea - ri - some stay?
waft me A whisper'd "good night" while they weep? A whisper'd "good night" while they weep?
cir cle, Be-cause I am with them no more? Be-cause I am with them no more?

[*Speaker begins:*]

IT'S the curiousest thing in creation,
Whenever I hear that old song
"Do They Miss Me at Home?" I'm so bothered,
My life seems as short as it's long!—
Fer ev'rything 'pears like adzackly
It 'peared in the years past and gone,—
When I started out sparkin', at twenty,
And had my first neckercher on!

Though I'm wrinkelder, older and grayer
Right now than my parents was then,
You strike up that song "Do They Miss Me?"
And I'm jest a youngster again!—
I'm a-standin' back thare in the furries
A-wishin' fer evening to come,
And a-whisperin' over and over
Them words, "Do They Miss Me at Home?"

You see, Marthy Ellen she sung it
The first time I heerd it; and so,
As she was my very first sweetheart,
It reminds me of her, don't you know;—
How her face ust to look, in the twilight,
As I tuck her to Spellin'; and she
Kep' a-hummin' that song tel I ast her
Pint-blank, ef she ever missed me!

I can shet my eyes now, as you sing it,
And hear her low answerin' words;
And then the glad chirp of the crickets,
As clear as the twitter of birds;
And the dust in the road is like velvet,
And the ragweed and fennel and grass
Is as sweet as the scent of the lilies
Of Eden of old, as we pass.

"Do they miss me at home?" Sing it lower—
And softer—and sweet as the breeze
That powdered our path with the snowy
White bloom of the old locus' trees!
Let the whipperwills he'p you to sing it,
And the echoes 'way over the hill,
Tel the moon boolges out, in a chorus
Of stars, and our voices is still.

But, oh! "They's a chord in the music
That's missed when *her* voice is away!"
Though I listen from midnight tel morning,
And dawn tel the dusk of the day!
And I grope through the dark, lookin' up'ards
And on through the heavenly dome,
With my longin' soul singin' and sobbin'
The words, "Do They Miss Me at Home?"

AT DE CAKE-WALK.

MARTHA YOUNG.

[Suitable music may be selected from music to "Black Ankle Break-down," page 26.]

MISS KATY at de cake-walk—
Move des so!
Corn-tossle on de stalk
Swing des so!
O make a pretty motion,—tu-re-lu-re!
I got a mighty notion,—tu-re-lu-re!
Who gwine take
De cake!

Mosquito say de Katy-did ma'y'd her cousin,
Cousin, oh!

Mosquito keep up sech a mighty buzzin',
Cousin, oh!
Katy-did say: Katy did! Katy didn't! Dee! dee!
Locust holler: Come see! Come see! See
Who gwine take
De cake!

Oh, Miss Jincy, pigeon-toe,
Move des so!
Backin' same as de crawfish go,
Creep des so!
Dem whar gits hit gits dere potion,—tu-re-lu-re!
Dem whar gits hit: Land er Goshen!—tu-re-lu-re!
Who gwine take
De cake!

WILLOUGHBY OF '63.

("Billings of '49.")

EDWIN BALMER.

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'TWAS commencement at Harvard. In a building overlooking the campus, where many graduates had assembled, among their fellow juniors, sat Stafford and Burton close to an old graduate. Suddenly Burton addressed him,—

"You—you didn't find the name you were looking for this afternoon?"

"No—no, I didn't. How did you know I was thinking about that? Do they teach you——"

"Mind reading? No; not yet. We don't need that, you see, to be able to make out a vet—a Confederate veteran; but I was watching you go over those names, and you didn't seem to find the one you were looking for."

The old man sat smiling. "All right. I was thinking about

that just then. I'm old, you see, and always thinking about that sort of thing when I shouldn't."

"Why shouldn't you think about it—here with us? Was he your classmate?—the one you were looking for?"

"No."

"Oh! But you knew him here?"

"No. I didn't know him here. I only—I only—I shot him."

"Oh! In battle."

"No, not in battle" (slowly at first); "young man, you—you reckoned rightly a moment ago, that I was a Confederate. I'm from Baton Rouge. There were mighty few from thereabouts in Harvard when I came in '45, and, of course, when I went back in '49, Harvard men were scarce down there. It was twelve years before—before they came. They marched out, you remember, when Lincoln first called for volunteers—graduates, seniors, juniors, sophomores, even freshmen came. And we from the South marched up to meet them.

"It was April, '62; I had a company at Pittsburg Landing—Shiloh you call it, I believe. The first day, April 6th, was ours. It was a surprise. We went at them at sun-up and struck them in their camp. Where I was stationed, it was company to company. I had sixty; and, though the company opposite didn't have more than forty left, they squatted right where they were in the grass and held us back. Then another Louisiana company came up; the Yankees broke, and we moved away to support our center. I mean my men did. I had a minie-ball in my hip and a little piece of shell had taken part of the calf of my other leg; but as it was night I knew they'd be out searching for us before long.

"It must have been midnight when I heard a movement in front of me. It was quiet; so, though the voice was weak, it was distinct.

"'Hello! If you're alive and care to spare something to drink, throw your can this way, will you? I've got about as far as I can.'

"Now at night, when the wounded are on the field, it matters about as much which side you're on, as whether you're Presbyterian or Baptist; so, without asking, I called back, 'Catch,' and heard the other fellow scramble after my canteen.

" 'Say,' he wound up his thanks, 'whoever you are, you're all right. Reb or Union?'

" 'Confederate.'

" 'Call it your own way. I'm Union. I'll see if I can come a little closer if you won't talk politics. It's mainly one arm and one leg out of commission for me; but, fortunately, as they're both on the same side, maybe I can make it by sticking to the good half.'

"He managed to crawl on his good side till he got about twenty feet away, and then he had to give it up. We could talk pretty comfortably at that distance, however.

" 'Confed, every now and then there's a familiar sort of adulteration in that Southern tone of yours. Most of the time you "reckon," but you've "guessed" at least twice in the hour. So I guessed that you've been north of Louisiana more than once.'

" 'Guessed or reckoned right. I went to college North.'

" 'Where?'

" 'Harvard,' I told him, and could see him making some sort of an effort with his body; but it was no use.

" 'Shake,—that is, just imagine you're shaking hands with me. I can't get any nearer; but I'm from Harvard, too. Willoughby's my name. Would be through next year. '63 was my class.'

"I remember I moved my hand toward him the way he was doing to me. It seems funny now, but it was serious enough, and somehow helped a lot just then.

" 'I'm Billings of '49.'

"We talked as we lay there, in spite of our wounds. About three o'clock I heard a man walking. Hoping it might be a hospital patrol I called, and in a moment the fellow, dressed in blue, bent over me.

" 'Shut up,' he said, sort of half frightened. 'Who are you?'

"A little more light came from between the clouds then, and before I could answer he went on: 'Oh, it's you, Billings. Keep quiet! Beauregard has sent me to find out just what is left of the Yanks and what they're going to do. Sorry I can't send you in; but you'll appreciate my position. But I'll see what I can do for you in an hour if they don't catch and hang me meanwhile.' He moved quickly away. He seemed not to have noticed the Union officer, Willoughby, who hadn't said anything.

"'Billings,' Willoughby said to me after a moment, 'I think I ought to tell you something. Just now you and I were just two Harvard men together; and, if we weren't, anyway there'd be no call for just you and me to fight this war between us here in the dark. But—but—I'm sorry, Billings; but when that spy of yours comes back, I'm a Unionist and you're a Confederate and he's a Confederate spy. Do you understand?'

"'Understand what?'

"'Why, I mean I can't let that spy of yours get back to your lines—if I can help it. He might find out something by which our army could be wiped out. I've one good hand yet, and my revolver. So when he comes back, I'm going to warn him and you—I can't murder even a spy—and then I'm going to shoot. Do you understand, Billings?'

"I don't remember what I said at first, but I remember that I made it clear that, even if our man was a spy, I couldn't see him shot, and that if he was going to be so particular about his duty, I should have to be, too. But he said that he would keep that spy from getting back to Beauregard. I couldn't help but admire the nerve of the man with only one good hand and wounded in other places so he couldn't move, yet warning me he was going to fight us both if he had to.

"We waited about ten minutes more in awful silence, when Willoughby seemed to make out our man coming from the Union lines.

"'Billings, and you spy there, I give your fair warning! I'm going to shoot!'

"I waited a minute. I thought he wasn't going to do it, when his revolver rang out. The bullet was so close that at first I forgot that he wasn't shooting at me, but over my head at the other man. He ignored me entirely, even when I covered him with my gun and told him to throw down his pistol. He must have known from the way I spoke and from what had been said before that I meant to back that, too, but he only laughed and prepared to shoot again. I couldn't—I couldn't let him do it. He was so near that it would have been murder if I had let Willoughby fire again. But, boys, I reckon—I reckon it was murder, anyhow, but I know—I have tried to be sure that I only shot to knock the gun from his hand."

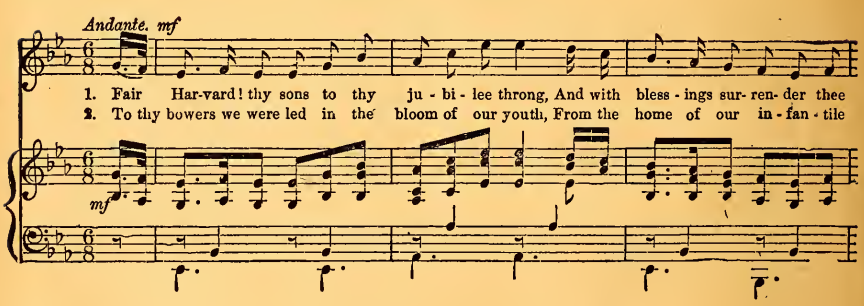
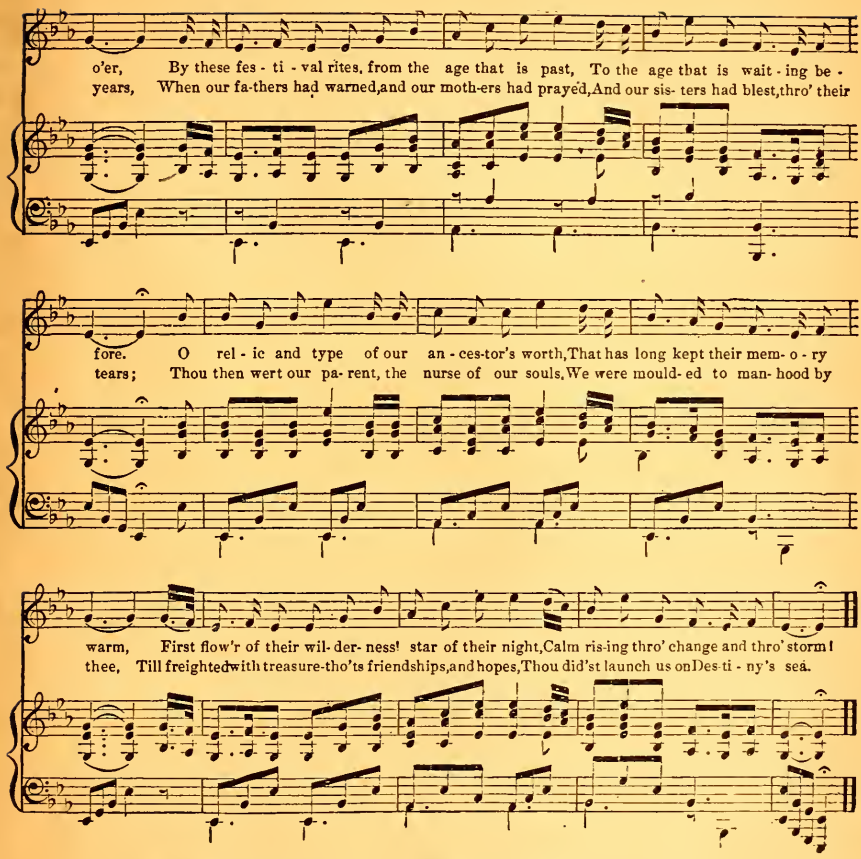
He paused and sank back in the deep cushions. The boys eagerly inquired:

"And—and is that all?"

"Yes—all, except that the third man was not the spy. He was a Union ambulance doctor, and went to Willoughby first. But Willoughby made him come to me. He said he was done for and that I—they carried me away. I never saw him again or even knew where he was buried."

Just then the band started the firm notes of "Fair Harvard." From the oldest white-haired grandfather to the youngest little brother in the great quadrangle, they rose to their feet, removed their hats, and sang.

FAIR HARVARD.


Andante. mf
1. Fair Har-vard! thy sons to thy ju - bi - lee throng, And with bless - ings sur- ren- der thee
2. To thy bowers we were led in the bloom of our youth, From the home of our in - fan - tile
mf

o'er, By these fes - ti - val rites, from the age that is past, To the age that is wait - ing be -
years, When our fa-thers had warned,and our moth-ers had prayed,And our sis- ters had blest,thro' their
fore. O rel - ic and type of our an - ces-tor's worth,That has long kept their mem- o - ry
tears; Thou then wert our pa- rent, the nurse of our souls,We were mould- ed to man- hood by
warm, First flow'r of their wil- der- ness! star of their night,Calm ris-ing thro' change and thro' storm!
thee, Till freightedwith treasure-tho'ts friendships,and hopes,Thou did'st launch us onDes-ti - ny's sea.

When, as pilgrims, we come to revisit thy halls,
To what kindlings the season gives birth!
Thy shades are more soothing, thy sunlight more dear,
Than descend on less privileged earth;
For the good and the great, in their beautiful prime,
Through thy precincts have musingly trod;
As they girded their spirits or deepened the streams
That make glad the fair city of God.

Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!
To thy children the lesson still give,
With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,
And for right ever bravely to live.
Let not moss-covered error moor thee at its side,
As the world on truth's current glides by;
Be the herald of light, and the bearer of love
Till the stock of the Puritans die.

After it was finished somebody suggested another last cheer for the oldest class. Over on Holworthy hung the '51; and seeing that first, the crowd cheered it again and again. When the song had begun the old graduate and young Stafford had joined Burton standing at the window of Hollis, but Burton suddenly left them. He worked at his desk for a moment, and quickly returned with a big cardboard with black numerals hastily cut and pasted upon it. Opening the window, he waved it to and fro.

"Forty-nine!" some one called. "Look at Hollis," he cried. "Forty-nine, by George! They have a man of '49' up there!" And the great crowd took up the cry:

"Harvard! Harvard! Harvard! Rah! rah! rah!
Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah!
Forty-nine! Forty-nine! Forty-nine!"

On the far edge of the crowd was a commotion. A tall man with one arm was pushing forward. "Hello! Have you a man of the class of '49 up there? Who is he?"

Billings leaned far out the window, but Burton answered for him. "Yes, we have a man of '49 up here. It's Billings—Billings of '49. Are you of his class?"

They stared down at the man in the yard, but he seemed paralyzed. Finally with an effort he raised his voice, and his tone, hoarse and indistinct, came full of happiness and joy:

"My God! Billings? Billings, you say? No, no! I'm not of his class. I'm not '49. But tell him I'm Willoughby, I'm Willoughby of '63!"